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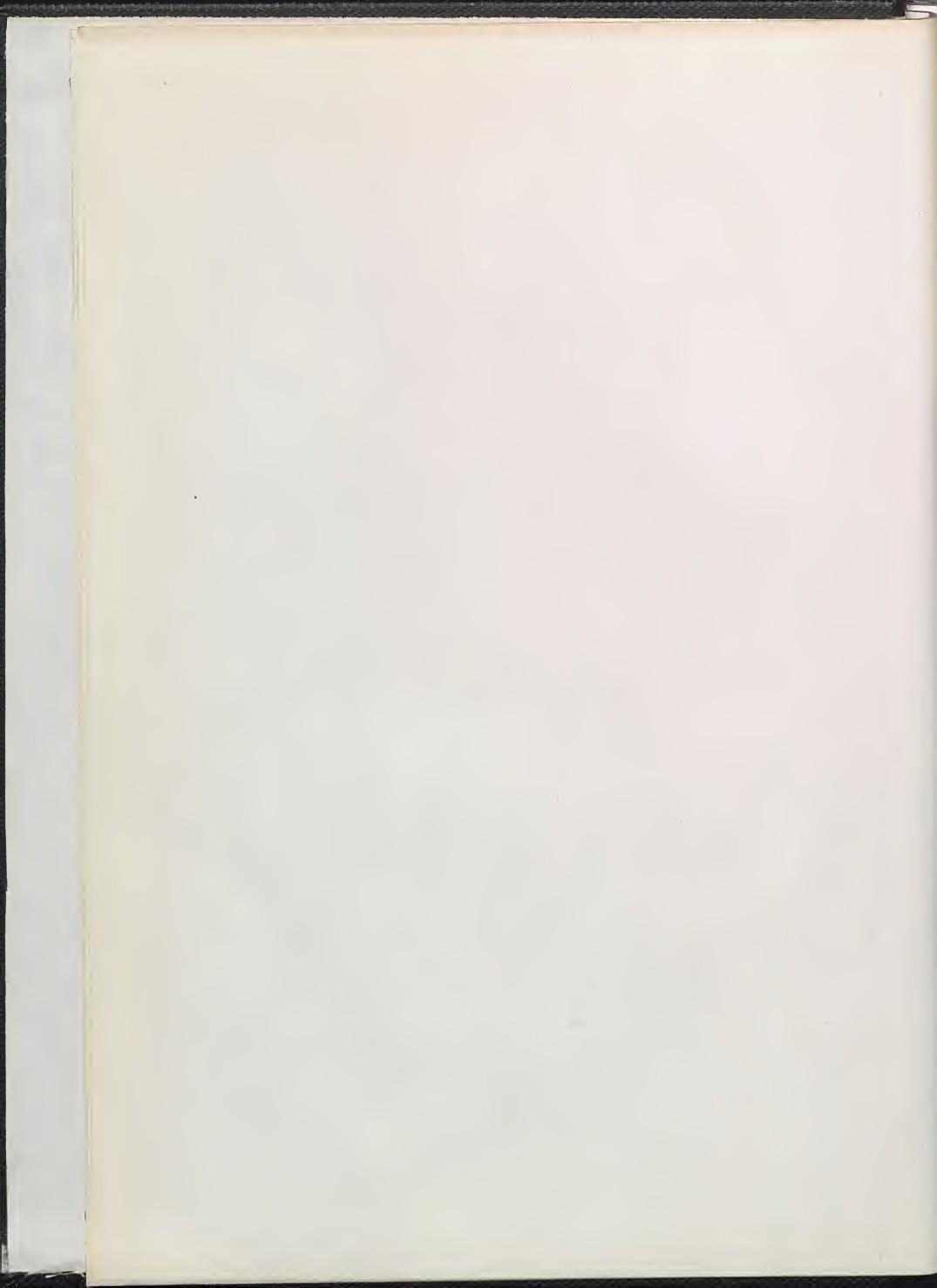


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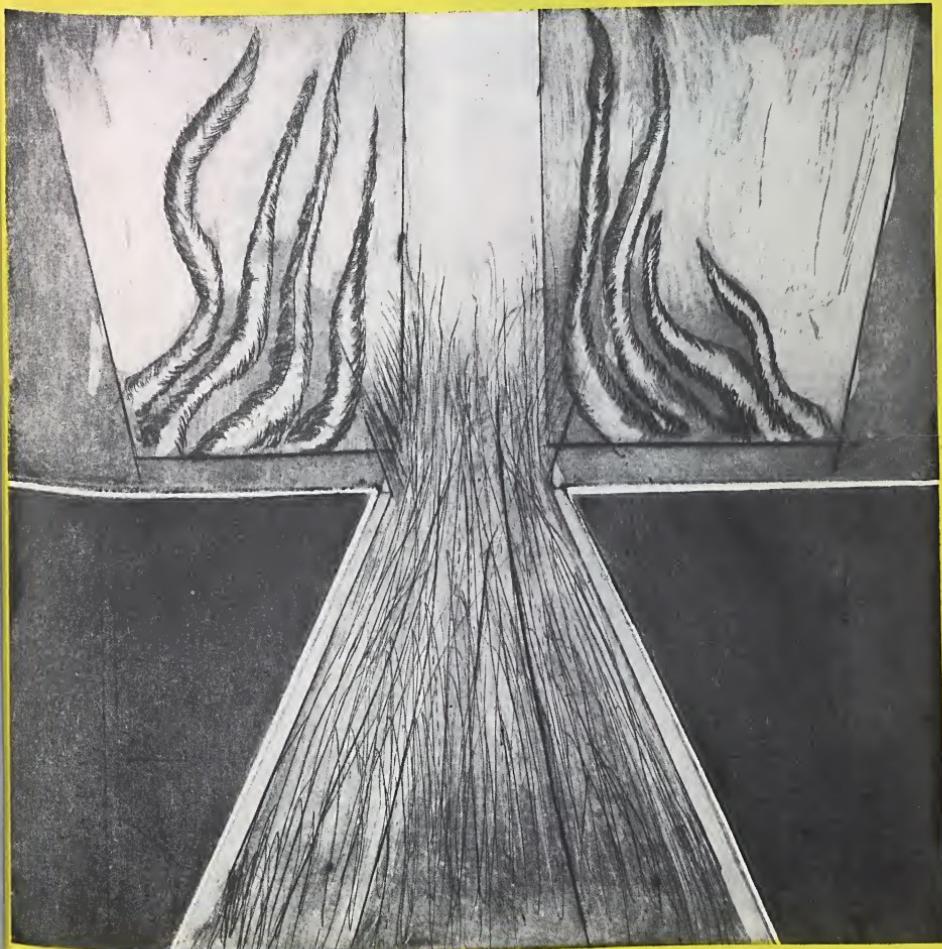
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The Student



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WINNER OF THE COVER DESIGN CONTEST:
KIRK AND EVEE JONAS



HONORABLE MENTION FOR COVER DESIGN
DAVID HILL

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

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THE STUDENT is published by the students of Wake Forest University since 1882. Office: 224 Reynolda Hall. Contributions may be brought to the office or mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors. THE STUDENT is printed by Greene Printing Company of Charlotte, North Carolina.

Academic freedom: these words resound with hope, the hope of the university and its education; these words also resound with anguish, the anguish of students, submerged and powerless, stifled by this freedom's abuse. The faculty of Wake Forest can be very proud of their achievements along the path toward faculty freedom, but I fear an obsessive complex is developing and blinding. Faculty freedom is being confused for academic freedom. Under the guise of academic freedom, the Wake Forest faculty has maintained complete control of the classroom. It has become a professor's castle. This may be faculty freedom, but it is not, in any sense, academic freedom.

The academic community, in simplistic terms, is composed of two very different populations: faculty and students or learning teachers and teaching learners. Academic freedom is essentially the freedom to learn and all that this encompasses. This means that not only does the teacher have designated rights, responsibilities, and authority, but the student, the one who chose to come to the university to learn, also has certain rights, responsibilities, and authority. The classroom is a learning environment, even a learning experiment, where students, young adults, engage with teachers, often only a few years older, in the confrontation, challenge, and query that is education. This can occur only when students have some authority over the classroom environment.

This editorial does not intend to define the specific nature of student and faculty authority. It is, however, a reminder that students presently have none and that this is an indication that we are far from having academic freedom. As long as all academic power, authority, and freedom remain with the faculty, Wake Forest will have to be content with docile students intent on hearing and not learning, doing and not creating. In short, Wake Forest, for whatever else it may be, is not yet an institution or a community of education.

To the judges and the many, many contestants who contributed to our contests this spring, thank you one and all. The winners and some near winners appear in this issue.

The fiction and poetry competitions were judged by Mrs. Emily Wilson, Dr. Dale Bonnette, Jane Tolar, Bill Miller, and Steve Baker. In considering all of the poems submitted, the judges decided to designate the three best poets with equal recognition, rather than with the planned first, second and third places. The judges chose the name only one winner in the short story contest. The cover design competition was judged by Ray Prohaska, Bill Miller and Steve Baker.

1971 STUDENT MAGAZINE
POETRY AWARD

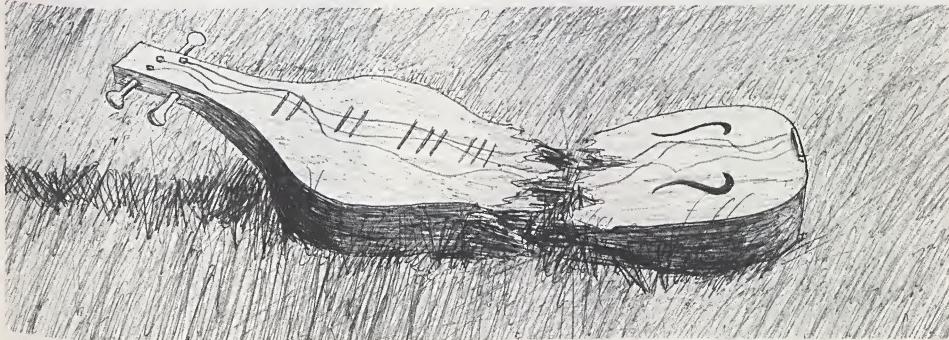
the dulcimer lady

by Don Clem

they broke you from the road
with their tea cups and false teeth clattering
like wheel cogs crossing back through the Red Sea to pharaoh,
they decided your gentle voice
weaving cotton fields with your dulcimer strings
wasn't cosmic enough to play on their wilted stage
so they tore your strings from your eyes
and seized your ballads in their hawk beaks
driving the luted fiber of tradition
beneath an eternity of collapsed circus tents,
and as you walk down the road—not broken by them
smiling into the sun,
they cannot quite feel
that mystery following your puritan simplicity.
they've barbecued their friends
murdered their neighbors with self-confidence
but their sun has turned ancient
the buttercup mirrors of their children's rooms are empty.

the seed
the innocence of their fauns frolicking in prelapsarian fields
cradles rocking to marriage beds
sowing new seeds they cannot feel,
it has all passed
like a glowing tendril
blown from their parading freak show
coming from nowhere
going even farther.
but you dulcimer woman
with your mystic appalachian finger prints running
streaking over the strings of time
carrying on a truth
of bare feet cabin warmth a mountain song
but all too near the haunts of concrete wildernesses
that sing of technological rime
without breathing its mesmeric vapors,
i think you've shown them
you've taken their mystic children
their loosened breach of love
their baptism before they made it
some bartering game of sin and grace
their bursting forgotten song of birth
and planted them
inside the folded pleats of your open palms,
and it is right
it is so deeply true to your mind
before their pitch-fork-can opener wisdom
and to us who dream you will not die
before we can play like you.
but the parade has already passed through Union Grove
and that fleeted feeling of absurd nestled twisting reality
i can only remember,
an old man cries without tears
the child wanders between the axis of his circus tent
and you are waiting to build a new dulcimer
from the splintered remains of a rotting covered wagon.

April 12, 1969



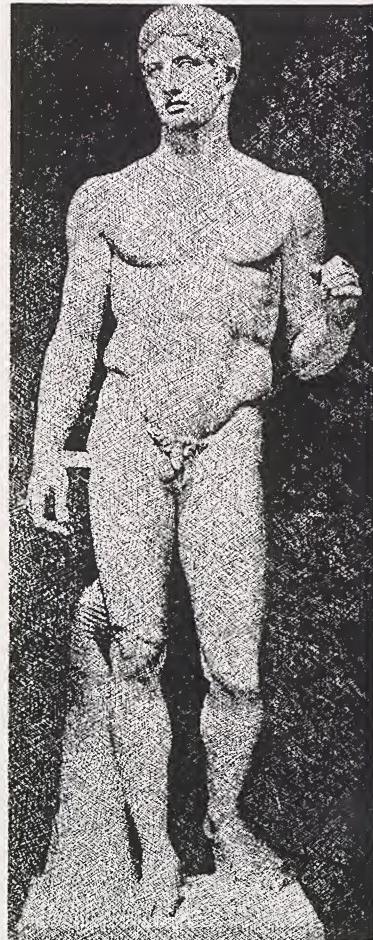
Copper Roofs

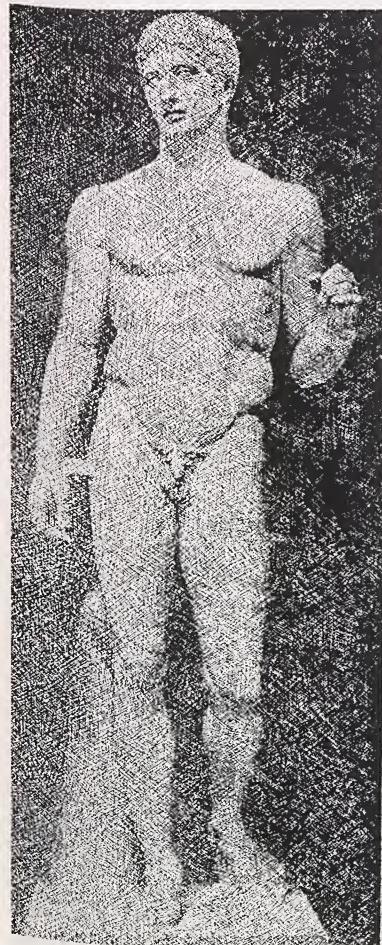
In the morning the iron rusting sun
paces timelessness over dust houses
and plastic sidewalks of wind deadened buildings,
old copper roofs overlooking monuments
silent crack and fall into gardens unnoticed.

In the evening a crippled old man
climbs a winding staircase
like a withered night watchman
cradling a small brown bag in his arms
like a sculptured baby and sleeps
until old morning heat fills the hallway
and eats and stares at a pile of old newspapers.

The old see the old and dream of death
the lover touches a face and forgets life,
a hawk's rising scream of death,
the afterbirth of an exhausted wife,
the sea runs against the land
and makes the stars into sand.

so I rime the lines or decide
the fate of insects with the syntax
or argue whether Eliot or Christ was the bigger fool
or brush the grease off my shirtsleeves
or eat a rose
or castrate an elephant
with the sappy skill of a tree surgeon
armed with a bastard tongue
or frequent a literary saloon
with the frothing bawdiness of stage diction.





there was a day when a rose had no thorns
or love was enough for mother church
when prophets and anarchists slept in a love embrace
and bred the dawn's song;
the laughter of children growing arrogant
the first naive kiss and loss of faith
the falling of the last leaf
Now the rock of conception
marries the hawk's treacherous wisdom
for want of a kinder sanity
there are frightening herds of steel
marking the brown grass
and the modern man stands on his naked pillar
of dust before the magic mountain
and prays to idols and forgotten myths,
the sun is vexed to idleness
the gulls have fled for the off shore island wars
Prometheus hurls a stone through the heavens
at the restless infinity of time.
My wife still promises gifts of love
my sons of superhuman deeds
and the poets—lost valleys of stone
dividing the Red Sea
with sailing ships hailing precious cargoes
of slavery and death on the evening tide.
the labored oars of sleep overtake the earth
and the rich colds of moist moonlight
weave havoc with man's concrete shadows,
the night surges over the lost faces
the old copper roofs overlooking monuments
silent crack and fall into gardens unnoticed.

by Don Clem

August 20, 1969

1971 STUDENT MAGAZINE
FICTION AWARD

The Cradle and the Grave

by Wayne Palfrey

Mosses Corner is one of those little big cities where you need a car to get from First Street to Ninth Street because the blocks are about a half a mile long. And of course we have a Main Street and the center of town is where Main crosses Sixth. Back in the 30's, the Chamber of Commerce voted to buy out 'ol Mr. Lucas's Bicycle Repair Shop and build a Park for the city. I remember how I was really mad 'cause when the Park was finished, it was a real bore. It didn't have a baseball field and they didn't like you to walk on the grass and besides, I had to take my bike all the way down to Ninth and Turner to get a new spoke one time. Anyway, they planted some young trees and bolted a few benches on a crosswalk for people to sit or sleep on, and planted two circular rock gardens with pansies and a sun dial in the center of each. The pansies would bloom each spring and last for about two weeks and then just kinda grow there for the remaining fifty.

But those two weeks were really something in our town. That's all the people would talk about for two weeks before and two weeks after. So the City Council decided to hold a Pansy Festival each year. This was the biggest social event in Mosses Corner and all the mothers would bake their best apple nut cakes

and Shepard's pie for the buffet dinner in the Fire Station Hall on the last Saturday night of the Festival. Throughout the week of the Festival, there'd be sales in most all the stores. Mom got a whole six piece China set one year for just \$5.95. But the most exciting thing of the whole Festival was the parade down Main Street on Saturday before the buffet. All the high school bands from all around would come in chartered busses to march in our parade. We even had a Pansy Queen. My sister almost won that one year but she lost to Harold's sister who I thought was ugly but Harold said she wasn't and besides I was prejudiced on account of 'Lizbeth being my sister. We even had a fist fight over it but when it was done with we were still friends.

Harold and me were best friends. Sometimes when we didn't have anything to do, we'd go down front of Taylor's Drug Store and watch to see if we could get a peek at the top of the old ladies rolled down stockings when they walked. One time, we made up a story 'bout how we saw 'ol Miss Sullivan, the president of the Methodist Women's League, naked when we peeked in her window one night. But no one ever believed that one. And then sometimes we'd go over to the park and talk to 'ol lady Mildred. She was

kinda the town spook 'cause she never did anything but sit in that park and knit all day. One time I went up and asked her, "Hey 'Ol lady Mildred, whacha knitten?" She just kinda glanced over at me and Harold and said, "handles." It didn't seem to make any sense so we just forgot about her. Then she up and died one day. Some say she fell down on her knitted needle and it stuck in her stomach but I don't really know for sure. Me and Harold sneeked outta school to go to her funeral and boy, were we ever shocked when we saw those knit jobs on her coffin handles. That's why me and Harold called her a spook. Then there was Aunt Bessie who wasn't anyones aunt but everyone called her that. She made pickles. Jars and jars of pickles. She'd give 'em away for birthday and Christmas presents. I never got a personal jar for myself and Harold neither so we decided that they either had some of her brother's pickle brandy mixed in or that she was a German spy and was capturing Mosses Corner with her pickles.

Well, it's been a real long time since Harold and me done all those dumb things in Mosses Corner like getting sick at the Pansy Festival buffet dinner and throwing up all over Mr. Wickam's brand new car. We both got lickings for that. Yea, Harold and me had some good times. He's dead now. He left Mosses Corner when he was 25 years old and just kinda petered out in some 'ol run down mobile home. Kinda made me mad that he didn't write me before he died but I guess he was busy. He was always busy, either working or thinking.

When Harold left, he didn't want me to go with him. Said he just had to get away and no hard feelings

and we're still friends and all that stuff. So I stuck around Mosses Corner for a couple years and then I decided to go away. So I saved some money and one day said good-bye to Mom and left. She cried and so to make her feel better I told her I'd come back. She stopped crying when I said that. So I got a friend to drive me to the bus station in the next town and got on the first bus I saw. When I got off the bus, I was in Walnut Ridge. I bought a hamburger there and got back on the bus. I decided to stay on the bus all night since it seemed like an okay place to stay. I woke up in the morning stiff and got off and went to the bathroom and waited for another bus. One finally came but it was headed the other way. So I got on just for the hell of it since I figured there's no sense sticking to a direction when I really didn't have one. We drove in this new direction until dinner time and I got another hamburger and coke and decided to ride some more. I was lonely. When the bus stopped again, it was real early in the morning and I decided to call it quits for the bus rides. I hitch hiked the last 70 miles to Mosses Corner. Mom was cleaning the breakfast table off when I came in the front door. She just smiled at me and said, "Hi, you want some breakfast?" I ate some Corn Flakes and then took a shower for about 45 minutes and then went to sleep. I stayed in the house for a couple days just talking to Mom and wallpapering the dining room.

One afternoon, she asked me to run down to the Ice Cream Parlor and get a quart of peach ice cream for dessert that night. When I walked past the Park, I saw this 'ol man sitting and feedin' the pigeons little squares of white bread. He was new to the town I

think but somehow he seemed as common as the pansy gardens. I got the ice cream and stopped in at Hank's Barber Shop. Hank knows everything about Mosses Corner so I asked him if he knew the 'ol man's name. He said his name was Emit and that's all anyone knew about him. On the way back home, Emit was still there feeding pigeons. I thought about him all the way home. There was just something 'bout him that roused my interest. He was sure different from 'ol lady Mildred anyway. After dinner that night, I went back to the Park. Emit was still there, feeding pigeons. This time I went up close enough to get a look at him. The little bit of hair he had was as white as an egg shell. His eyes were small and squinted. He only looked from his bread to the pigeons and back to the bread again. His skin was that pale yellow, dusty color like the see-through curtains over our picture window. I was staring at the lines on his face and I figured they were caused by a lot of happiness, a lot of sorrow, and a lot of distance. He was real old. His hands were weak and arthritic and in the fading light of the evening, he looked so lonely and vacant. I never spoke to Emit. Nobody ever did as far as I know. I got into the habit of going to the Park every day just to see 'ol man Emit feed the pigeons. I never saw him speak though. I never saw him stand up either. He was always there when I got there and was still there whenever I left. I began to feel real sorry for him—I don't know why. I guess he just seemed so lost like he didn't have any memory and all his friends had died. The only thing he had left was the pigeons and Mosses Corner. Of course the rumors went from house to house 'bout how he was secretly

a multimillionaire or how he was an ex-convict and had been serving his time 'till he came to Mosses Corner. But no one knew anything 'bout him for sure. For two months I went to see the 'ol man every day.

And then one day Emit wasn't there. I looked all around the Park but Emit had disappeared and the pigeons with him. I ran over to Hank's and asked him what had happened to Emit. He said he didn't know anything 'bout it but he'd wager that the 'ol man had died in the night. I went back to the Park thinking that maybe he was just late today, but his bench was empty. I got to thinking 'bout 'ol Emit dying and all and pretty soon, it seemed logical 'nough to me. I mean, he was too old to leave Mosses Corner but if he did, I reckoned he'd be back, and probably bring the pigeons with him. But I figured most likely he was dead. I sat down on Emit's bench thinking how I was gonna mis that 'ol man and how I'd been watching him for the last couple months. I felt kinda lonely with Emit gone. But then a bunch of pigeons landed at my feet and so I hurried across to the store and bought a loaf of bread. I had half the loaf torn into tiny squares by the time I got back to Emit's bench. And I started feeding the pigeons those little squares of white bread-sitting on Emit's bench . . . in the Park . . . in Mosses Corner.



photo by Smithers



Directors have an awesome task,
To help each actor form his mask;
So though it's Elliot, don't be fooled,
All that glitters is not Gould

---- Steve Lewis

The Gavial

Yesterday, I was at the bottom of the Universe with
a Fish named Oscar who knew Everything.

He was a spunky little minnow; We called Him God for
short.

But today on the way to the tar pits, I saw Lady
Medusa--She married Captain Hook after He did away
with Her arch rival, Peter Pan; Tinkerbell got the
ax too -- then I turned to stone.

By the way, what was that Crocodile's name?



Charles Turpin

What distant star,
Said to have a hand in all the many worlds
That work to form me,
Could have so controlled them
To make me what I am?

What kind of world,
Ordered to produce its own,
And touching every part to leave its mark,
Could have touched so deep
To make me what I am?

What early years,
That some have said are potters' hands
And mold a mind into a form,
Could mold a spirit such as I
To make me what I am?

To think a star, with its light
Which can be shadowed,
Could be a maker,
To think a world, with its countless millions
Which can speak and touch and die,
Could be creator
To think that time, which is a speck of dust
When all the vast eternity is known,
Could be a former,
To think that any dying thing,
And all do die, could have the final say
And ultimately speak the command
Upon the spirit of my life,
Is not a thought to think.

by Robert F. Simms

A WINTER'S TWILIGHT AND PROMISE

So naturally we knew
when winter came
That there wasn't the time
to mourn summer's end.
How the leaves have fallen
about my life!
How the green turns red
with the anguish of change!
If I could but grasp
and only for a moment
The truth of your self
and the joy of our love.
But I've bundled up now
And the air seems too cold
To remember the summer
Or fight turning old.
Shall I not reclaim
My life that just passed--
Yes, that one there:
That moment, that era--
Is there no way
To knit up my living
And wear it comfortably
As if it were always brand new?
I imagine that our lives
Are like the stars--
Their course
Lies subtly displayed
In the wink of a heaven
Whose plan thunders across the night
With news for the dawn.

1971 STUDENT MAGAZINE
POETRY AWARD

by John Browning



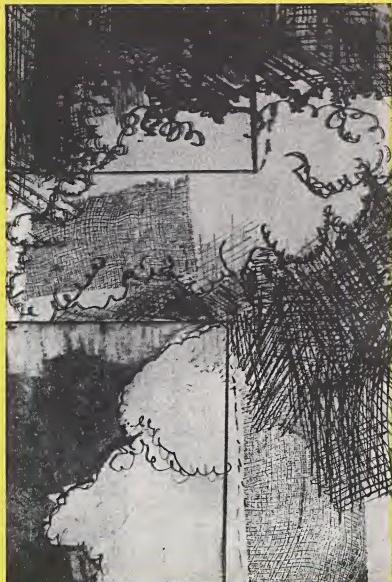
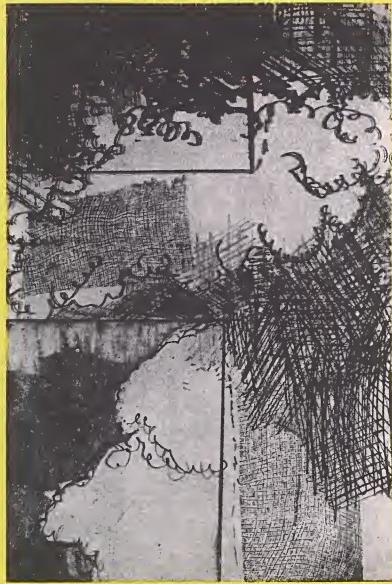
SONNET THREE

As the sun sets in memory's distant ocean,
Shafts of light beckon me to its sinking face
That I might there find remembrances
Of all the tides which have swept through this Garden.

Witness the grandeur
With which all of this good earth's passions
Are awakened and ordained
As He emerges from his daily cosmic womb.

Witness the eternity
Which is midwifed in mystery
As He evokes the tender living buds
From those dead wintered limbs.

Proclaim now
The precarious ecstasy of existence,
As this one twilight shadow
Veils the day's brilliant tragedy
From tonight's silent comedy.



etching by Evee Jonas

I flung myself onto that field's breast
And clung ever so near the earth
So
I could hear the endless trampings
And feel the wanderings of men divinely mad--
The sojourning spectre
Of this great human race
Did I there encounter.

The living blue of the firmament
Invaded my soul
And shredded the fleshed veils of my eyes
And there I beheld

Wisp upon wisp
Of clouds--
Heavenly notions which evoke
Children's laughter at such simple
And ultimate grandeur.

The deeper I partook of those elements
The faster the works flowed
Until they surged into that mighty ocean
Where words become but inflections
Of the Word

Which
Brought me into that realm
Where mind and heart and body and soul
Play;
That passionate human arena
Where winds can freely blow
In and out of open windows

And I lay there on that ecstatic altar
Just long enough to laugh at him
As he breathed so cunningly into my ear.

by John Browning



In every undistracted moment
I see that shattered, plastic clock,
Tin gore and bloody workings
All the insides out and quivering,
Under the too clear kitchen light.

Now, in our clockcase bedroom and dark,
Half the parts breath even time. Others,
In blind-eyed premonition, beat time too fast,
Or in ragged starts and stalls.

Sleep. But in your dream
Do throw arms tight round teddy; that,
When the bottom rushes to us,

When the case cracks to
And our eyes are blasted shut with light
Parts may hold some part together
In that too clear, last-things brightness.

by Russell Brantley



The Captain and

In a small strip of land that was left for a park when the neighborhood was built, there is mounted a wooden bench. The bench had at one time stood in an old park near to the heart of town. When the old park was modernized by the city council with large plastic animals instead of benches, someone salvaged the old bench and transplanted it to where it now stands. The seasoned wood is nicked and worn, but it is sturdy and firm and has what you might call character. The neighborhood folk know there is character in those mellow boards, but they are not sure what kind of character it is. Many think it quaint and friendly. Others inwardly hold that the wise old bench is watching, perhaps mocking them with a cracking smile. But perhaps the worst disservice one can pay a bench is to assume he understands it. Anyway, the bench is a favorite spot for older neighborhood people and small children. One day, three young boys played all afternoon with a white sheet and a broomstick, sailing the high seas on the friendly old bench's wooden decks. They climbed upon the well-braced back and dared the imaginary sharks lurking in the black water below to snap a dangling foot.

It was near to this bench that Mr. Joyce first met Captain Martin. The Captain was an old man with paralyzed legs who sat in a wheel chair. The Captain didn't seem like a cripple though; he was strong-faced and alert and held a briar pipe firmly in his jaw. He

had a voice rich as mahogany and thick grey hair the color of pipe smoke. Captain Martin spoke first to Mr. Joyce and it wasn't long before the two men had a conversation going. The Captain found out that Mr. Joyce was a new neighbor who had a young wife and a large mortgage. Mr. Joyce found out that Captain Martin had suffered his disability during the war and that he had no wife and no children. The Captain did have a swimming pool, though, and he made it clear that Mr. Joyce and his wife were welcome to swim there anytime they wished.

It was quite awkward for Mr. Joyce, talking with a cripple, not knowing what properly should be said. Wheeling himself around in his chair, the Captain suggested that they move on and enjoy the rest of the park. Mr. Joyce was unsure of himself. Should he offer to push the old man's wheel chair, or would that be improper? Anyway, after hesitating, it was easier to stuff his hands in his pockets and walk slowly beside the cheerful old man who was already rolling along puffing pipe smoke like a steam engine.

The two men talked for nearly an hour, the Captain serving Mr. Joyce carefully worded questions and bits of philosophy and Mr. Joyce responding as sensibly as he knew how. Finally, Mr. Joyce spoke of his wife and their dinner and said that he must go.

Captain Martin said, "Of course, I hardly noticed the time. Well, Mr. Joyce, I have not passed a Sunday afternoon so well in a long time. Please accept my

Mr. Joyce

by Neil Caudle

invitation to swim in my pool; you and your wife both come soon."

"Yes, Mary would like that," said Mr. Joyce.

"Fine," said the old man, and added: "I think you and I could be good friends, Mr. Joyce."

Mr. Joyce smiled and hurried home.

It turned out that Captain Martin's back yard adjoined Mr. Joyce's, so the two men saw each other fairly often. Each time they met the Captain renewed his invitation to Mr. Joyce about the swimming pool. Occasionally they had a brief conversation similar to their first, but these were not long because Mr. Joyce

was a busy man and was always in a hurry. He worked for a paper carton plant, or was it an insurance agency? At any rate, he looked more like a paper carton maker. He wore glasses and had a face that sort of faded off in all directions. He had very vague features, and if you ever saw him, you probably wouldn't remember him.

Because his kitchen windows looked out over Captain Martin's backyard, Mr Joyce could see easily who was about the old man's house. In the morning when Mr. Joyce was sitting at breakfast, he could see Captain Martin at work around his pool. The Captain would carefully clean the top of the water with a long-handled dip net - a slow and clumsy process for a man in a wheel chair. Then he would disappear into a small building that housed the filter system. When Mr. Joyce was leaving for work, Captain Martin would still be at it, sweeping and cleaning the concrete decks around the pool.

"How painful it must be," thought Mr. Joyce, "to work for hours in the hot sun around that clear, cool water."

It was known that Captain Martin never entered his pool during the daytime, even though there had been built a fine ramp and rail so that he could have easily managed himself in and out. Some folk said that the old man sometimes swam alone at night, floating on his back and letting the water lift his buoyant body. They said he could manage a very nice legless backstroke.

It seemed to Mr. Joyce that every kid in the neighborhood and then some swam in Captain Martin's pool. Of course, there were parents who took turns watching one another's children, and Captain Martin would wheel his chair into the shade and watch while talking to some neighborhood lady, appearing to be quite unshaken by the deluge.

Mr. Joyce, however, recognized this to be the epitome of unfeeling on the part of the neighbors. And said so. To his wife. "Those people come and take over that poor old man's pool as though it were their own. But do they ever consider that it takes work to keep a pool like that in order? No. They ought to have some respect at least for a man's privacy."

The more he thought about it, the more it bothered Mr. Joyce. He would think about it all the way to work and also while he was making paper cartons (or was it selling insurance?). The more he thought, the more unfair it seemed. Did they ever think about giving him anything in return for his trouble? No. Mr. Joyce vowed that he would be one who would not take advantage of a cripple.

That summer passed slowly for Mr. Joyce. He held most of his neighbors in contempt and, therefore, his social life was rather spotty. But eventually summer was over, and it was time for school to reopen.

On Labor Day evening, Mr. Joyce was at home with his wife when he noticed that people were beginning to gather at Captain Martin's house. Mr. Joyce noted with irritation that these people were the mothers and fathers of the children who had swum in the old man's pool all summer long. The back patio beside the pool was well lit, and Mr. Joyce could plainly see the neighbors holding drinks and accumulating all around Captain Martin. This was indeed a disturbing scene. It appeared as though the Captain had given a party for the whole neighborhood, except for Mr. Joyce. Didn't the old man realize that these people were not friends, but only had an interest in his pool? Surely he did. Why, then, the party? All these questions came angrily into Mr. Joyce's mind as he stood at his kitchen window and watched the proceedings next door. Then the

people got quiet and one man was giving a speech that seemed to be directed toward Captain Martin. When the speech was over, there were words of agreement all around, and the people gathered near to the old man to shake his hand.

"What was the speech about?" thought Mr. Joyce, who had not been able to hear the speaker's words. Suddenly, it occurred to him that this might be a going away party. The very people who had as much as driven the old man out of the neighborhood were now invited to his going away party. Mr. Joyce imagined the Captain packing his belongings in paper cartons and moving away without so much as a goodbye to the man who had been his only considerate friend. Mr. Joyce was so upset that all he could think to do was to take two aspirin and go to bed.

The next morning when Mr. Joyce came down for breakfast, he automatically looked out his back window expecting to see Captain Martin busy around his pool. But to Mr. Joyce's surprise, there was no Captain Martin to be seen, and the pool was drained nearly dry. Then Mr. Joyce remembered the events of the night before. Had the Captain indeed decided to leave the neighborhood? Everything was strangely still in the next backyard. Mr. Joyce was consumed with an unbearable curiosity. It seemed to him that he must know the story behind these most perturbing affairs. Leaving the egg that his wife had placed before him getting cold on the plate, he hurried out his back door and through his backyard.

When Mr. Joyce got to Captain Martin's house he was nearly out of breath. He paused by the pool and looked down at white sloping walls where water had been. Only a couple of feet of water were left in the deep part, and it was draining fast.

A voice from behind him startled Mr. Joyce. It was Captain Martin. He had wheeled squarely behind Mr. Joyce, and he was sitting there with a very firm set in his jaw.

"Captain!" Mr. Joyce said, quite shaken, "I thought you . . ."

"Not once did you so much as dampen your big toe in my pool," said the Captain. "And I had hoped I could be your friend. No, I'm not closed up for good, only for the year. You see, I must be of use. I must feel that I am of use."

"But I thought . . . , I mean, I assumed . . ." stammered Mr. Joyce. But he was too late. Captain Martin was already wheeling himself up the ramp into his house.

Mr. Joyce took one of his rare walks through the neighborhood park. He was bewildered and a little angry over his words with Captain Martin. Soon he came by the old bench, calm and shadow-dappled in the morning sunlight. Mr. Joyce paused for a moment, gazing at the soft-edged wood. Silently he reasoned that, although sitting there might be very pleasant, he did not want to disrupt the quiet dignity, or risk disturbing any old board. Or, on the other hand, pick up a splinter. Thinking so, he passed on.

I sat quietly on the bank of the mud-marsh
feeding bread to wild ducks
in the fading day.

A small dog charged fiercely
down to the shore,
red eyes flying teeth.

The birds, alarmed, screaming insults
hurried to deeper safety
there to laugh at his performance,

While I in proud ignorance
raised my arm to prevent his murderous
intrusion of my peace.

by Kathy Taylor

Gently stroking moss-green velvet
Moon soft delicacy
I discovered
And trembled

Towers of wordless curls of desire
I whispered
Into chasms, gulleys, pinnacles, mounds
Such curves
I breathed upon

Yielded ——

flowing rivers

With mist and quickened milky condensation swirling
I anointed
The inner scented recess of the mountain temple

Mother Elemental
enveloped

Yet when the melon and yellow unfolded our sleepy wooly blanket
The frozen matted strands of your hair
Scratched my cheek

by Kathy Taylor



1971 STUDENT MAGAZINE
POETRY AWARD

Franny Connelly

we sat
in the sunbars
that fell through the
windows and across the table
eating jellied toast
and drinking
warm tea
in
porcelain
painted cups
speaking of the dusty
winds full of red leaves
mosaic turtle shells
dripping, scented
candles
all
tramping softly
across our minds



etching by Evee Jonas

The loose-leaf notebooks
turned red and died
in autumn and we raked
them up
to make
our minds look neater.

by Franny Connelly

Heaped against
a stone wall
is a delicate litter
left carelessly
by summer
as she packed
her fertile suitcases
and moved on . . .
dried flowers
insect shells
(black beetle hulls
like tiny arks)
and a skittering collection
of stained leaves . . .
all scattered about
like the broken pieces
of childhood rhymes

Mrs. Mindani's Machine

SUNDAY 11:30 A.M.

"Well I'll be goddamned! What the hell's that?"

"What is it, Admiral?"

"Look what's in front of me Clayton!"

"That's the first one I've seen on the putting green,
sir. Of course, you could always play around him."

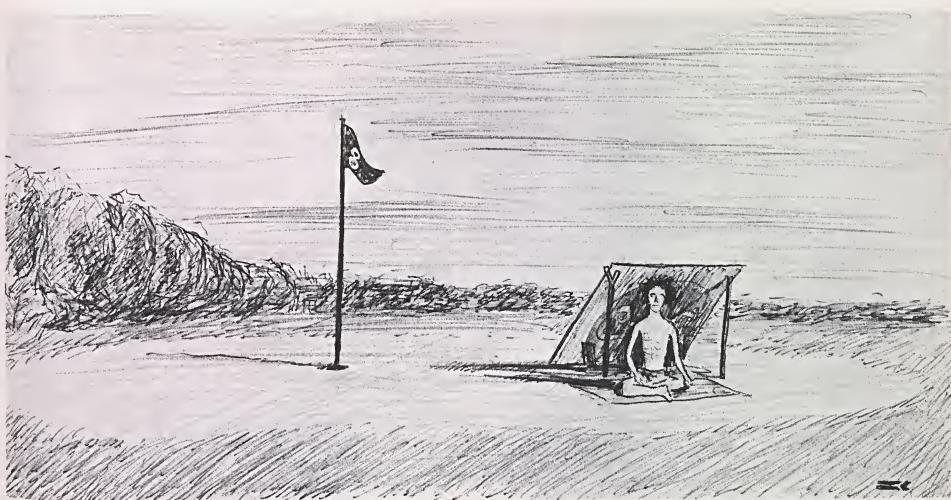
"My best goddamn shot all day and that squatter's
blocking me. How the hell do they get on the base
anyway?"

"The guards let them in at night, sir. Probably
somebody's brother."

Though he had only ventured a guess, Captain Clayton was right. The old farmer did have a brother who worked as a guard at the east gate. He had crawled under the fence that had been cut away by his brother the night before. It had taken him all night to sneak in all his belongings: two mats, some rice bowls, candles, half of a Coca Cola sign, a picture of John F. Kennedy, and a machete.

He was asquatter and the government did not like squatters, mainly because it was politically more feasible not to like squatters than any other class of citizens in Panay.

The Naval base held vast amounts of land. He had talked to his brother and they figured one more squatter on the base wouldn't cramp the military



establishment. The Navy was surely more congenial to squatters than the government, he thought. He would just plant his hut somewhere and nobody would find him until he died, which he figured would be fairly soon. He was only thirty-eight but he was still very old. Years of poverty, the Japanese, and the constant up-rooting of his home had coroded his strength and drive. His body was wrinkled. The clothes on his back were enlisted dungarees stolen by his brother, who was beginning to worry that all the favors he did for his relatives would soon put him out of a job.

Unfortunately the guard had forgotten to tell his poor brother about the golf course which Admiral Sailor had built to satisfy his zeal for the game. The admiral had spent close to a million dollars constructing the nine hole course that was the only course on the island. He figured the Vietnamese would remember General Abrams for his Cambodian offensive and the Panasians would remember Admiral Justice Sailor for his golf course.

So the old man had carried his belongings a few hundred yards from the fence and set up residence on the eighth green. The only thing he noticed about the landscape was the smooth grass which would plow easily and the slope of the green which would drain water during the monsoon.

Admiral Sailor had wanted the water to drain from the greens, but for different reasons than the old man's. Of course, the admiral never intended them to be occupied. And now seeing the Coca Cola sign leaning on two bamboo strips and a tin can, blocking his approach shot, he was reaching his boiling point which was easily reachable.

"Goddamn slant," he muttered and turning to Captain Clayton, he said, "go up there and kick his ass off that green." It was hot and not even noontime. In an hour the rain would set in and Admiral Sailor would have to call the match as he did every Sunday during the summer months. He decided it was about time to put on his blue baseball cap with the two stars on the front and the gold braid on the visor. He had it specially made for the golf course so that sailors who didn't know him personally would at least know his rank. One time when he didn't have the cap while playing, he had sliced a shot which hit an enlisted man on the shoulder. Not knowing to whom he was speaking, the sailor had commented on the marital status of Admiral Sailor's parents.

He now felt that the cap was needed so that the squatter would know that he was talking to some authority.

"Tell him if he doesn't move, I'll have him put in the brig, Clayton."

Captain Clayton was the admiral's adjutant, not his strong-man, so the command was accepted with a disgruntled "yes sir." He walked up to the old man and explained that he was on the admiral's eighth green. After a few words about golf etiquette the captain had managed to convince the old man that this was not the place to stake his claim. The old man's brother had told him about Admiral Sailor. When he saw the gold on the cap, he figured he was outranked. Clayton helped him move his Coca Cola sign and his picture of JFK. When the green had been cleared, the old man sat in the sandtrap and watched the admiral take his third shot. He was more curious about the game the admiral was playing than mad at

the fact that once again he had been driven from his land.

When Sailor walked up to pull the flag, the old man waved to him and said "hello Mr. Squid." He then wondered why Admiral Sailor turned red and glared at him.

Because of his surname and its relationship to his position in the Navy, the men under his command had christened him with the name "Squid," a tag often placed on ordinary seamen. Admiral Sailor, not accustomed to personal jokes, bristled when he got wind of his new title and transferred any man who addressed him with it. The natives had picked up the name from the seamen and shouted it at his limousine when he drove through the villages.

The old man's brother had told him to watch out for Squid, who was the admiral of the base. Sailor was now so mad that he missed his putt and the tap in. He stormed off the green shouting at Captain Clayton to throw the old man off the base.

MONDAY MORNING

Admiral Sailor came in early to get a head start on the messages coming off the wires. Most of the memorandums and requests were from COMFARWESPAc ordering supplies for the "Yankee Station" fleet. The messages were already channeled to the supply department and the jet repair plant. The admiral had the messages funneled through his office merely to keep track of what was going on under his command. It was actually a misnomer to call the Naval Air Station Lam Pan Base "his command." The station operated whether he was there or not. He was more a figurehead than a commander.

By careful manipulation of delegated authority, Admiral Sailor had evolved, at best, as the overseer of activities. His executive officer Captain Donlevy actually ran the base, making sure the admiral's staff and the different department heads were coordinated on an even keel. The only thing Admiral Sailor had to operate or be responsible for was the station's harmony with the local natives. And, if logistics and installation management baffled him, diplomatic relations left him in a fog. Fortunately, the Panasian Navy had provided him with a liaison officer named Captain Deguzman. He was hated by the other officers on the base because he spent more time on the golf course than Admiral Sailor and because his quarters were as nice as the admiral's.

Admiral Sailor saw Deguzman as the answer to all his questions. What he didn't know was that the Panasians had instructed their Captain to advise Sailor in a manner that would be favorable to the country and not the U.S. Navy.

The admiral was just finishing the *Plan of the Day* when his secretary came in to remind him of his appointments. His first visitor was Mr. Suzoro Verjillo, Commissioner of Utilities for Ilo Pai province which bordered the base.

Mr. Verjillo had been waiting for a half an hour, but Admiral Sailor decided to let him wait another fifteen minutes since he was not an important official and the admiral had never heard of him before. Finally the secretary ushered a small plump looking man into his office and made the introduction. The admiral was cordial but very conscious of his status above the official.

One of the admiral's axioms, developed during his tour in Panay, was, "These people respect authority. Why they're natural born servants. If you don't treat 'em like servants they'll run right over you." Mr. Verjillo was a servant. Now if the governor of the province came to his office, that was different. "Fine people these Panasians! Industrious, hard working and they don't steal. Great country you got here."

Verjillo settled in his chair as Admiral Sailor pretended to be busy.

"What can I do for you Mr . . . ah?" the admiral looked at the appointment list his secretary gave him, "Yeh, Mr. Vier-Jello."

"It's pronounced Verhilyo."

"Yeh, that's right. Well what do you want."

"If you've been reading the newspapers," Verjillo started, "you know that we just experienced a terrible fire in Ilo Pai."

Verjillo had already made two mistakes. Number one: He assumed that Admiral Sailor might not have read the local papers. The admiral hated for anyone to assume that he was ignorant of anything. Number two: Admiral Sailor had not read the news account. He hated not knowing as much as he hated people knowing that he did not know. He therefore began picking his nails so as to further subordinate his visitor.

"Yes I read the account," he answered.

"It was a disaster, Admiral Sailor," Verjillo continued. "A good many businesses were wiped out and many squatters were killed."

Admiral Sailor knew that Verjillo was only concerned about the business loss. If the fire hadn't cleaned out the squatters, the government would. Who's this guy trying to fool, Sailor thought. They don't give a damn about what happens to those miserable peasants.

"What does that fire have to do with the Navy, Mr. Verjillo?"

"We had no means of putting out the fire."

"So."

"You have fire trucks on the base for the planes that land."

"That's right."

"We would like you to give us one of those trucks."

Admiral Sailor stopped picking his nails. He stared at Verjillo not believing what he had just heard.

"Say again?" he asked to make sure the man knew what he was talking about

"We want one of your trucks."

"You want me to give you one of our fire engines for nothing?"

"That is correct."

"You must be out of your mind. What makes you think I'll just turn over . . . Do you know how much one of those things costs?"



"Your base has more money than our city, admiral. It's simple. You can afford to lose one truck and we can't afford to buy a truck."

"No, it's not that simple, because I can't just give you a fire engine."

"Governor Mindani will be displeased with your decision, Admiral Sailor."

That was one name the admiral felt uneasy hearing. Maria Mindani had been elected governor of Ilo Pai province two years ago. Her husband, Raphael, who had previously been governor, had not been popular with the central government in Panay City. Consequently, national funds bypassed his province. Other province governors who had catered to the central government had new roads and land

development programs while Mindani's province became progressively poorer. Finally, with his popularity waning, Mindani decided to withhold large portions of tax revenues that would normally have been sent to the national government and started using the money for different civic projects. Most province governors forged their accounts with the central government as a matter of policy. The only difference was that the other governors channeled this embezzled money into their personal fortunes while Mindani used the funds to help his people. When the government saw the new roads Ilo Pai had (built with money they had not authorized) and Mindani's popularity steadily increasing, they decided the rebel had to be exterminated. Mindani was assassinated. A squatter was found to take the rap, and the president of Panay sent his condolences to the province.

The government had not planned for Mindani to become a martyr, but he did. His wife, Maria, decided to run for governor on her husband's legend. However, she had learned from her husband's death - or at least the central government thought she had. She made peace with the capital city. They in turn decided that another assassination might incriminate the government. So Maria took up where her husband left off. Progress continued, even though it was painfully slow.

Maria conducted most of her business in secret. She even took some of the government money to buy two body guards to stay with her constantly.

Admiral Sailor felt uneasy about Mrs. Mindani. He didn't like talking to her because she never gave a clear answer or statement unless it was to emphasize one of her own particular points. She often left him hanging in the air with her empty stares. He often assumed she was thinking of her dead husband and not listening to what he was saying.

So now when Verjillo mentioned her name, the admiral sat silent for a moment. He was about to throw the man out, but now he wondered what she was doing behind this request. Obviously, he had been sent by a higher up. He decided to keep his cool and not intimidate the man.

"I realize that you probably need a fire engine very badly," he said cautiously, "however, I'm afraid it would be impossible to give you one of ours for free."

"This is most unfortunate Admiral Sailor. Perhaps we can work something out in the future. I shall leave now."

Mr. Verjillo's exit was too abrupt. It appeared to Sailor that the man knew his request would be denied. He was just acting out the formalities that would preclude further action. When Verjillo had gone the admiral called Captain Deguzman to see if

he knew what was going on. What the admiral didn't know was that Deguzman had received a call earlier from Mrs. Mindani briefing him on the case and instructing him to push her position. When Sailor called, Deguzman acted properly surprised and then told Sailor to give Ilo Pai the truck.

It would build community relations with the province, Deguzman had said. Relations could be strained if the great US balked at the proposal. And besides, he had added, this would be another way to gain a foothold in the province, the country and, for that matter, all of Southeast Asia.

Admiral Sailor liked the foothold part, but he didn't like giving up his fire engine to gain it. There must be some other way to control the country than that. He told Deguzman he appreciated his advice and would keep him informed of any further developments. Deguzman also said he would check his sources and see what Governor Mindani was up to.

The problem was solved as far as Sailor was concerned. He had made a decision and a pretty damn good one he thought. Of course Verjillo knew he meant business and Deguzman would help him if anything else cropped up. He settled back in his chair and finished the *Plan of the Day*. After lunch, he grudgingly sat through a staff meeting listening to reports he didn't completely understand and occasionally making suggestions that Captain Donlevy would explain to the rest of the staff members so that they could nod in agreement and move on to the next subject.

TUESDAY EVENING

Ensign Connoly had just finished the time report for the second quarter of the night watch. He decided to go up to the flight tower for the flight schedule. He also wanted to check the out-shipment schedule to see if things would be quiet the rest of the night. The passenger terminal was empty except for a warrant officer waiting for a plane to Saigon, who was sleeping in the corner. Connoly left the petty officer in charge and went up the stairs to the flight control room.

The two seamen in the tower were busy, so Connoly did not bother to talk to them. He saw the reports on top of the control panel and quietly moved over to get them. Before he went back out the exit passage, he stopped to stare out the window. The sun was setting and inside the control room the seamen had already turned on the blue light overhead. The only other lights in the room were the green radar screen, rows of orange and yellow buttons and dials, and a red direction scanner. The sun was now behind the mountains in the bay with the clouds at the top reflecting an orange pink florescence that

trailed out to the South China Sea. Connoly had been in Panay for over a year now, but he had never managed to get over the sunset that filtered into the bay. In a country so dirty and corrupt, it seemed to him that the dusk almost purified the land with a powerful solitude.

On the other side of the base, Sam Ran and his three companions had just crawled through the hole in the fence. The Panasian guard who patrolled the area had told them before where they could sneak into the station and had cut the hole for them. They now ran through the thick jungle up a hill to the edge of the road and lay quietly on their stomachs to wait for the truck to pick them up.

Sam Ran and his men had a vague idea they were working for the provincial government. A Panasian Constabulary had come to his barrio yesterday and given him a hundred pesos to get into the base and steal the fire truck at the air terminal. Sam Ran took the money and sent for his brother in the city who worked at the air terminal as a janitor. He also decided to bring two of his cousins along in case there was any trouble. The PC had assured him that if the Navy caught him they would turn him over to the PC's who would let him go.

So with the money and that assurance, Sam Ran and his men were now lying in the tall grass wondering how much the Navy might pay them if they told them where the fire truck would be hidden.

Their schemery was interrupted when a grey military pickup truck stopped and signaled them to climb in the back. The driver was also a security guard who ran hourly checks at each of the gates.

The ride took less than fifteen minutes, and soon the men were in front of the terminal. They hopped out of the back and Sam Ran's brother motioned the other three to follow him to the right hangers where the fire engines were housed. His brother's master key opened the garage door and they rushed in to find the keys to the truck.

After Ensign Connoly had finished making his watch report, he decided to walk around the Terminal to get some fresh air. He was on the other side of the taxi runway when he heard a motor being started in the fire shack. He ran to the building and saw the door wide open. Before he could make out the man who was sitting in the driver's seat of the fire truck he felt a flat pain twist his head, a flash of light, and then nothing.

The four men, sensing further danger, moved the officer's body out of the way and backed the truck out of the hanger. They took the same route back they had followed to the terminal. When they reached the gate they were supposed to pass through, the Panasian guard on duty waved them through and the Marine Lance Corporal in the guard house looked

the other way, not marking the vehicle's exit on his checklist.

WEDNESDAY MORNING

Disregarding his secretary's good morning, Admiral Sailor stormed into his office with "this is a crisis situation look" painted on his face. He buzzed his secretary and told her to send for yesterday's command duty officer and the Separate Guard Unit commander.

After the officer of the day had called him last night and reported the casualty and the missing fire engine, he had hardly slept a wink. He fidgeted with a few papers on his desk and then decided he had also better call in Captain Deguzman for the meeting. Deguzman was bound to have some line on this, Sailor thought.

He then checked the manual his secretary had brought him to find out how much a fire engine cost.

"Jesus Christ!" he shouted to himself, "I could lose my stars at these prices!"

Another ten minutes went by until his secretary announced that the CDO, Commander Howard, and the Unit CO, Major Rogers were waiting outside. They also had not slept well last night, and when

"I know what's gone goddamnit! How the hell did they get it off this base!"

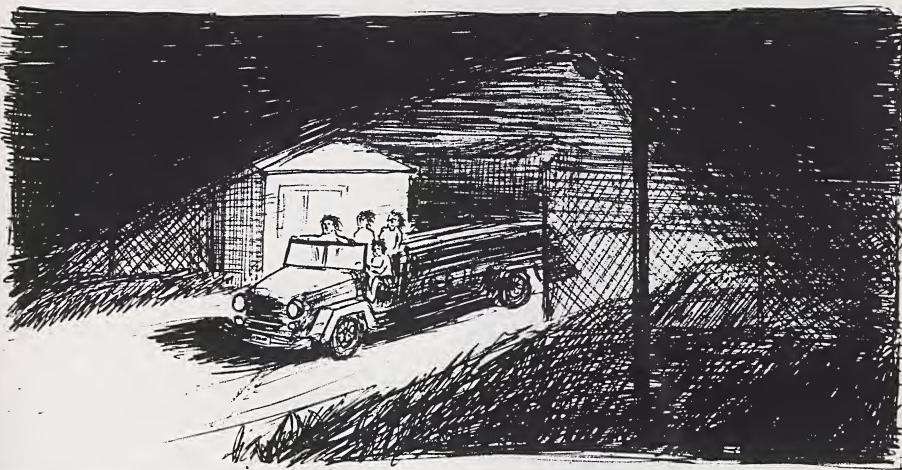
Howard knew he didn't have to answer that question. He glanced at Major Rogers hoping that he would now catch the abuse.

"Now it's your turn, major," Admiral Sailor said, pointing his finger at the officer. Rogers, however, did not cower under the load dumped on him. He ran his hand over his nearly-shaven head and in a calm voice began his explanation.

"It's the same as before, Admiral Sailor. Our treaty with the Panasians states that we have to use the natives to guard the base. That way, if a Panasian enters the base illegally, the native guards will be the ones to apprehend him, and if the intruder tries to escape or resist arrest, they will be the ones who will shoot him."

"I know why that's set up that way, major," the admiral interrupted. "We can't have Americans shooting at Panasians on their soil even if it is our base. It would raise big stink every time an incident occurred. The local government would kill us for overstepping our authority. Besides, what's that got to do with the robbery last night?"

"It explains how the truck was stolen," Rogers continued. "Very simply, the guards let the robbers



Admiral Sailor greeted them with a short "sit down", they knew they were in for some questions they couldn't answer.

"I didn't quite get all the info last night, Commander Howard," Sailor began. "What the hell went on?"

"Ensign Connolly is still unconscious, sir. So I don't really know the whole story. All I do know is that last night somebody stole one of our fire engines—model M-138-3006."

get into the base last night."

"What!"

"This isn't the first time, admiral. In fact I would say that anyone who wanted to could get in. You see, we pay the native guards fifteen cents an hour, which is enough to keep the Panasian at a subsistence level. Actually, it's more than he would probably make on the outside. But we still don't pay him enough to kill his own countrymen, especially if the thief is stealing merely to provide for his own subsistence or his

family's.

"Also, sir, the Panasians don't look at thievery the way we do. They steal from us and the central government because we're both foreigners and we're rich. A peasant wouldn't normally take a grain of rice from his neighbor, but he wouldn't hesitate to steal from the government because the government's got money. And further, the Panasian knows the government has acquired its wealth by stealing from the peasants. I suppose in the end it's one big cycle and everyone gets what he works for, even if he has to steal it. Our problem is that we're roped in with the government. I can fire all the guards and the local government would screw us for discriminating."

"Okay, I've got a problem with those slants stealing me blind," Sailor stopped him. "But you can't stick a fire engine in your pocket and walk off the base with it. What about the goddamn Marine guards at each gate. Why the hell didn't they stop them last night?"

"One of them probably did see the truck go off the base," Rogers answered, "and he probably looked the other way."

"Christ! Are they in with the slants too!"

"Sir, before my company came here, we were in the Northern Highlands of Vietnam for two years. I've got a good group of fighting men. But here they're scared. Last year one of my men shot a native trying to escape arrest. Two weeks later he was dead with a knife in his throat. Right in the barracks, no less. One Marine who'd caught a slant stealing a carburetor asked to be transferred immediately and I granted him the request. A month later I received a message from Hawaii where he was stationed. It said that he had been knifed in his barracks and that the killer had not been found. My men are going out of their minds, admiral. They fight well when they know what they're fighting against. But now, they can't see the enemy. They've already told me that none of them are going to kill any slants here if they themselves will be knifed in the barracks or even back in the states."

"They can be shot for shirking their duties!" the admiral shouted.

"What am I supposed to do sir, ship out my whole company. That won't solve the problem."

There wasn't much more they could say to help matters, so the two men took the pause in the conversation as a cue to leave the admiral to hash things out by himself.

Before he opened the door, Howard turned around, "Who do you think would want a fire engine, sir?"

"It's a long story, Howard, but I'm sure Governor Mindani's behind this."

"Why would she want it?"

"Because she doesn't have one goddamnit!"

"Well if she does have it, how are we going to get it back?"

"She stole it from us," Rogers interrupted. "Why don't we steal it back."

"That's preposterous in our position," Admiral Sailor retorted.

"When in Asia do as the Asians do . . ."

"All right Rogers, you and Howard can go back to your offices now. I'll get in touch with you later when I've decided something."

After the men had left, Admiral Sailor sat for a minute thinking about what in the world he was going to decide. He then remembered that Deguzman had not answered his call. He buzzed his secretary again to find out what the holdup was.

"Captain Deguzman has left for the rest of the week," his secretary answered.

"That's strange. I sure could use him now," Sailor said to himself. "Call the consul in Ilo Pai. Tell him I'll drop by to see him this afternoon."

Sterling Harrison checked his empty appointment book and told the secretary on the other line that he would be free from three to five that afternoon. After he hung up the receiver, he started wondering why Admiral Sailor would come off the base to see him unless it was for something more than a formal visit.

Harrison had been with the foreign service for eight years. Before that he had spent two years at Fort Lee, Virginia as a management planning specialist. He had entered the foreign service in hopes of seeing some adventure before he was too old. Unfortunately, he didn't have the intellectual depth of what might be called a true foreign service officer so he never reached the level of intrigues and big decisions. In fact he avoided big decisions and that's how he stayed in the foreign service. He read *Time* magazine for his foreign policy and never took the responsibility for any action. That way he never made any mistakes.

He enjoyed living in Ilo Pai because nothing major ever happened. The ambassador sent him here to represent business interests in the province. Since the Navy was the only business in the province, Harrison's duties were to see that the military and the populace worked together as one happy family. And for the most part, it was an easy job, except when Ambassador Mennon made his periodic visits. Harrison hated Mennon because he was a politician and not a trained foreign service officer like himself.

Harrison prided himself on being professionally detached from politics and appointees. Occasionally, he would lean back in his chair, look out his window at the grass huts and jungle, and think of the old days in the state department. Decisions were isolated: simple status reports on different countries, white papers, and policy memorandums. And no politicians. No backyard Congressmen throwing their weight

around just because they were an important convention delegate.

And now with Admiral Sailor coming, obviously with a problem, Harrison knew that he couldn't hide any decision under any bureaucracy around him. If he made any mistakes, Mennon would be on his back complaining that he, a professional, was incompetent for the job.

The admiral swept past Harrison as he ushered him into his office and slumped into the chair in front of his desk.

"What can I do for you, admiral?" Harrison asked, hoping it wouldn't be too big a favor.

"I've had a fire engine stolen from my base."

Good, Harrison thought, I can call the PC and they can handle the problem from there.

"Oh really," he said trying to remain calm. "How did it happen?"

"Oh it must have been twenty or thirty of them that stormed the base . . . Overpowered some of my guards, which isn't easy mind you. I keep that place tight as a drum. Well anyway they broke through one of our gates and now the damn thing's gone."

"Have you any idea who might have done this."

"Governor Mindani stole it."

"What!"

"She didn't do it herself, stupid! She had some of her men snatch it."

"That's unreal! How can you be sure?" Harrison's forehead was getting warm. He leaned back in his chair trying to remain calm.

"Yesterday she sent her Minister of Utilities over to my office. Told me he wanted my fire engine. Well, I told him no dice fella. We don't give 'em away for free. Then he told me Mrs. Mindani 'd get mad if I didn't hand it over. Well she got mad allright. She went out and stole it!"

"I find this very hard to believe, admiral." Good God! Harrison thought. This is going to raise one helluva stink.

"Well she did goddamnit! So what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know if we should do anything just yet."

"Well why don't you call her up and see what she's got to say for herself."

"Well . . . ah . . . okay. I'll do that."

When his secretary had Mrs. Mindani on the line, Harrison picked up the receiver with his hand on the mouthpiece.

"This is going to be tricky trying to handle her," he explained to Sailor.

"Hello Mrs. Mindani, this is Sterling Harrison . . . Yes . . . ah listen, I've got Admiral Sailor in my office about a fire engine that has been stolen . . . yes, it belongs to the Navy . . . ah, I was wondering if you knew about . . . Oh, you say

you do. (She says she knows about it admiral.)"

"Well! What d'ya know. Of course she knows about it! That bitch stole it!"

"Please, admiral. She might hear you."

"Ask her what she's going to do about it."

"Mrs. Mindani . . . Yes, I'm still here . . . ah, I was wondering who stole it . . . You do? Well, could you tell me who . . . You did!! . . . ah . . . I see . . . (She says she stole it.)"

"Oh for Christ sake!"

"Listen, Mrs. Mindani. Stealing an American fire engine can be considered a very serious offense . . . No, no, we're not going to send the Marines . . . Yes, I realize you could get one from the communists . . . heh, heh . . . well, you know we wouldn't like that . . . that would be terrible . . . yes, I see . . . well I suppose we can work something out . . . yes . . . good-bye, Mrs. Mindani."

After he had hung up he leaned back in his chair again and cupped his hands against his mouth.

"Now what!" Sailor said, breaking Harrison's meditation.

"This is very serious, admiral."

"You're goddamn right it is."

"We have to look at the overall picture."

"What?"

"This is a very important area. Strategic, you know. I would hate for it to go communist."

"This Rathole! I'd like to see the commie who'd want this stinking jungle!"

"Now remember, admiral. We're guests here."

"Guests hell! We own this country and it's about time we started acting like we did!"

"That wouldn't be a good thing to say to the local government, admiral."

"I don't give a damn about the local government. All I care about is getting that fire engine back."

"And besides, admiral, there's not much I can do about it. If I accuse Mrs. Mindani of stealing, can you imagine the crisis we'd have on our hands. Why don't we just leave things alone? You don't want to endanger situations with your Naval Base. I'm sure you can find some way to make up your loss."

Harrison could pass the situation off his desk, Sailor thought. He didn't have to turn in a fiscal report into COMFARWESPAC and try to explain why a fire engine was missing. The admiral got up from his chair and went out the door without saying good-bye.

Back in his office, Admiral Sailor finally decided to call Major Rogers and dump the load on him. It was simple, he thought. He could hold Rogers responsible for the theft since security was his responsibility and since security was definitely broken. It would be an easy way out.

He picked up the phone and dialed Rogers' number.

"Hello, this is Admiral Sailor speaking."

"Hello, admiral."

"Listen Rogers. I've been trying all day to figure out a way to get you out of this mess."

"Get me out of it?"

"You better believe it, Major. If your security had been tighter, the theft would have been avoided."

"But admiral . . ."

"I don't want any excuses, Rogers. I want action. Now listen to me good. I don't care how you do it but I want that fire engine back by tomorrow or heads are going to roll."

"But how, admiral?"

"You're the policeman! You should know how. Hell! Steal it back if you have to."

"Aye, aye sir."

"Oh and Rogers."

"Yes sir?"

"If you fuck up, you'll be on the chopping block."

"Yes sir."

Admiral Sailor hung up.

I should have guessed it, Rogers thought. The buck was bound to stop with me. I should have known that sonovabitch would weasel out of taking the blame. He wants me to steal the engine back but he wants me to take the blame if anything flares. He's sure to deny that he ordered me to steal back the damn engine. And if I don't steal it, he'll probably slap me with a court-martial.

Major Rogers called his first sergeant in from the other office. He explained the situation to him and what they had to do to remedy it. The sergeant said he'd hire some contacts he knew in Ilo Pai and the problem would be solved.

THURSDAY, 11 P.M.

Sam Ran figured this job would be much easier than the last one since he knew where the truck was hidden. His Marine friend had seen him in the bar where he hung out and had made him the offer. One hundred pesos to find and steal a fire engine that the local government had stolen from the Navy. He was to take it to the East Gate so as not to arouse suspicion. When he got there, the sergeant would give him another fifty pesos to keep his mouth shut. Sam Ran assured him that he would not breathe a word.

The sergeant told him that any help he would need would be his problem, but Sam Ran decided this job would be more profitable and easier if handled by himself.

That night, he took a peddycab to the western edge of the province where the truck was

camouflaged. He drove the truck around the province where it was sparsely inhabited. At the East Gate, the guards waved him through and he stopped just inside the fence. The first sergeant paid him the rest of his money and reminded him to keep quiet.

FRIDAY MORNING

When the aid came in and told Mrs. Mindani that the Navy had stolen the fire engine back, her face remained expressionless.

"Thank you," she said, dismissing the young man's anxiety, "tomorrow we will have the fire engine back."



It was not a boast, it was a simple statement of fact. It calmed her assistant who then left knowing that Mrs. Mindani somehow would get back what the province now rightly owned.

Mrs. Mindani now sat for a moment and decided who she would call first.

The admiral had proven to be a bold man, she thought. She never expected him to act so quickly, yet she liked seeing him put up a fight. It made the prize more tempting.

Poor man, she thought. His government will slow him down. They are so concerned about us. My government doesn't care either way. I think I'll let the old fool off easy this time.

Her first call was to the chief of the PC's. "Have Sam Ran eliminated," she ordered. "How shall I do it," was the answer.

"He is now a communist. Call him over to your office for another job. When he comes in give him a gun and have him shot for trying to assassinate you. Then call the papers and plant some photographs."

Her next call was to the Commissioner of Utilities, Mr. Verjillo.

"Have the town square ready for a ceremony tomorrow," she said.

"What for?" Verjillo asked.

"I'll tell you tomorrow," she answered.

Before she contacted Ambassador Mennon she rang the office of Associated Press in Panay City.

"Tomorrow, you will have a big story for your newspapers," she said, "and when you come, bring NBC along."

"What's up?" was the answer.

"You never do know. We might have a riot here."

"Sounds good. We'll be there."

Panay had been G. Bently Mennon's last choice. When the Republicans won in 1968, Mennon, who was on the campaign staff for Indiana, applied for work in Latin America. All that was left was a post as an assistant to the Naval attache in Germany and the ambassadorship in Panay. Careerwise Panay would be more advantageous. Everything was happening in Southeast Asia, and Mennon wanted to be in the middle of it.

He had been professor of Latin American studies at Indiana State University where he had written a book on the problems of cattle ranching in Uruguay. For his crash program to learn oriental politics, he poured over state department bulletins, spent two weeks at the war college, and took a course in Asian politics.

The first three weeks Mennon had been in the country, he had been stricken with Panasian revenge because he had taken a bite off an ear of corn a little native boy had given him as a gesture of goodwill. A quart of Pepto-Bismol and liquid meals eventually soothed his first impression of Panay.

Later, in order to provide Panay with a new and revitalized American image, Mennon decided to become one of the natives. After a few months on the job, he appeared in the newspaper riding a caraboo and kissing the village women, though of course he had already learned his lesson—he would gracefully decline any food offered him. For a while he kept his office open to anyone passing by to come in and talk with him. Later he had to give up the practice because the American embassy had one of the few working air conditioners in the country. By noontime, his office would be filled with natives cooling off.

Mennon had just come back from the formal opening of Panay City's new jai lai stadium when he received a call from Governor Mindani. She told Mennon that the Navy had stolen her fire engine.

Mennon said he didn't believe it. She said that was beside the point. He could call his imperialistic admiral and get all the facts. She said she was going to send rioters to storm the fences of the Naval Base and call up NBC news if he didn't give the fire engine back. The ambassador said he didn't think that would be wise. He also told her he would call her later on that afternoon after he had reviewed the problem more carefully.

Mennon hung up the phone and immediately called Admiral Sailor.

"Yes Ambassador Mennon," Sailor answered. "I agree it's a terrible mess."

"Well, why the hell didn't you contact me instead of stealing the damn thing back?" Mennon blasted.

"I was going to call you sir. I figured there was bound to be a way we could work this problem out diplomatically. Then this damn major of mine called me on the horn last night and told me he'd stolen the fire engine back. You know, Marine Corp type. Must have lost his head. Well, I put him under house arrest last night to cool his jets a bit."

"Good. Keep him there and I'll call you back this evening."

This is definitely a crucial decision, Mennon thought after he had hung up. Could affect our relationship with the whole country. Riots at the base. Christ! That's all I need to spice up my conferences with the president here.

Mennon walked to the other office where the communications room was located. He typed out a message to the State Department's Southeast Asian Internal Security Office and gave it to the operator to put on the cablegram, so he could get an answer back that afternoon. He was sure the Department would have some plausible answer for him. They were trained to handle these flare-ups at a moment's notice, he thought.

The rest of the morning Mennon spent in conference with the regional manager of the Coca Cola Company who was complaining about the squeeze the government was putting on his retailing market. That afternoon the ambassador received the answer to his cablegram:

FROM: Sta Dep SEAISO

TO: Amb Panay

SUBJECT: One missing fire engine.

RESOLVE: SEA security maximum importance.

Proceed w/ that in mind. Are considered PINK (crucial to SEA Sec.); Proceed w/ utmost caution. DO NOT upset internal balance for immediate objectives. Decision should consider area reaction to present situation. Keep SEAISO informed on further developments.

SD2477565-SEAISO



Mennon knew what the problem was. The message told him to solve it and not raise any static. He knew if things went wrong, the heat would burn his pants and not the State Department's.

Okay, if that's the way they want it he thought, I'm not going to rock the boat over one lousy piece of machinery. We'll save a helluva lot more face if we just give them the damn fire engine than if we get tough.

He then called up Mrs. Mindani and told her she would get her fire engine. She could work out the details for tomorrow, and he would call the admiral and send him to her office that evening.

"I think some sort of ceremony with a lot of people where we could present the fire engine to you as a token of the Navy's goodwill," the ambassador told her, "would help me smooth things over from this end, governor."

Mrs. Mindani agreed and added that NBC news would not want to see happy natives as much as they would rioting natives.

Ambassador Mennon assured her that that was true.

When Admiral Sailor heard the news, the stars on his collar almost melted. Mennon had assured him his office would handle the deficit on his budget report and certify his order for a new fire engine. But that

meant nothing to Sailor. The fact that a bunch of ignorant natives conned the US out of some of its property that was payed for by taxpayer's money brought him to a boil.

The ride to the Ilo Pai government building that evening kept his irritations simmering. The trip would take at least five minutes. A chain of traffic weaved in and out of the gullies, naked children and stray dogs playing in the puddles. As his staff car idled in the intersection of the first block, he became nauseated at the smell of rancid oil that hung over the city. By the time his driver had pulled up to the front of the government building, Sailor's shirt was soaked from the heat and his stomach was turning over from the smell of the city.

Waiting in the lobby to Mrs. Mindani's office, Admiral Sailor planned his attack. After a couple of minutes, a young man ushered him into an office panelled in mahogany. Before him, sitting behind an ebony desk with a mother of pearl top, was the dowager. Her face was tightly drawn, very smooth and very dark. The only clue to her age might be found in her hair which was grey and tied in a bun. Her eyes, dark and fierce, captured Admiral Sailor and led him to the front of her desk.

"Sit down, admiral." Her voice was low and pleasing to the ear.

"I'd rather . . . "

"Sit down!"

He obeyed.

"Pretty sharp trick you pulled," he started.

"You put me in a difficult situation."

"You've got a nerve saying that."

"I've got power, admiral. And you've just learned how I use it. This isn't Washington, D.C. Here you play by our rules or you go play somewhere else."

"God! I've seen corruption before, but this is the limit."

"You call it corruption. I call it running a government. We play at democracy here to keep you western planners happy, but I run the government the way the people want it — my way. You are right, admiral. I am corrupt. Unfortunately, my opponents are more corrupt. And that's why I have to stay in power. When a fire comes, I have to put it out. If I don't, the people will have my enemies do it. Anyway this is all above your head, so back to the matter at hand. Tomorrow there will be a formal ceremony in the town. You will then present the fire engine as a gift to the province. I have made all the arrangements. All you have to do is bring the engine to the plaza after the noontime rains. And have it cleaned for the presentation.

"I don't believe this is happening!" the admiral shouted, "The Navy practically owns this goddamn province!"

True, you may own it, but I control it. Good-bye, Admiral Sailor.

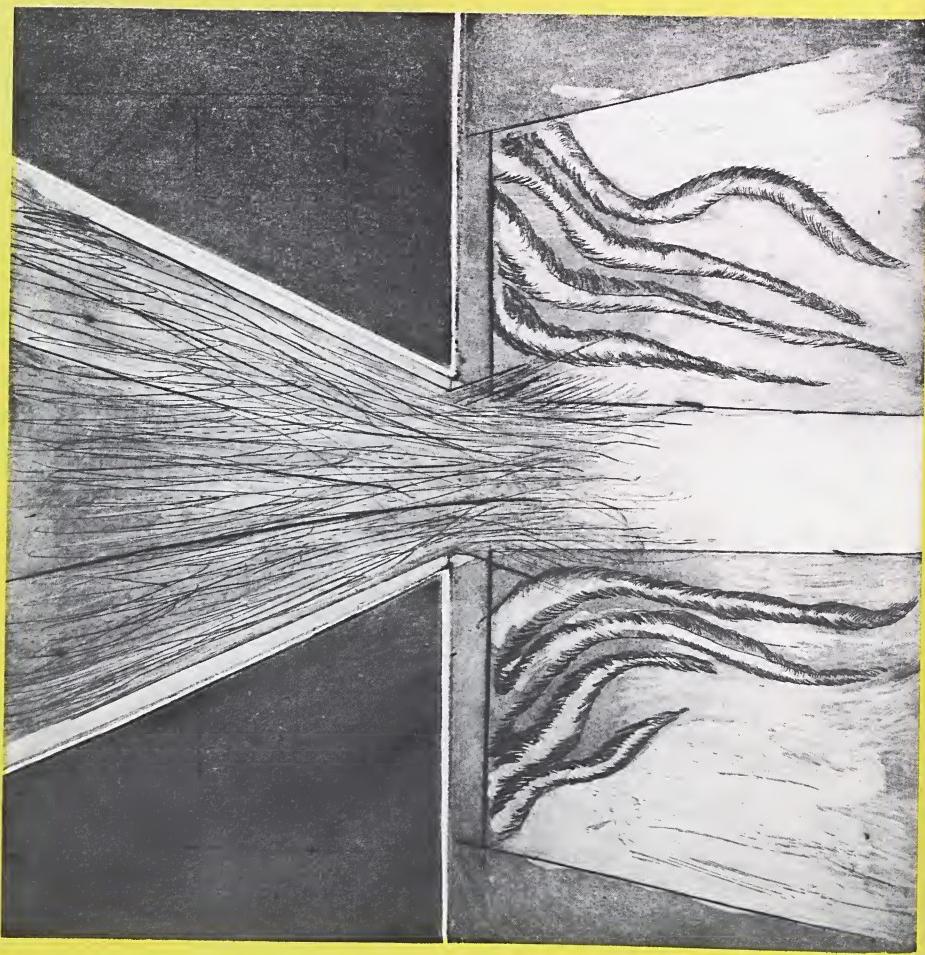
SATURDAY AFTERNOON

The presentation ceremony was held with all the regal splendor Illo Pai province could offer. The fire engine was decorated and filled with children in blue and white uniforms waving American flags. With Ambassador Mennon looking on, Admiral Sailor presented the gift to Mrs. Mindani, who then said a few words of appreciation.

After the festivities, Sailor decided that his only seclusion from this world of crazy people was the golf course. As soon as he got back to the base, he headed for his retreat with his blue baseball cap perched on his head.

The old man with his picture of John F. Kennedy, and part of a Coca Cola sign figured the eighth green was off-limits at the time Admiral Squid had run him into the jungle. When he came back, he didn't know that the seventh green was also private property.

The last time he saw Admiral Squid he knew he was a little mad. But now as he came up to the seventh green, the old man noticed he was screaming bloody murder. He barely had enough time to grab his picture of John F. Kennedy and run because the admiral was chasing him off the green swinging a six iron.



The Student



THE ONE-WINGED BUTTERFLY

I saw a butterfly, one-winged, struggling in red clover
I stopped, grasped it, cool between my fingers
I crushed it.
Next morning ten thousand eyes
dazzled my pasture,
hanging over ten thousand flames of flower.

By Geoff Fraser



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How do we dare or bother to speak of education? Outside our world of books, they laugh at our half-hearted objectivity, declaring the topic is too near or too dear to be known by us. Their patronizing dismays us who study and teach, and so many outside are confident that we merely play at sleight-of-hand or, at best, simply refine common sense, that the fear is ever with us of pushing pieces on a chess board before beginning life. That knowledge which is our sometime goal is scarcely considered a respectable means by them. Through their eyes we are chilled to see our world as one of childhood or luxury or vanity or sterility.

This antagonism between the naive and the cynical is reminiscent of conversations that dwell on the denser, more obscure human experiences such as love and integrity. Just as similar is the apparent necessity in talking of education to say so much to convey so little. And then an occasional single statement is deeply revealing. And this defiance of definition gives hope to teachers and students but also fires the ridicule of the "realists."

True education is momentary, taking shape for minutes or hours or weeks but demanding many days of empty motions that are like false friendship. Education feels highly natural. It feels like a human dialogue and a quantitative growth. It seems to be a profounder dialogue and a transfiguring growth of passion and freedom.



Contributing to the next four pages were Sally Ainsworth, Jan Borneman, Dr. David Broyles, Geoff Fraser, Bill Miller, Tom Phillips, Provost Edwin Wilson, and Steve Baker.

Save Education from Lectures

Medieval monks passed knowledge to their students through lectures for a good reason: books, mimeograph machines, televisions, and tape recorders were then scarce. Today, there is no method of instruction conceivable that could be more expensive, inefficient, time-consuming and painful as the present, hallowed lecture system. Nothing in this modern world can possibly justify the existence of a dull, expository lecture.

The primary function of a lecture is to impart knowledge. It is considered the best opportunity for the professor to convey to his class those facts and opinions that he has decided they should study. The students are generally expected to respond by understanding the spoken lesson and taking helpful notes. The inefficiency of this method is excelled only by the unnecessary burdens it places on both professor and student. The first folly is to assume that each professor will be a competent public speaker. How many professors have had thorough training in public speaking, and worse, how many have any talent for it? Anyone who has suffered through the system knows how rare the good lecturer is. And why shouldn't he be rare? Professors have not prepared for a life of forensics, and it is of secondary value to them. They are trained for one job and forced to spend most of their time with students doing another. Demands made upon students are nearly as bad. Students generally do not know shorthand, and furthermore, a classroom full of peers is potentially, if not necessarily, a place of distraction.

But it is rather silly to pick at the faults of the lecture system when the primary indictment against it is that to the extent that the purposes of a professor are to provide knowledge, there are so many better ways of conveying knowledge available to modern society. There are absolutely no facts to be learned by listening to the human voice that cannot be equally well learned and understood by exposure through other media. Information does not vary from the printed page to the spoken word . . . Why are great or famous lectures reprinted for the reading public? Ideas remain intact without help from seeing a man standing before you (probably distracting you with inept dramatic gestures). This

applies to all the disciplines, but the clearest proof is in considering lectures in math or the pure sciences. A student who reads a complete transcript of everything said in such a class will know at least as much as the student who attended, listened and took notes. The undeniable fact remains that any idea, theory, fact or concept that a professor is capable of mouthing in class he is equally equipped, if not more equipped, to express in writing. Lecturing for the sake of conveying mere facts is expensive, inconsiderate and foolish.

But presentation of facts is not the sole function of the lecture. The present lecture system affords the opportunity in the classroom for students to ask questions and have them answered by the professor. Certainly, questioning and answering should not be moved out of the oral and into another medium. Certainly the importance of exercising curiosity cannot be overestimated in its value to the educational process. But it can easily be seen that query and reply are just as certainly in no way tied irrevocably to the lecture system. Indeed, it is partially in recognition of the fact that formal lectures discourage rather than encourage questions and "class discussions" by their very nature that the modern trend toward seminars has grown strong. So . . . in a system in which professors would distribute their data to students by mechanical (books, leaflets, recordings) means, why might those same professors not make themselves available to students who have questions after reading the entire lecture? What would be lost?

One thing would be lost. Lectures sometimes do contain a third aspect that actually seems to depend entirely on the lecture form for existence. By this is meant intangibles: the enthusiasm and love for his discipline that a professor conveys, the excitement of an idea generated by a professor's involvement with it. But the professors capable of dependably conveying these intangibles are a very small minority. While most professors could be involved in the various methods of dispensing knowledge and answering questions, why not have only teachers who are successful lecturers perform on their favorite topics in required mass classes? What would be lost?

Save Education from Grades

Our present grading system is anti-human and subversive to education. The symbol bulldozes the ego. College is a Milton-Bradley extravaganza with the shy smile uplifted in the shy smile method. Grades are frozen rigid items that claim value for their permanence, for adherence to a norm. What is more alien to education which is a process, ever changing and growing, of individual human beings?

Institutions claim the present system is necessary as a standard of judgment of student accomplishment by which order is maintained in education, and without which the college experience would have no tangible value, no lasting effect.

Rubbish! Is not learning a worthwhile value in itself? Are not self-development and maturity tangible values? The cancer has spread far if people believe that the lasting effect of college is a person's grades, and that a single letter of the alphabet can contain a complete and accurate expression of the learning experience and can rank an individual on a scale with five other such letters in a way that an "A" represents a better human being than a "B". These and other problems can be best exposed in a discussion of some alternatives that have been suggested to replace the grading system.

One alternative is the multiple grading system, where a student receives two or three different grades in one course and the sacred quality point ratio is splintered. One grade for a term paper, one grade each for the objective and subjective parts of a final exam — this would define a student's understanding of a subject more precisely. But multiple grading is no real replacement. Rather than averaging grades, we now record each separately and continue assuming that the term paper and the test are sufficient evaluation mechanisms.

Others support the pass-fail system. Certainly, giving only a pass or fail removes the pressure of grades, ideally allowing the student more time and energy for actually learning the subject. Dissenters, however, point to the average or below-average student who might be apt to do only as much as is needed to pass. How much would they learn? This is merely a simplified grading concept, because what will be accepted as pass and what constitutes failure?

Another suggestion would determine final grades by evaluation sessions between the individual student and his professor. There would be a year-round

program of student-faculty meetings, which would take the place of final grades and would give an accurate and fair judgment of a student's progress in relation to the work being covered.

Similarly, some of the most disenchanted innovators would lead us seemingly to the ultimate in college grading, student self-evaluation. Conditional testing and random surveys have led many to agree that the student, given opportunity to grade himself, would be harder and give himself a lower grade. Many faculty members concur. The student would work harder to assure his own satisfaction, having the two-fold effect of increasing his raw knowledge and increasing his standard of pursuit.

The "old school" rejects this system for its total impracticality, saying that the majority of students would be tempted to give themselves a higher grade, simply because of human nature. They insist the student populace is still too immature to be given so great a responsibility. Advocates of the system react saying the immaturity is due to the limitations placed upon them, and that if students were allowed the privilege of self-grading, maturity would come in time.

Only the latter two suggestions begin to escape the old flaw. They all still pose grades as the end result of the educational process. Evaluation is absurdly more important than actual learning. College should not be a grade race, but rather a cultural and psychological revolution of self-esteem. The grade race frustrates, deflates, and annihilates the self if it stumbles on the game rules and skills; low self-esteem is alien to healthy learning and living. Somebody has to lose and get the "D"'s and "F"'s.

Faculty-student evaluation sessions result in the same thing if a grade is the end result. Self-evaluation is not sufficient because learning is not achieved alone, but in interaction with the environment and the people in that environment. A more valuable and educationally alive system would be one that combines self-evaluation with faculty-student and student-student evaluation, the end result being not a grade, but a more detached, verbal evaluation. Every week or even less often, each student could meet with his class peers and the professor in evaluative sessions. Progress reports similar in concept to those now being employed in kindergartens could replace the letter.

Save Education from Tenure

Tenure — the university's most crippling self-restriction — must be reexamined and drastically modified. So many wise educators secretly relax as they concede to student demands for greater voice and actual power in choosing and structuring study methods and content. They smile because they know that nuances of structure and content are unimportant to education when compared to that unassailed foundation of learning: the student-teacher relationship. They do not overestimate the value of the relationship, but its value is no greater than its inherent vulnerability and inefficiency in the presence of the tenure system.

What becomes of the man who teaches until the age of fifty and is then dismissed because he no longer excites the younger generation? A hard question. But what becomes of 100 students per year who must attend a class that offers them trivial facts, the minimum of involvement or interplay, and no inspiration or enthusiasm whatsoever? The university must decide to whom it is ultimately committed. If the answer is not students, it must at least be "edu-

cation." And the ability "to educate" cannot be measured in degrees, experience or age.

"Evaluation and standards are the only paths to integrity," say all about the treatment of students and, today, administrators. "Perform or leave," both are told. But the professor reigns in that same limbo without standards or limits that he denies students. The sovereignty in the classroom is unchallenged, absolute and hallowed. To err is human, but professors will do just fine, if let alone.

The only valid purpose of the tenure system as it exists is to protect worthy professors from the whims and passing displeasures of any group given power over them, student evaluation polls or administrative investigation or whatever. To be certain, academic freedom must be protected. But in the name of scholastic freedom, sterile and inept teaching is perpetuated. How long will students and concerned administrators accept the proposition that the only way to protect the good is to also cater to the inefficient, that the question of a particular professor's ability to "educate" is irrevocably tied to the academic integrity of the entire university?

and Fragmentation

The university's growing policy of "hands-off" with regard to all aspects of the student's life outside the classroom may prove almost as unfortunate as the dying policy of "*en loco parentis*" that it replaces. Both approaches are equally inclined to strictly compartmentalize and dissociate the myriad facets of the college experience.

In the "unreal" environment which the university campus perhaps must always be to some extent, the most obvious and comfortable trap for students is the tendency to carefully separate study, social life, friendship, thinking, play, and religious activity from each other. People are soon labelled as dates or pros or friends or teammates, etc.; the parcelling out of the hours and days is similar.

Without question, the American university went badly awry when it hoped to offer "total education" by providing specific and detailed agendas and rules. It is certainly high time that the university begins to recognize the personal rights of students as well

as see the value of freedom to the development of individuals. Among the worst accomplishments of the authoritarian treatment of students are the decidedly one-sided relations between the sexes and the pedestals of professors.

Yet today's trend of intentional ignorance on the part of the university in the matters of the student's nonacademic life is to some extent an admission of failure to integrate the different experiences of college life. If the university is still interested in educating and helping the whole human being, in making education an integral and continuing part of life, then it should abandon the hit-and-miss method of utterly letting students fend for themselves and should increasingly cultivate innovations such as coed dormitories and teaching-learning-in-living situations. Rather than ceasing to contribute to fragmentation, the university should actively seek to replace it with a true total education.

Save Education from Limbo

With neither goals nor values guiding the modern university, moving forward is as great a danger as sliding backward. Never has the danger been greater and more tempting for the university to lapse back into a technical service to the political and social order of the day. Yet a greater danger is that in moving forward, the university may become doctrinaire rather than receptive to a variety of paths to human excellence. The inevitable hazards of seeking a definition of the university's goals will unquestionably be worth while if the forthcoming insights can stem the backsiding and at the same time make progress meaningful.

If faculties in large measure have developed a tolerance for purposelessness, at least students have not. Hence, their lack of enthusiasm and sense of alienation from an environment which is itself alienated from its purpose and from a learning process that is no more than a joyless self-discipline for the sake of future wealth, status or study. Without purpose to guide them faculty frequently react to this resistance in students with one extreme or another: either a wild search for unstructured learning situations or an even more harsh reliance on rules.

The source of student discontent is not clear. They are not, by and large, dissatisfied with the offerings in the natural sciences or professional schools, but rather in the fields of humanities or even more in the social sciences. Student (and faculty) activists may not share the particular values of their mothers and fathers, but they do share a common concern with values as such which is not satisfied by current offerings in these fields.

In the long run, of course, the bombers and burners attract no sympathy from men who value education. The only obvious basic commitment of the university is dedication to the pursuit of truth and rational discourse, an ideal that necessarily precludes instruments of violence. Thus, the university commits itself to law and order by virtue of the most elementary definition of its function. Nevertheless, if we look to the more restrained, but still dissatisfied elements of student and faculty communities, we can perceive a legitimate complaint which does not question the commitment to truth and reasoned discourse, but which does challenge the way in which this commitment is carried out. Unless we deal with this complaint effectively — unless we redefine the university's goals — it may be that so many good students will become convinced of the university's ir-

relevance that they will fail to see any reason to rally to its defense.

First, the university is committed to the pursuit of truth, to research and to discourse. Though outside sources provide its funds, they do not determine the results of the university's activity, with only one exception: if the conclusions reached by the university substantially defeat its own purposes, whether by action on itself or on the social order which supports it, such "products" of the university must be suppressed or else the project of the university must be abandoned. Within this minimum limitation and the limitation imposed by the capacities of the students and faculty, a university's objectives may be deemed good as they are broad in a way that fosters a tolerance of outlook. But, this definition of purpose is subject to a corruption that is currently evident everywhere because breadth may be understood a variety alone and the university is transformed into a multiversity that is merely a collection place for whatever interests can attract a sufficient number of students and the necessary financial support, regardless of how important or trivial, ennobling or base the course might be.

The minimum definition is not adequate to meet the danger of backsiding. Nor is it adequate to meet the danger of doctrinaire-ism. We must recognize that between thoroughly valueless freedom on one hand and the university moralizing on the other hand, between extremes is the desire of concerned men to realistically grapple with values and moral demands in ethical and religious studies. A curriculum is needed that is not simply broad and varied but also fundamental. To say that the university presently offers such studies is misleading when reflection upon particular courses in the humanities, ethics, etc., reveals that they are technical rather than substantive, scientific rather than humanizing. Scientism has overtaken the fields of spiritual and moral investigation.

The university, therefore, must move beyond a minimum definition of itself if it is to survive as the university. The university must move from the mere exercising of the minds of students and professors and move toward stimulating profound involvement with fundamental intellectual, spiritual and ethical issues. The first necessary step in this direction is to systematically analyze the precise ways in which whole areas of knowledge are presently diverted to mere scientific orientation.

First, I should say that there are numerous things which I *do* understand and appreciate about the present generation of students: their openness and lack of hypocrisy, their impatience with stuffiness and with meaningless, often stifling convention, their greater tolerance of the natural variety of the human species, and their concern with the sufferings of oppressed minorities. I could go on, and quite sincerely. But I must be honest; so here are some of the things which I do not understand about the present generation of college students here and elsewhere.

by James C. O'Flaherty

Things I Do Not -- and Do -- Understand about This Generation of Students

Why do the disciples of Herbert Marcuse not see that his philosophy is an impossible mishmash of left wing Hegelianism, Freudianism, and nineteenth century anarchism, with a dash of secular existentialism thrown in?

Why do disciples of that Teutonic saint of the hippie-cult, Hermann Hesse, not see through his own failure to practice what he preached, for, although he rebelled against the hated disciplines of bourgeois German society, he himself submitted to one of the severest disciplines of all, namely, learning to write effectively?

Why do students not explore the full anatomy of the nineteenth century movement known as the *décadence* with its instructive preview of androgyny (also "dandyism") and Satanism (e.g., Baudelaire, Huysmans, Oscar Wilde) in the large rather than uncritically absorbing the propaganda of the likes of Aubrey Beardsley and the *art nouveau*?

Why do today's students (who are after all more sophisticated and knowledgeable than their forebears) not understand better what Nietzsche called the "Dionysian" basis of their collective excitement in such eruptions as panty-raids, rock festivals, even the cheering section of the football bleachers, and possibly act accordingly?

Why do the present generation of undergraduates, who are allegedly so interested in human values, flock to courses that never break out of the positivistic (hence, essentially non-humanistic) mold — a nation-wide phenomenon?

Why do local ecology enthusiasts not start with

the campus? (We need less rubbish, fewer bare spots on the lawns, more trees, and, above all, we need fewer automobiles and more bicycles which, by the way, are non-polluting, cheaper, and more aesthetic in motion).

Why are young people today so exercised about the integrity of social groups, but say so little about individual integrity?

These are questions to which, frankly, I can find no satisfactory answer. Perhaps there is no answer. Perhaps we are confronted with a world-wide undercurrent which no rational analysis or depth-psychology can fathom. And yet one is always haunted by the hope that somehow, somewhere there must be an answer to questions of the kind I raise.

Why do youthful protesters, who talk so much about "dialogue" (essentially a two-way proposition!) so rarely really listen to ideas which displease them and so often equate an administration's and faculty's "listening" to them with simple capitulation to "non-negotiable" demands?

Why do young people who consider themselves especially "realistic" (wanting to see it "like it is" and tell it "like it is") nevertheless feel so strongly the need to escape from reality by turning to drugs?

Why are Wake Forest student movements never really original? Is perhaps "relevant" a synonym for "conventional" or "commonplace" or even "unimaginative"? (In fairness I must admit that the same stricture applies pretty much to the administration and faculty.)

The game goes on. In seven months, another bundle of cognitive organisms will leave the game having learned, if they can remember, who invented barbed wire, how to speak and write a departmental language, and how to fake intelligent immorality. Such a loss of humanity to the educational astrodome will be softened by the arrival of a new batch of elite, and the game will go on. The rules of the plastic sport are fattening and crunching, but at the center of the whole undergraduate bamboozle is the curriculum.

The above paragraph is serious. The rigid, fragmented character of our present curriculum creates and promotes a game mentality lacking a coherent and meaningful superorganic guide; the curriculum has splintered into departmental fragments with each department barely able to maintain its own coherency. Each professor has his own small empire within the curriculum which he defends as if he were obsessed with a territorial imperative. The curriculum undergoes further shell shock when subjected to the rigors of class scheduling. To the entering freshmen, this must all ring of the joys of high school academy.

The "sour grapes" must now cease and be replaced by an objective analysis of the college curriculum and how it may be revitalized. Before any such analysis can be undertaken, one must first consider the suggestion of John Holt, an astute observer of education (though mediocre theorizer), to abolish curriculum. It is clear from his observations in *HOW CHILDREN FAIL* that the present typical curriculum is deleterious and should be abolished. But to claim that it is the concept rather than the content of curriculum that is at fault, is unfounded. Holt's position rests on the assumption that one lump of learning is as good as another. Not that I doubt some intrinsic good in *learning* bad values, but I do certainly assert that healthy values are better learned than deplorable ones. I think it is time to distinguish between education and *learning* and even further that content and ends be distinguished from good style and talent. The talented Adolf Hitler learned a great deal, but he was not an educated man.

Prior to this century, there were two famous elementary school primers which reflected the purpose of the traditional American school. The *New England Primer* (1690) manifested the early colonist's belief that children should learn to read so they could understand the Bible. In 1794, Noah Webster's *Blue-Black Speller* appeared and replaced the *Primer*. Its contents suggest that education was to consist of teaching fundamental skills, patriotism, and standards of moral conduct. In early American history education was primarily a moral, and only secondarily an intellectual, pursuit. The fact that it was a stagnant and somewhat ignorant morality is not the issue under scrutiny. Today, education is basically amoral — a state I find self-contradictory.

Learning is an activity outside of morality. *Learning* can be either moral or immoral depending on its content, but *education* is moral learning. George Leonard claims that "education is ecstasy." Education as well as learning should be ecstatic, but education, unlike learning, should be a moral ecstasy. A complete definition of education is still beyond my grasp, but I would like to suggest that it involves at least the discovery of self-identity, learning to grow and what to grow towards, and learning what is desirable and ethical and undesirable and unethical. This definition necessitates an emphasis on content and ends, not on good style and talent.

With the dawn of the space race, America's educational institutions initiated a drive for more efficiency and talent. Our universities were reoriented towards the sciences. The result has been moral idiocy and technological genius. There is no doubt that the nuclear and bio-chemical arsenal is efficient.

An End to a Fattening and Crunching Sport

By William Miller

But ethical? Our disjointed, eclectic curriculum is a master plan for amorality. Marvin Harris, in *The Rise of Anthropological Theory*, succinctly sums up the dangers of eclecticism. "In practice, it is often little more than a euphemism for confusion, the muddled acceptance of contradictory theories, the bankruptcy of creative thought, and the cloak of mediocrity." A very picturesque description of the American college, I believe. Education consists of more than an irresponsible curriculum of splinters taped together, it must be responsible to some holistic, ethical founda-

tion.

In this age of relativity, someone who blabs ethics had better define his meaning or suffer an accusation of totalitarian absolutism. A *moral education* does not presuppose the learning of a set ethical system. It does demand an *ethical awareness* and *responsibility*. Almost all facts and intellectual undertakings have ethical implications. These implications are varied and usually debatable; however, all ethics ultimately affirm preservation of human life and even further, the preservation of quality in human life. Our nation is a jumble of jiffy-pop cities struggling amidst a clutter of cultural diversity and confusion. There is a desperate need for a common cultural identity in the school system, flexible enough to cover the plurality of the country. This identity could be posited in a *mankind ethic*. The curricula of our schools could be a preliminary carrier of this ethic.

The typical, present college curriculum is grounded

If he is merely a little larger box of facts and no more an ethically responsible, decision-making self, he has not been educated, and the world will continue on the gritty road to Hobbesian nature.

Before presenting a new curriculum design, I feel it necessary to remark on the lack of success that many innovative conceptions have met with great frequency in college classrooms. These innovations include self and group grading, student-directed projects, and independent study. Their failure is not intrinsic, but rather a result of the milieu in which they are attempted. These liberating thrusts are being tried on students who have been savagely socialized into a game mentality. The educational structure, and specifically the curriculum, are still their same fractured, robotonic selves. Thus, the average student, seeing no basic reorientation, perceives the rare innovation as a lucky break in a tough ballgame, and a

FRESHMAN YEAR

First semester. Natural Science + Humanities (MW and TTh)
Mathematics or Social Sciences (MW and TTh)
Language Arts (English) (MTWTh)
Foreign Language (MTWTh)
Physical Education (includes dance) (MTWTh)
Friday A.M. Discussion groups about ethics and
interrelationships of above.
Friday P.M. Professor, group and self-evaluation
sessions.

Second semester. Natural Sciences + Humanities (MW and TTh)
Mathematics or Social Sciences
depending on what was taken in this field
first semester
Fine Arts (MTWTh)
Foreign Language (MTWTh)
Physical education (includes dance) (MTWTh)
Friday A.M. and P.M. — same as first semester.

Mini-mester. A problem attack (interdisciplinary)
(problems include ecology, urban affairs, mass society,
economics, race, etc.)

in the stagnant crust of academics; it bears little relationship to the outside world, except that both are confused. The segmented, regimented curriculum must make way for the birth of a *Curriculum for Man*. Education should become a river of Huck Finn adventure.

The entering freshman is a pre-packaged carton of facts. He arrives, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, in command of more unrelated information than any preceding group of scholars. In four years this same naive individual will be spit into the harsh struggle.

concerned professor slips into disillusionment. The game still goes on.

There is no one grand curriculum scheme which serves as a universal education panacea. There is, rather, a common ideology for curricula which is flexible enough and yet assertive enough to incorporate and direct an ecstatic moral education without offending America's cultural diversity and intellectual relativity. Under the superorganic directive of a *mankind ethic*, the individual will be liberated from the curriculum vacuum of required and non-required

SOPHOMORE YEAR

- First Semester. 4 courses, 1 each within the following areas; (MWTTh)
or natural sciences, social sciences, humanities, and
Second Semester. either fine arts, mathematics, or foreign literature
Friday A.M. Group discussions interrelating the weeks
work with others' and discussing moral implications
Friday P.M. Evaluation sessions
- Second Semester. 3 courses, 1 each within the following areas: (MWTTh)
or natural sciences, social sciences, humanities
First Semester 1 interdisciplinary seminar
Friday A.M. and P.M.: same as first semester
- Mini-mester. Almost-anything-goes work, projects, research, go abroad, etc.

course options with no unity save the B.A. or B.S. on a diploma. The student will no longer learn who invented barbed wire, and call it another one of those days, but rather he will learn the fact and then its implications for the notion and nation of private property, and how that relates to the preservation and quality of human life.

A specific curriculum model is now unveiled. The design to be suggested is based on a 4-1-4 calendar similar to the one recently adopted at Wake Forest University.

The curriculum structured above is well within the possibility of schools like Wake Forest University. The freshman year courses are all introductory and interdisciplinary in concept. They could and should be taught by a team of faculty with the assistance of senior majors and graduate students. Without de-

bating the logic behind these choices, the natural sciences include physics, biology, and chemistry; the humanities include English, religion, and philosophy; the social sciences include sociology, psychology, history, anthropology, economics, and political science; mathematics is self-explanatory. Mathematics is required separately because it is really a category in itself used by other areas. In the introductory course, it is thought that mathematics be taught as a tool, an invention of man to bring order and understanding to his universe, and as a language, an international form of communication. Language arts involve a penetration into the English language, and language in general is a system of communication both verbal and written in which the limitations of language are also analyzed. Physical education is broadened in this context to include dance and other forms of body

JUNIOR YEAR

- First Semester. 2 courses in major (MW abd TTh)
2 other courses (MW and TTh)
Firday A.M.: 1) bi-weekly departmental seminar and
debates
2) bi-weekly seminars and debates
between departments
Friday P.M.: Evaluation sessions

Secord Semester. Same as above

- Mini-mester.
1) if active in sophomore year mini-mester, then
junior year optional with senior year mini-mester
2) if skipped sophomore year mini-mester, must
take it in junior year and then must take
senior year mini-mester

SENIOR YEAR

First Semester. Mini-mester. (see options - under jr. yr.)	2 or 3 courses in major (MW and TTh) at least 1 must be a special problems seminar (either first or second semester) 1 or 2 other courses (MW and TTh) Friday A.M. and P.M.: same as junior year
Second Semester. Same as first semester	Independent research within major field-- must demonstrate ethical awareness and show interdisciplinary connections

movement, the purpose of the course being to further control and understand the moving human body.

The Friday morning discussion groups are the key to the curriculum format, for it is within these glorified "bull sessions" that the course materials should be united and placed into a moral framework. On Friday afternoons, the students will meet with their professors both alone and in groups to evaluate their progress. Written evaluation reports would be turned in by each student to his assigned faculty advisor at the end of every four weeks. It is hoped ultimately that these will replace the abomination of education and self-esteem: grades.

In the sophomore year, the one required interdisciplinary seminar should be from a set of options including such topics as those presently being used by the Wake Forest Interdisciplinary Honors Program. The remainder of the courses during this year will be specific departmental offerings with the hope that nearly all of them will open up to the student and to ethical understanding.

The junior and senior years reveal a change in the Friday morning sessions. Every other week the students and faculty of each department will engage in debates and discussions of relevant issues in other respective fields. These meetings should not only be clannish in purpose but also morally alive in their seeking after truth. On the other weeks, Friday mornings will consist of inter-departmental gatherings during which major issues can be confronted on a more realistic and holistic level.

There are finally two additional suggestions not indicated on the curriculum chart. One is the establishment of inter-disciplinary majors and the other is the allowance for a one to two year, draft-exempt, leave of absence from the university between the sophomore and junior years. In the first case it should be evident that once the university embarks on a curriculum format, in which the ultimate purpose is to perceive the world in terms of holistic and ethical reality, it is essential to follow-through and allow for inter-disciplinary specialization. The latter

case is simply a means of reaffirming the need to integrate the classroom with the community and further to allow the student a chance to relate his institutional development with his own personal aims and expectations for the social reality he will soon be thrust into.

Black studies has become an issue of volatile proportion across most American campuses. According to the curriculum design presented here, Black studies could be considered a relevant program and even an interdisciplinary major. To consider such a possibility as an insult to the scholastic pursuit, as some "effete intellectual snobs" have done is merely *sus scrofa* wash and a return to amoral intellectualism. The curriculum format does not allow a student to become stagnant in Black study. Instead, it allows him a chance to confront the Black from all perspectives and then to relate this to the remainder of the curriculum and to frame it within a moral context in the Friday morning sessions and in other courses outside the major.

A new curriculum oriented towards ethical responsibility is not the complete answer. The elementary and high schools need to redesign their programs and begin developing positive self-esteem rather than mass game mentalities based on a system of failure. The universities must seek to abolish the antiquated grading system and extend student responsibility into the arena of social life which never has been separate and distinct from academic life in spite of traditional dogma.

But change must extend beyond the school system if education is ever to become a complete reality. The school is not capable of independence; by necessity, it is an integral part of the society-at-large. The present is a swirling mass of social movement as the twentieth century technological orgasm pulsates without cease. A sense of order and community must be restored, but not at the expense of human dignity and freedom. The problems are complex and nearly unsolvable. A *Curriculum for Man* is merely one small attempt at ending the human game and restoring human life.



Photos by Bill Beery

A Conversation on





Higher Education



A panel discussion with Dean of the College Thomas Mullen, Dr. Wesley Hood of the Education department, and Duke Wilson and Paul Trivette, seniors at Wake Forest.

Hood: When I first was invited to this dicussion it sounded as though we would discuss some problems in higher education, but if we could relate them to Wake Forest that would be just fine. So the first problems I thought of were some of the problems at Wake Forest that I've heard about, such as intervisitation, the traffic situation, blacks in fraternities, registration, things of this sort. But I thought — well, on the other hand there's the higher education field in general, with $7\frac{1}{2}$ million students and $\frac{1}{2}$ million professors and billions of dollars, and perhaps there are some concerns under a heading called student responsibility and freedom that relate to Wake Forest as well as to higher education in general. Since I have a lot to do with educational psychology, I thought of the human growth and development continuum. We have students, students at certain levels of human growth and development, and we have faculty and administration. I don't think we can just look at *student* responsibility and freedom. So perhaps we can start with something like, what is the best learning environment? What are the best kinds of conditions under which learning occurs?

Mullen: You mention the idea of a continuum. I wonder if you might develop that idea.

Hood: In human development and growth terms, students are generally more concerned with increasing their independence, completing the independence process, from a more dependent kind of relationship to a more independent one. Students in college are economically still dependent on their parents. However, they may also be involved in a career, choosing a mate, completing whatever training process they have in mind, establishing a home. But further up the continuum the faculty member is probably concerned with establishing himself in his job, raising his children; he's going to be concerned about his children's environment as they grow up. What kinds of changes does he want within his institution? They are going to be different from the kinds of changes the students want.

THE STUDENT: Are you suggesting higher education fails to take this into consideration properly? Does it do a good job?

Hood: No, I don't think people address themselves to the issue of what is the best kind of circumstances under which learning occurs. I don't think they concern themselves with learning as being something that lasts from birth to death.

TRIVETTE: In other words the types of changes that

people may need, depending whether they are faculty or student, will be different.

WILSON: But so many kids grow up today thinking that they should go to college; not that they want to, not that they will get anything out of it, but just that they should, because unless they have the B.S. or the B.A., they're not going to amount to anything in the eyes of their parents or themselves.

Hood: That's what they've been sold.

WILSON: That's what they've been sold. And I might legitimately look at college as just an artificial continuum. I think professor Vandenhaag, when he was here, raised a very pointed question, and I think it deserves our attention. His comment was that he wasn't sure whether education today was irrelevant to the students or whether the students were irrelevant to the purposes of the university. So if we look at it on one plane, that all good citizens and all good people should be educated, should have all the liberal arts, then the conditions for the university should be on one level; but, if you perceive the purpose as a pursuit of higher and higher forms of knowledge, of becoming more and more critical in your faculties, then you have to impose different kinds of conditions. For example, under the first, while we're trying to keep everybody happy and make good citizens, we can afford to be very liberal; we can have intervisitations; we keep the kids happy; we can have students pleased with their educational experience. But, by Vandenhaag's standards, we might make the university something like the old monastery, with very strict discipline, very strict goals and standards to be maintained, because it is only under such conditions that pursuit of highest forms of knowledge can be achieved.

Hood: I guess we'd probably have to include in here that the institution operates within the societal-political framework.

TRIVETTE: And that the society and the political framework is changing so rapidly that you can't give everybody everything that they want because society isn't that way. If you're going to educate people to function within a changing society, it's got to be a type of education that allows for change, then and later. And I think this may be the middle ground that you're looking for.

MULLEN: The problem that I'm wrestling with continually in my own mind is whether the maximum of freedom that students and faculty desire can be balanced against the sort of responsibilities that students and faculty have to meet.

TRIVETTE: By responsibilities, do you mean now while you're in the educational system, or in the future?

MULLEN: In the educational system right now. We're living in a democracy, and the argument is sometimes used that if the university, or the college, is going to be a training ground for democracy, then democracy, full democracy — one person, one vote — should be practiced in the University. Now this would mean that, in virtually any college or university in the country, a majority of the voters (if the community of the University were to be run on this basis) would be students. For some matters, this perhaps would be a perfectly sound, perfectly legitimate way of governing a community. And yet, if you think about the academic or the educational purpose of a college or university, you have a different sort of relationship between the student and the faculty members. For some purposes, the faculty members and the students are co-operating in a common venture and quest for answers to questions. But for other purposes, the faculty member who has for ten, fifteen, twenty years prepared himself for the venture in a given field is obviously better prepared to give direction, to make a judgment, to evaluate, than a student could be with his much less preparation, much less training, much less experience at making the same kind of decisions. Now is it reasonable to expect a college or university to operate on this basis of full democracy — one person, one vote — if students are almost always going to outnumber all other members of the community, students with the least amount of experience and least amount of practice at making decisions? This is certainly debatable, but the age part of it is not debatable. I think that most students of human behavior probably would agree, that some maturity does come with age. I won't push this argument too far and say that no student is capable of making a better decision than some faculty member; that's obviously absurd. But I think the question I'm raising here is one which is very hard to deal with.

TRIVETTE: You're right. Obviously, a faculty member with a Ph.D. is supposed to have more knowledge than a student. But it appears to me that the basic problem in higher education that I have experienced at Wake Forest is that the school is often not run for the students, academically.

MULLEN: I disagree. I would like to simply throw out one example of something which does argue in the other direction. That is the new curriculum proposed for Wake Forest for next year. The faculty did make the decision. But it was adopted primarily because a majority of the faculty believed that this would be an improvement for the students. It was not adopted because they thought it would benefit the faculty; in fact, many of the

faculty members who voted for it believe that it is going to place greater burdens on them, and in some ways it definitely will. I think that a very big decision was made for the students.

TRIVETTE: I agree with you there, but other attempts such as the move to have students advisors in addition to faculty, failed for lack of communication.

THE STUDENT: It seems the question we are talking around at the moment is "exactly what does the university owe the student?" Through life before college, you are given the impression that all the processes which you are going through to make you into a grown-up will be finished after you go through the college experience. You come to college expecting everything. And the colleges themselves come to see themselves in this role, also. Yet, in effect, what do they really act upon, what are they really trying to give the students, and most importantly, what *should* their responsibilities be toward the students? Most students expect to leave college with all the answers, not only to their intellectual pursuits, but to a lot of others, and the university allows them to think that they are being made into good people.

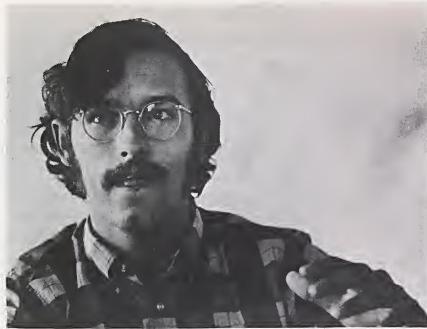
MULLEN: I think that if students believe this when they come to college, and if they continue to believe this, then to that extent the college itself has clearly failed to explain what it thinks it can and cannot do. I would go back to Dr. Hood's idea of the continuum. I don't believe that anyone could seriously argue that people suddenly develop during four years into some final state. In many ways, people I know who are thirty or forty years old, in all walks of life, faculty members and lawyers, whatever, frequently don't seem to be any more mature than some particularly mature college students. And so, to see a kind of completed process at the end of four years, I think is a mistake.

THE STUDENT: But it is a mistake that the University tacitly nods its head towards. It never comes out and really makes a clean breast with the students and says, "we're not going to be able to do so very much for you."

HOOD: I don't think the University can be personalized to that extent. It sounds a lot like Wake Forest is supposed to be speaking in the same kind of dependent way that Mommy and Daddy did. I don't think the institution should say that.

THE STUDENT: Perhaps the University or any institution is at fault when it does not tell the people exactly what it intends to do.

HOOD: No. Institutions, or even individuals, do not owe it to one another to tell them exactly what to expect, except in dealing with children. One difficulty is that as kids go through high school, we put *more* restrictions on them. So when they get to a university where there are fewer restrictions, they are unprepared.



THE STUDENT: But the University never tries to do anything about its wrong image.

Hood: I don't see the wrong image in the first place.

THE STUDENT: Students *do* come to college thinking it is a continuation of their high school career and that things that were taken care of back then will still be taken care of.

WILSON: I agree, somewhat, because what happens is that the university comes and says: "Now look, kid, you're 18 years old, and what's good for you is 64 required hours, 30 in your major, etc. And at the end of this four year term you're going to graduate and you're going to be specialized in one field and acquainted with a large number of others, and accordingly, you will blossom into a full human being." I just don't buy that. There is merit in the proposal that the large number of adults with us, faculty members and administrators, are, on the basis of their past experience and knowledge, more qualified to determine what I should study and what I should not study. But I question the relevance of their experience to my experience. Take the idea of non-Euclidean geometry. Here is a realm of knowledge perfectly internally consistent, every axiom, every law, every conclusion. It's perfectly valid on paper, but if you take it and put it in the outside world, it doesn't make a bit of sense. And so, I question sometimes if Wake Forest is trying to teach me only non-Euclidean geometry. I'm asking then, if these moral values you're trying to instill in me, and this knowledge you insist I must conquer, are really relevant to me and to my objectives and to my desires in life. As a student, I would like to come into an institution where certain courses of action, certain paths are suggested to me, but it's my own experience, my own norms and values that determine which path I take. I don't think that's the case now and I don't think that I'm given as much credit for my critical faculties as I should be.

Hood: I agree that you probably aren't given proper credit for the critical faculties that you possess. I think educators and the institution would be remiss if they decided that they knew what was

relevant to you in every decision of educational nature.

WILSON: If I can just monopolize the floor here for a second let me propose my suggestion for increasing the relevance of education. Through the age of 18, I live at home, according to the norms and standards of my parents, and this is not only pragmatically but morally and functionally good. When I come to college, to a very great extent the university takes over the role of my parents. They set up new norms and standards of subject matters. After two years of this studying in a liberal arts curriculum, wouldn't it be awfully attractive to some students for the university to encourage them to leave college, saying, "O.K. Duke, we've acquainted you with a broad spectrum of disciplines, you're a legal adult now and what we want you to do is spend two years doing anything you want. Be a hobo, work in a supermarket, just take off. And when you're ready to come back we'll readmit you as a junior." The university, in this way, would not be cramming norms or standards down the student's throat. The student could go out into the world, away from this sanctuary and acquaint himself with the fact that he doesn't like manual labor or the fact that some middle class norms aren't really as bad or as good as he's been brought up to believe. He can perhaps decide for himself that he doesn't want to teach school or that he doesn't want to work in a laboratory. I think that you can't learn these things in the sanctuary of an intellectual environment. You have to move away to where you are your own boss for sometime and become independent in the full sense of the word. When I come back to the school for my junior and senior years, I can look at the disciplines and know what's important for me now. That would be relevance. Let's encourage the student to discover what's important to him. For a person to come to a full realization of his values, he has to have experienced independence in the complete sense of the word.

MULLEN: Would it not be following your argument to propose that students not come to college at all

until they have had some such experience? I'm assuming that one of these days the draft will not be effective and that you'd be free to do this without any untoward consequences. Would it not be better for the student who finishes high school, who doesn't really feel any great impulse to go to college, who is perhaps pushed in that direction only by society and family, to simply not come to college? Colleges would not try to recruit high school seniors unless these high school seniors seemed to know, in a mature way, that they really want what college has to offer.

WILSON: O.K., two things. There are a large number of students pretty much committed to what they want to do. Some people come to Wake Forest with every intention of completing a 3-3 program. They know in their hearts and in their minds they're going to be lawyers. O.K. Leave the door open for these people, as well as the person who takes a psychology course and just knows that he is going to pursue psychology for the rest of his life. I would encourage everyone to come to college for two years, because the increased independence in your first exposure to college is a gradual transition into complete independence, and because it is possible to discover in these first two years that you don't need to take off.

MULLEN: Beloit College, in Wisconsin, has as a part of its four year plan that every student is required to leave the campus for one semester in either the sophomore or junior year. They must go away and involve themselves in something off the campus. Usually it is related to what they feel they want to do to test their own commitment. They have to do this. Do you think it is a good idea to thus require it, or should it be optional?

Hood: I think what we are arguing for is more flexibility in institutions. It relates to the kinds of questions that I was trying to bring up to start with — under what conditions does learning take place best? The student may not be satisfied with the teaching-learning process that is largely dissemination of information. May I suggest that the learning process begin to recognize an "equality in inquiry" between student and professor coincident

with an inequality of knowledge.

TRIVETTE: One thing that is definitely not the right environment for learning because it destroys freedom, is the A, B, C, D, F power that the professor wields over the student that disagrees with him.

WILSON: I would defy you to point out a professor that would categorically flunk you because you disagreed with him. You would have to show him that you understood what he says and to give him some valid reasons for why what he says is wrong, but I mean there have been numerous examinations where a professor has been endorsing one point of view and I have said I understand what you are talking about and I think it is wrong for the following reasons and he never flunked me.

HOOD: I teach primarily junior, senior, and graduate level students at Wake Forest, the vast majority of whom are not concerned with that freedom. They want that A, B, C, D; and they want to know what I want on any kind of paper, so they can get that A, B, C, D. They find it extremely difficult to take responsibility when it's handed to them. 72% of college students are what we call moderates. I mean, they're not really involved in anything left or right or anything else. To me that's a disappointment. I see one of my jobs as to try to get students to grapple with this idea of "I'm not going to give you any direction, I'm going to give you some parameters and I want you to grapple with that."

THE STUDENT: Should this not be a goal of the entire university?

HOOD: No, I just see it as one of my jobs. The university should not define it so closely.

THE STUDENT: Do you think the university as an institution can do something about the problem or does it always have to be the teacher-student relationship? Could some structural change make the difference?

HOOD: I don't think that structure or the 4-1-4 is going to make a bit of difference; I don't think anything Duke suggests is going to make any difference, unless the attitude of the entire teaching-learning process is examined and looked at and changed.



MULLEN: I agree. Ten years ago, there were faculty members at Wake Forest disturbed by the very thing that you're talking about now. There is a tendency for there to be a wide gap between the teacher and student — the professor on the pedestal and the student in the position of fearing to ask questions that really probe because they might be deemed hostile by the faculty member. The student is only there to get his grade if he can, he doesn't want to take too many risks, and so rather than ask the question, he just takes his notes. To end this relationship was one of the aims of the Interdisciplinary Honors program. The program was set up as an experiment on a limited basis. There are faculty members who are yet not in sympathy with the interdisciplinary honors program because they think it is a mistake not to use the faculty member's expertise. But one of the bases of the honors program was to not choose faculty members because they knew a lot about the subject, so that faculty members had to begin work at about the same level as the students. They are in a common quest to answer questions. They will even decide together what some of the questions are. One important aspect of the program is the meeting at the end of every semester when a faculty committee hears the comments and criticism of the students. Important structural and content changes have been caused by those meetings.

But it was an unvarying pattern that one group of students always felt that there was not enough structure and they were given too much freedom, while another group of students always said they would like more freedom and would like to be left more on their own. I think this says something about the nature of students and the real problem of designing something for the needs of students who don't need much structure that will also meet the needs of students who need a great deal. You have such a range in the student body of Wake Forest University.

THE STUDENT: Do you think there is any hope or possibility of increasing the number of students that would enjoy the freedom and make use of the freedom? Well, let me ask you this first: Over the past few years do you think that the percentage of this kind of student has increased?

MULLEN: I think it has. I have to admit this is an impression and that I can not really prove anything.

THE STUDENT: Because if this is true it would seem to indicate that something is happening to students whether in or out of education that is moving in this direction — the University might well ask itself how it might help this trend along.

MULLEN: It has done so. The curriculum study committee which came up with some new proposals had as one of its recommendations which the faculty has adopted that every department which has

a major have at least one seminar for the students. That is a minimal thing to be sure, and some departments are already way ahead of time. But to guarantee that there be at least one seminar (meaning, by seminar, that the students do most of the work, where they actively participate in the whole process of learning, getting information and presenting it to the group and working as a team), is a step in the right direction.

WILSON: Well, I would like to propose that the end of education is not answers but questions. I came through two years of basic courses and had a lot of things that I thought were answers. But I needed something to temper those answers with. I can't get away from the fact that the semester before I took off, I took sociology and I read several books that were about blue collar workers and the socialization of drug users. All of this was beautifully abstract, theoretical and even cited statistics and had all this empirical proof behind it. But when I went outside, so to speak, and lived and worked with a few blue collar families and had intimate contact, sustained contact with different drug users and hippies and communes and stuff like this, it occurred to me that the real value of education that I had received prior to that point was not the answers it gave me but the questions that it raised. I am so upset with the student that comes through and expects answers all the way. Perhaps one way that we can encourage more and more students to quit looking for answers is to give them this first hand personal experience so that they recognize not the validity, but the inadequacy, of many of the answers that they're getting in college.

MULLEN: I'd like to modify your terms just a little bit, though I don't think that we're in disagreement. One of the principle objectives of college for students and faculty members should be to bring students to that point at which they can ask good questions. They should learn how to formulate questions that are meaningful, that really matter, and learn how to look for answers. If you don't learn how to do this in college, you will have fewer opportunities to learn the skill after you leave.

THE STUDENT: Well, do you think that this is something that the educational process teaches you how to do? I agree that the educational process is not successful when this is not going on, but is this something that the university actually instills in a person?

MULLEN: I think "instill" may be the wrong word. "Instill" implies maybe an opinion or a doctrine, and I think the university, the college, the liberal arts college, ought to strive to provide that kind of environment which is conducive to a student learning how to ask questions and look for answers and to make judgements. Now I think we often fail, but I think that the aim is there. I think that

human frailty is such in people, in faculty members, in administrators and in institutions, that we often do fail.

TRIVETTE: It's interesting. In many cases it does fail, but I think that we ought to notice that if it failed completely every time the five of us wouldn't even be here, that at least in some places we must be getting on the right track or Duke wouldn't have left to look and come back feeling the way he does now about his ideas. We may have to look within what we've already got to find the best aspects of what we need.

MULLEN: That leads me to this question; Do you think that some of you at Wake Forest have already achieved this goal that we were just talking about? Do you think you have achieved it because of Wake Forest, or in spite of it?

TRIVETTE: I can't answer that.

THE STUDENT: This is what I was wondering about. What we're talking about is an independent individual; a person who is going to question and doubt has to be independent and critical. I think that the University allows a person the opportunity to be critical, and it also equally allows a person to be uncritical. You can go through and be either way. I think that perhaps the University should not be neutral in this important matter. If the University wants people who are independent and critical, it should examine the resources it has, and see how it might best serve itself in "creating" those students. I think that Duke's suggestion of sending them out is a valid possibility. Am I talking about something that's humanly possible? Can a greater percentage of human beings be made more self-reliant, inquisitive people by the structure and content of the University?

WILSON: But, our society has cast the University in the role where if you graduate from high school you should go to college, get your B.A., and then you can afford to be inquisitive: what job am I going to hold, am I going to be married, where am I going to live, that sort of thing. Options first appear, in many cases, after you've already left college. But once you take the nine to five, and the responsibility of a family, you lose your ability to call a time out and say, "Let me take a course in psychology." I see your suggestion being one that forces people, or at least encourages them in a very real way, to exercise their curiosity before they leave college. It casts them into a role where they have to make fundamental decisions. For example, when I was traveling around, I would often reach the question, "Should I move on?" And this made me entertain a number of questions: Was it pragmatic for me to move on; did I have enough money; where was I going; did it matter where I was going; what was I looking for; was I living according to a pleasure principle; or did I have people or obligations to meet? There were just

dozens and dozens of questions that no one could answer but myself. There was no professor to whom I could turn, no institutional rule that I had to abide by. The decisions were entirely my own. That is the essence of independence. My first two years it was dictated, you will take A, B, C, D, E, and F. I needed some other training to make the quality of judgements that are required of critically thinking juniors or seniors. If you don't force some student out of the institution and away from the rules and give the opportunity to become aware of his critical faculties, he may never do so.

HOOD: He may never do so even if you force him out.

THE STUDENT: I think we're in a basic agreement that there is a certain intellectual, if not total personality that we consider desirable, at least from an educational point of view. That is an independent and quizzical mind that is capable of evaluation as well as recitation. Duke suggests a non-educational answer to this educational problem. A moment ago you were saying our entire educational system should be reassessed. It seems to me that by that you are implying that there may be potential changes within the educational or academic structure which could aid us in approaching our end of producing good learners, or whatever you want to call them. What would these be?

HOOD: Well, personally, maybe I'm not hearing the question right, but I think you're saying I'm advocating a change of structure and if that structure is interpreted very loosely as limits, fine. But I do not mean merely substituting a new structure. I think that we must assess the teaching-learning process. Under what conditions is learning best? But we must try an infinite variety of things to test that.

THE STUDENT: You think, then, that variety may very well be of value for its own sake in the educational system?

HOOD: No. It might be, but I'm saying that we don't know enough about the learning process. What about living and learning? What about making the residence hall a learning center? And how does that fit in? But we don't really check into those things. You go to class, and you take only four courses and one course and four courses on the new system. And nobody ever sits down and asks under what conditions do we best learn, under what conditions does change occur, what kind of change do we want, in what ways does this relate to the political structure outside the institution? While we were talking about the university, we did so without really making it clear what the university was. Sometimes it sounded like the university was an institution and other times it sounded like the university was the total community of administration, faculty, students, housing, the whole bit. I think that is what we have to be clear about.

WILSON: You asked under what conditions does a

student learn best. Well, I've been doing a lot of reading about utopias lately and came across a concept that I think is very interesting in all its ramifications. It is a concept of "maximum universal individual liberty," which directly implies restraints on every individual because it is universal, yet the restraints are minimal because it's individual. And you try to maximize the free area between the restraints used to protect people. I think that a university should strive for maximum universal individual liberty, and as such, drop all but the very essential guidemarks. For example, I'm not really sure that we should have required courses, or that the university should provide housing which necessarily entails housing regulations. I'm not really sure that the university should set anything but a comprehensive examination. You come and you live in the town of Winston-Salem for four years, you come over and take the courses you want, as many as you want, and at the end of four years, you just take some kind of Graduate Record Examination or something. And if you get a certain score, you get a degree. If you don't, you spend more time in the university. And while that represents a real problem for whoever is going to design the test, I think perhaps the university could set only minimal standards.

Hood: Why not say, "If you were selected to get in here in the first place, you are qualified and competent, and we will just provide the environment in which you will grow and develop at your own rate. That's it."

Mullen: What do you say to the graduate school, then, that asks how well this student has done? Here's the problem. I think there are many weaknesses in the very best examination; I think that's what is wrong with having only one big examination. It may be fine as an incentive for you to do the work, and you may learn a lot in preparing for that examination, but how can that examination really measure, if that's what it's designed to do. How can it measure what you have genuinely accomplished, how you have developed, how you have learned to ask those questions, to find those answers?

WILSON: Now we're getting into what is my conception of an ideal university. It's something I believe would really work. The school will have a hierarchy of courses. You take Math 101, and in order to go on to Math 102, the only thing that you have to have is the recommendation from the professor that you had in Math 101. There's no grade, no nothing. You just pass or fail the course. And even if you pass it, he may not recommend you for Math 102. All this assumes that the student with knowledge must be able to communicate that knowledge for it to be of any real value. Then we could place all of our emphasis in determining who goes to graduate school on written and personal interviews. If you want to go to a graduate school, present some of the things that you've written in the field that you want to study, and go for a personal interview.

MULLEN: But suppose that earlier in your college career you know that you want to go to graduate school, but the faculty members in the college don't have the same objective in mind and are trying to accomplish something entirely different in your education? They want you to develop as a well-rounded person, but they're not particularly interested in seeing you enter that particular graduate school, that professional school. Isn't there a non-meshing of gears here? It seems to me that if the student's real objective is getting into graduate school, that may involve some courses that he doesn't really like. You may have to learn French in order to go to graduate school in history, and yet you may not believe in the value of learning French. How do you solve this problem? Isn't this one of the problems that the college is up against when it tries to give you the kind of freedom that you were talking about, and yet at the same time achieve other objectives such as preparing you to go to some graduate school, professional school, whatever?

WILSON: That's the very essence of independence — to be confronted with two contradictory goals and to be forced to go within yourself and discover which of these goals is most important. It may





require that I put up with a lot of things that I don't like, but the end will make the means desirable. Then on the other hand, the pleasure principle perhaps will lead me to taking easy and attractive courses all the way through.

MULLEN: I'll put a little finer point on my question. Suppose, and this is likely to be the case, that you go for two years to college and then take the Duke Wilson sabbatical for two years doing something else. You come back knowing you want to go to a certain school after graduation. But you didn't know until you'd had your two years away from college what you really wanted to do. Now if you have used the first two years to take courses which turned out to have no relevance at all for that graduate program that you have in mind, it's going to take you four more years or at least three years to get those courses that you're going to need. One of the justifications, and I'm not saying that this is a sufficient justification, for some curriculum for students in the first two years of college is that when they do make up their minds, they will probably have had some of the things that will be necessary for their continuing education in the last two years.

WILSON: Funny that you should use that example. That's exactly what happened to me, and that's the reason I'm in my fifth year now. I came to college, took a smattering of required courses, took a lot of other courses I just felt like I wanted to take at the time, then I took my leave and came back. To a very real extent a lot of the training I had earlier was irrelevant to getting into the best graduate school in politics. Therefore, I've set my goals somewhat, in my opinion, lower, and have concentrated my efforts in specific fields that I think will serve my end of going to another place. Now, granted that if I had been a good solid student for four years straight through and made A's all the way through and taken what I was supposed to take as opposed to what I wanted to take, it is a very real possibility that I could've gone where I pleased. I closed doors in my first two years, unaware that I might be closing something that

might be very important to me later.

Hoop: What is selfishly legitimate in education? Duke, you are having the student point of view prevail. What about the faculty point of view, the administrative point of view, the institutional point of view, the community point of view?

MULLEN: Recognizing *more* points of view is a potential merit in the 4-1-4 calendar. Take the January term. How will these courses be formulated? The faculty member is clearly going to have a lot more freedom. Nobody is going to push him very much, you know, to make his course this or that. And if a group of students decide that they would like to have a particular course and a particular faculty member to teach it, that they could go to them right now—I mean tomorrow—they could go to this faculty member and say, "Next January, would you be interested in doing this? We'd like to do it. We'd like to make sure that we can sign up with you for this if you'd be willing to lead such an expedition, or to engage with us in such a project." The January term opens up this possibility of a group of students and a faculty member getting together and by common negotiation agreeing on something that they would like to do. You don't have to sit back and wait for the faculty members to devise it.

THE STUDENT: Are you saying therefore that one thing that will improve the quality of education at Wake Forest—higher education in general—is the increase of the freedom of students to determine their subject matter? I agree. But I think that if it is decided that students' designing their own courses is valuable, then the university should in some way require all students to try it. Just creating the opportunity is a half-way measure on the part of the university. Good things should not merely be offered to the student, but required of him. This is the philosophy behind required courses.

MULLEN: My reply to that is that there is the element of compulsion written into the new curriculum, in that every student will have to complete three winter terms. He doesn't have a choice about

that. He has to choose one in his major, one outside his major, and the other one can be whatever he wants. Now I think that there the student gives up a certain amount of freedom, is deprived of a certain amount of freedom. But I think, personally, that in any sound academic program there will have to be some point at which something will be prescribed. I just don't believe Duke's ideal of having a cafeteria line with the student going and picking up just anything he wants from it; I don't think that his idea is very practical unless the student has unlimited time at his disposal. I don't believe that we'll ever move to the point in education where there will be complete freedom of that kind. We are experimenting right now with ten per cent of the freshmen class having what's called open curriculum. They have one rule, and that is that they must take something in all three of the main fields. Not in every semester or every year, but at least sometime in the first couple of years, they will have to at least have a taste of the Humanities, Social Sciences, and Natural Sciences. Apart from that, nothing. No specific requirements at all. This is a valid experiment, and it may turn out to be an excellent one. So far there are not many students doing extreme things with this freedom. They realize that they need some distribution of courses.

THE STUDENT: Is this good? Should the university offer merely freedom and invitation? For instance, you say that a great potential of the winter term is student involvement, the student creating-contributing the selection of his subject matter, because that will necessarily lead to his greater involvement. However, what have you required of the student? You've merely required that he take a winter term. He's not required to do the very thing that you really want him to do.

MULLEN: I don't think I've said that this will do him the most good necessarily. A course which he has not actually helped to plan may in fact do him more good, if it's exceedingly well-conceived by the faculty member, although I like the idea of student participation.

THE STUDENT: The University sees itself as offering, as making available, as giving the freedom to do something. No other institution that I can think of, except perhaps religion, is set up on this basis — take it or leave it.

MULLEN: I disagree with you. Making these options available to students, and inviting them, encouraging them, I think this is the way life works. For the most part, an adult life in this country is making free choices. There are pressures and persuasions in this and that direction, but he is not compelled.

WILSON: I think the initial question about what conditions are most conducive to learning and this description of society as free choices and my thesis about helping students realize their critical facul-

ties and independence — they all can be summed up in a criticism of existing universities, that they often tend to describe the best man in terms of one set of norms. They've already figured out what the ideal American citizen is going to be and set up a list of required courses, a list of moral restrictions, a list of restraints and requirements that will force him to the greatest extent possible to emerge from the university as a good American citizen. The university should be forced away from prescribing one set of norms and standards as the best. There are no answers in philosophy, only questions. The end of the university should be, not to turn out one kind of man, but to ask the continual question: "What is the best kind of man?" and to leave the conclusion open.

THE STUDENT: I don't think this should be the stance of the university. If you would wish upon all men the characteristics of independence and critical thought, and I think that if anything can be considered a desirable product of education that this might be it, the present university offers the freedom to be this way. I'm suggesting that there may be a process by which you could make more people independent. Perhaps the process is what Duke suggested.

WILSON: You're saying that we ought to coerce people into being independent. I don't see how you can make someone be independent. If he doesn't want to be independent you can't force him to be independent.

TRIVETTE: And it's not your right . . .

WILSON: It's not your right to make him engage in neurosis or psychosis by forcing him out on a limb where he may not be psychologically well enough adjusted to be independent. I mean I'm not suggesting that men are inherently that way, but there seems that there are some people who are. The university, rather than coercing independence, should take the position where they say, "Let's tolerate independence and encourage it," stopping at the point of coercing them to be independent.

THE STUDENT: In other words the university doesn't really value independence? That seems hypocritical.

MULLEN: You don't have to force someone to do something that has value. You may think it has great value. I think religion has great value, but I am very dubious about the ability of anyone to coerce religious belief. I don't think it possible.

THE STUDENT: Agreed. I'm not saying that I or anyone knows the secret for the mass production of independence. But I'm saying that we should look into it and if we should discover general means by which independence and critical thought can be encouraged in individuals, and if the university is dedicated to those principles, then it should implement those processes.

HOOD: We do know how to create atmospheres where a person can actualize his potential and be

his most creative self. It doesn't always happen that way, but you can't shove or force.

MULLEN: A former Wake Forest student told me several years after law school that he could remember very clearly when he began his educational process, when he began to do some thinking that was really his own. He said, "I think that's where my education began. A particular teacher was the cause." That teacher came into his classroom and made pronouncements and declarations which were deliberately calculated to antagonize and arouse the students. He wanted them to be hostile because he at least wanted to shake them out of their lethargy. This particular young man reacted by disagreeing and saying that he disagreed. He began then to develop his own intellectual independence in historical and political matters.

Hood: Some people respond to the discussion method, but others say, "just give me the notes, just let me write that down, and feed it back to you." Some people like the essay question: others want it multiple guess. People's personalities vary, the teacher's personality varies, and the interaction really isn't examined that much. I think we must go ahead and examine that interaction, and if there is that much diversity in the classroom, why not expect that there will be that much diversity in living arrangements; and look at the whole university as a community and a community within a community, etc.

THE STUDENT: This is a very interesting idea. Are you suggesting that the match-up of teacher, students and subject matter might be aided by sensible use of psychological testing methods? If so, I think this as an ultimate threat to liberal education, because some people would score high interests in the sciences and low interests in the humanities, and if you set up their schedule on the basis of this, you would work against a liberal education. That method would assume that goals are built into students.

MULLEN: But isn't this one of the risks of any kind of freedom. If we had the ideal educational system for a four year college, I dare not call it a liberal arts college because it probably wouldn't be, if we had the ideal system then we could program it into every college in the country. I doubt that there is one that is best for all people. At any given college, there needs to be diversity of method, technique, personality. As much as I favor seminars and student participation, I think I would argue that for some students, who certainly deserve to be called students, they probably will reach their maximum capacity of fulfillment by having some lecture courses in which they simply take notes. And it is not necessarily the case that they don't think about those notes and that they simply repeat them on an examination. They may think a great deal about them once they get outside the

classroom, but they are not people who like to discuss, they don't like to engage in conflict.

Hood: If we ever decided that the best kind of university was totally free and everything was seminar, I would deliberately become a strict lecturer because I think that it's important that there be some differences.

THE STUDENT: There is no denying the value of freedom and diversity to the university. Is mere freedom, mere possibility sufficient to bring about student growth and involvement? Are we helping as many students as possible to become involved by this particular method? I think that it's possible that we're not.

MULLEN: I think it's possible that we're not, but I think you're asking a question that's very similar to the question of "can a society achieve as much under a democratic system as it can under a more highly organized and authoritarian one?"

WILSON: You could be more efficient toward the goal of creating free thinkers by forcing the student to be a free thinker. Your argument is that your means justify your ends. I'm not sure that they do. While you and I can easily realize that the end of free thinking is well worth the means, that doesn't deny the existence of a large number of people who would be put off by our proposals, just like we're put off by the society that now exists. So, instead of requiring one set of norms, the university should generate an atmosphere of universal individual liberty where, according to your temperament, desires, and wishes and the temperament, desires, and wishes of specific instructors, you will be allowed to blossom as much as you want in just about any direction. To me that's the ideal university.

MULLEN: The whole discussion here makes me think of something that I have long felt was the most exciting, most stimulating and promising thing that I have witnessed at Wake Forest in my 13 years. It was called the Graylyn Group and was initiated by students. A group of students made arrangements to use Graylyn and met with faculty members simply to discuss the things they were interested in. They wanted to talk about Wake Forest and the things that might be improved. Faculty members also talked about things that interested or bothered them too in very free and easy conversations. Dr. Calvin Huber talked about jazz, Dr. O'Flaherty talked about his disappointments and hopes for Wake Forest. It seemed to me that in those sessions, I sensed more nearly the kind of spirit, the kind of community of interest that I think we ought to have. I believe that is was not simply people letting off steam. I think that those sessions actually led to promoting some of the ideas that manifested themselves in our curriculum changes. It is the spirit of those evenings that should be the goal of higher education.



I

Tighter than a ball,
his loose spine the only
unraveller,
His hair uncouth (like
starlings in winter wheel round
City Hall)
And his gait a trifle un-
easy;
He would dabble at this
then say "Take Courage" soon as
he lost the interest and will to
finish it.
Thus he left history for art, art
for literature, music for dancing's sake.
Always toe-and-heel before
his (sacred) Muses.
He finally climbed to atop the
book supplements, and fired
(for art's sake)
the bullet into his own
sweet self
scarcely comprehending
that this action would
stick, that he was "irr-
evocably committed." The
horse's arse only wounded
himself in the head though,
and wound up in the hospital,

II

where he was placed
among the catatonics, stunned like him
from silence into something deeper than speech.
a fine cloud of dust drummed
on the metal plate in his skull.
He came out of catatonia
and began to polish that plate
and after 3 mos. "intensive
private psychiatric care"
removed himself back to his
home,
where he didn't wear a toupee
although his phy-
sician advised him to do so;
He saw himself as he was
everyday in the mirror
(the plate he kept oiled, it
gleamed for him with all the
"barbaric royalty" of the Mask
of Agamemnon)
And straightway he began making
his mark, wrote a complete
(albeit scanty) auto-
biography – which everyone
read, became famous writer
for sixty days.
He married, soon started a child,
Achieving at last, that longed-for
sense of well-roundedness,
he was the man of substance and family.

By Geoff Fraser

Liar!

By Kirk Jonas

Manny pushed the door open and moved to hover over John.

"Let's go," he panted. His heavy breathing was more of a distraction than his actual *presence* in the room. John continued typing but started humming to the music. Other than providing accompaniment to *Creedence Clearwater's* music he made no notice of his friend. "I mean it," Manny said, turning off the radio, "let's get out of here for a few days."

It was impossible to ignore Manny now; he was the only sound in the room, and John was a little annoyed at having his radio commandeered. "Where?"

The voice was condescending but Manny ignored it. "To the beach. We can pick up some food and sleep on the beach. It's Monday, there'll be hardly anyone there."

"O.K." John mouthed the short word slowly then exploded into a bustle of movement, grabbing clothes and throwing them into a pile on his bed. For ten minutes they moved like an old movie, fast, jerky, smiling, laughing. John especially was drunk at the spontaneity of leaving without a discussion. Thirty minutes later he was staring at a map trying to follow interstate signs and the red map lines at the same time. Manny was matter of fact. "I'll drive until Elizabethville then you take over. Try and get some rest." John roared at all this. He had been smiling so hard that his face hurt. "Right, get me up in Elizabethville, Captain. I'll take the ship in from there. How'd we ever do this anyway?" Manny waned philosophically. Giving him an "I'm an old hand at this" look he answered, "spontaneity." John was silent. "No, I mean it. If we had thought it out and discussed it rationally, you would never have gone." John turned on him sharply, "what do you mean I never would have gone?" "Would you have?" "Watch the road, Manny." And the dividing line occupied

him until he slept.

Manny drove the car smoothly and his friend slept well. Manny took some pride in the fact that John was sleeping.

He blinked his eyes at approaching car lights and democratically reasoned that they too were perhaps adventurers to be driving so late. The sound of cars passing cars became more infrequent and Manny considered the "firefly theory of car headlights." A friend had told him—"people are drawn to light, like fireflies and moths, when they become sleepy at night. You can drive your car straight at an approaching car, drawn by the light. Most night wrecks are caused that way; the police haven't figured it out so they put down 'drunk' on the record." Makes some sense, Manny thought, then laughed the thought out of his mind.

John felt himself gasping for breath. He sat up and opened and closed his eyes to the bright beach sun. His sweaty hand unlocked the door as he half-seriously, half-mock rolled himself out of the car. He made a point to struggle for breath. "Manny." Gasp. Gasp. "Manny." But no answer. "Manny, Manny." Time. "Damn, I might have needed help," he thought. Looking around, but no Manny. Looking for him he walked off the road to the water, locking the car. Nag's Head. The sun seems bigger than most beaches, the dunes taller, the sand newer and darker and coarser. It is hotter. John lit a cigarette. Some-how cigarettes are never as good outside. A few minutes later he threw it down thinking not to step on it in his bare feet and kicked sand over it.

From the top of the dune he could see most of the beach but no Manny. Tuesday, April 12, 8:40, there should be somebody on the damn beach. The cold foam ran up, into and around his toes. He turned to walk back to the car. Manny was standing on top of

a dune overlooking John and the expanse of sand. What a ham, John thought, and walked as nearly like 'resolutely' as he could conjure.

"We of the Himanathan tribe welcome great white god from land of sky and great wing'ed waters," John ventured with a smile as he bowed pouring sand on Manny's feet. "Please accept my humble gift."

"It's beautiful," Manny looked at him with a deserved superiority.

"What, the gift?"

"The ocean. Sometimes I never want to leave it."

"Yeah," John stood, getting into the Manny-melodrama mood somewhat. "I really like the ocean. I mean, I feel at home here."

"You ought to, we all came from the sea, I suppose we return someday."

John caught himself up fairly completely in the mood and they talked. For more than an hour they talked at each other. Beyond each other. At the beach. At times such talk is natural. With Manny more often than not it was. He put meaning in trivialities, and it became necessary either to laugh at him, as many did, or join him in his 'profound moods.' John was patient, and in the course of the conversation thought more about the fact that they were talking seriously then about the content. It is hard to talk to someone seriously about the meaning of life when one is in complete control of one's faculties, and so Manny, through a combination of his 'irrational' behavior, 'spontaneity' as he called it, and his habit of reflecting, frequently and dramatically about the quality of life in general, had acquired the reputation of a weird. He was not a freak or anything, not even a brain . . . there was more or less no excuse for him. But for the same reasons John was taken in by his charisma, many people found Manny attractive as a human being of an ideal order. A good one to know, to shoot the bull with once or twice a year and think of as a good friend. Manny encouraged such relationships, and when he wasn't expressing himself through spontaneous actions, he would talk to people, get to know them, and eventually become a memory in the backs of many minds. A good memory, harmless, charismatic in a sense, and the source of exaggerated stories among friends. So as they talked, John thought too of Manny and considered himself lucky to be with him on this adventure.

"Why didn't you get me up in Elizabethville, Manny? I could have driven."

"I was fine, wanted to drive the rest of the way. You did me a favor by sleeping, really."

John accepted the statement the way he hoped it was meant.

"I was so excited," Manny continued, "I virtually thought I was driving into the sunrise. I just couldn't stop. Really. Kind of a magnet or something. I should have wakened you. Really, it was *unreal*."

"Why didn't you wake me?"

Manny stared off into the waves and was silent. John asked again then talked at him for a few minutes when Manny got up and left. Somewhat simply.

"Where are you going, Manny?"

No answer.

"Where are you . . . damn," John murmured to himself, "sometimes you really do gripe me."

About five, Manny returned to the car; John was sitting on the car's hood "tanning."

"Where the hell have you been?"

"Walking."

"No, Manny, I don't want a damn 'walking' answer. I thought we came down here for something . . . together. I've been sitting here talking to myself for most of the day while you've been off walking, now . . ."

"Now you," Manny interrupted harshly. He softened quickly. "I've been thinking."

"Right, you've been thinking and I've been sitting on the damn car hood." John stopped really without anything else to say.

"If you'd wait," Manny looked at him, speaking slowly with a look of hurt on his face. "I've had some problems and I need to think about them. John. I mean. I'm sorry. Really. I wouldn't have thought it bothered you." Manny stared, his eyes burning on John; he pressed on. "You've got to give me breathing space. That's what we came down here for."

"We came here to . . ." John wanted to finish but Manny's eyes burned on him. "Forget it." Christ, he thought. This situation had come up before with Manny; the browbeating was all a part of the show. A very compelling show which was damned good at intimidating and impressing hell out of people. But some of the fun was lost. It was a show, John knew, but the star was, now at least, convincing.

"Let's swim." Manny interrupted his thoughts. John started to answer but Manny was running towards the surf dropping his shirt and kicking off his shoes. John followed seconds later with a spectacular scream and a smile that hurt. Manny stuck his head out of the waves and smiled at him. Another wave covered his head the same moment but it was the image of Manny's head suspended in a shelf of clouds that made him appear an angel, or closer a god. Manny approached him in slow motion and tackled him. "Son of a . . ." But the waves smothered the bitch of the thing.

The sunset at Nag's Head begins beyond the dunes and throws broken shadows onto the sea.

Manny and John mounted the dune looking for their shadows among them.

"Can you see it?" Manny was on his toes.

"No."

"I'm not so sure," Manny stared blankly at the ocean. "I can see it."

"You can't see it, it's hard enough to see the dune's long shadow."

"I see it!" Manny shouted. "Does something have to sit on your face before you believe it?" He quieted. "And I'm not a liar."

"Manny."

"Forget it. I'm going down the beach for a while." "I'll go with you."

"No, I'll be back soon."

John turned away then around to look at Manny. He cussed and went back to the car, opened his sleeping bag and got in.

Manny returned to the car later, much later in the night. Without waking his friend he took his sleeping bag, less than a third of the food and started down the beach. Stopping he turned and kicking sand over his footprints, returned to the road. He continued on it for almost two miles before returning to the sand.

There are two ridges of high sand dunes between the road and the water. The dunes are between five and twenty feet high, sometimes much higher. The beach is flat. Between two large dunes the sand is hard-packed and caked on top; sparsely spaced vegetation makes the area resemble a desert. When the distance between the dunes is great, at times more than a hundred and fifty yards, one has the feeling of standing in the middle of a huge aqueduct and expects a rush of water from either side. The breakers can be heard. They are thunderous, but the desert allows no view of them.

Manny stood between the two ridges of the dunes and watched his shadow on the sand. A harvest moon was playing tricks on his subconscious because it made the night much brighter than it should have been. Manny felt comfortably melodramatic. He re-enacted the lost loves and triumphant battles of his imagination. Pacing up and down the sand he thought through old daydreams and cast himself time and again the hero. Tonight he was on Pluto. The sterile light of the moon reminded him of what he thought cold planets must be like and he murmured the pat lines of his adventures to himself.

"This is Pluto," Manny spoke to and for his shadow and looked for something else to say. He remembered something he had said before and continued. "You will notice I am peace," he said to his shadow for his shadow. "No, peaceful." The "shadow" answered, "no, peace. I am with and of you." Manny smiled at his eloquence. The mystery of a shadow at night, he thought, and continued the dialogue until he memorized it for another special occasion. Eventually he grew tired of it all, reflected for a moment that he could not see the waves he heard thundering and satisfied with the observation decided he had earned a night's sleep.

For two days John was angry at Manny. On the third day he began to worry. Since the afternoon after Manny's leaving John had scoured the nearby beach. Now he decided to drive all day, stop when

he passed the limit of his sight and walk to the beach to look for his friend from the height of the dunes.

If he did not find him today he would notify the police. It was simple, but he worried.

The morning passed quickly. Searching, asking people if they had seen Manny, his melancholy even had an aura of adventure to it which appealed to the instincts which had brought him to this place. He remembered how he had come here and wondered if Manny had planned this search all along. He charged a dune wanting to discover a hidden observer. Several times he reeled about expecting to see Manny laughing. And after every disappointment of his imagination he asked himself if his friend were dead.

The beach is endless in fact and when one is afraid it seems to grow. John had forgotten in several moments that there was any place on earth other than this. As the afternoon progressed other pilgrims began to arrive and the number of people on the beach precluded any hope of finding Manny. John drove twenty miles, give or take, to the police station. The sergeant was much nicer than he might have expected.

"When did you last see your friend?"

"Two days, Wednesday," he lied.

"Wednesday, that's a long time for a walk. You say he took his things?"

"Just a little food and his sleeping bag. Most of his things are still in my car."

The sergeant said they would run a preliminary check to make sure he hadn't checked into a hotel or anything else obvious. He offered John a cot which was accepted. It felt good but the room was stifling, confining.

"I'll be outside on the lawn; wake me please if you find anything out." Lying on the dry sand he felt little pleasure but the complete absence of pain. So he slept, perhaps an hour.

The policeman was bent over him. There was just enough daylight for John to place everything.

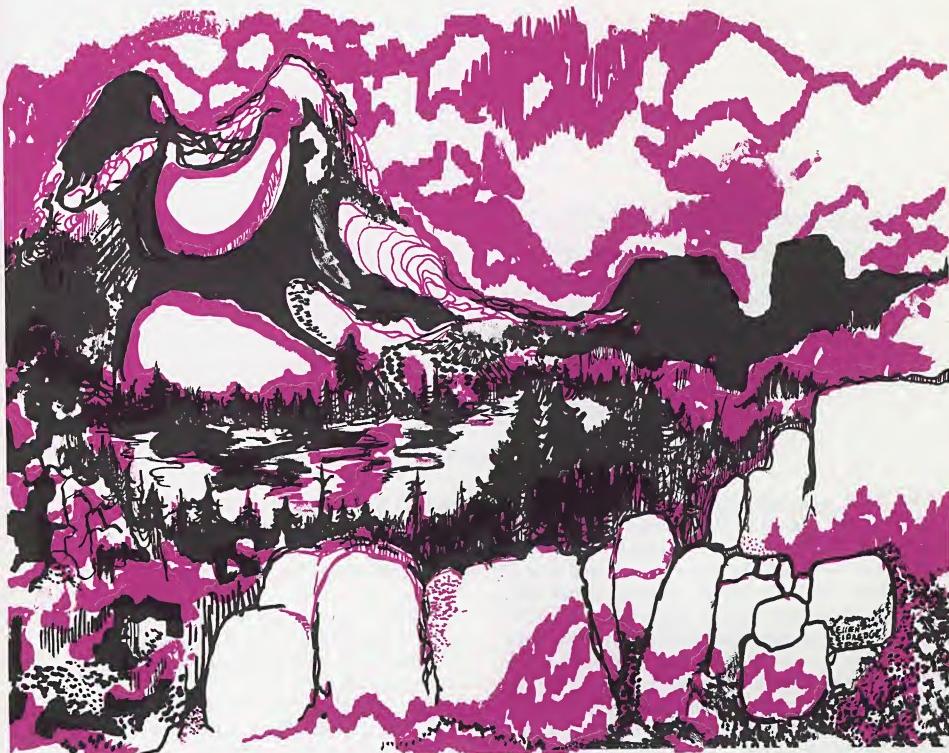
"We found your friend," he said slowly. "He's been at school since Tuesday afternoon. You can talk to him; he's on the phone."

"Tell him," John hesitated, "that I won't talk to him. And tell him, tell him that I won't be coming back."

"Now, son, just because he gave you a scare doesn't make it right for you to . . ."

"NO." John interrupted quickly and stared as Manny might have at the policeman. "I mean it." He continued slowly and deliberately, staring at the policeman. "I won't be going back. If you don't want to, then don't tell him."

The old man tried to say something but John almost shouted as he turned to walk away, "I'm not a liar."



You can hardly tell
where the slate green lake
becomes fog
Both are flattened
by the grey winds
Distant conversations
and occasional laughter
are interrupted
by the cries
of a fractured sky
a lone fishing boat
whines homeward

By Francis Connelly

A Quiet

By Linda Renicky

Janet woke early Saturday to find morning grating in through the curtains. The canvas she had been working on had waited in the corner with eager silence since very late the night before, and now it stood where she had left it, smelling of oil and turpentine. It crossed Janet's mind that she might have put it downstairs last night rather than have left it where it would greet her in the morning, absurdly demanding to be created upon. The only solution seemed to be to leave the room. Janet snatched her Saturday clothes from the drawer and dressed in the bathroom.

She considered breakfast and immediately wished she hadn't. The kitchen was petrified in silence, cold and inviolate, having not yet been roused by other members of the family. So Janet wandered out the door and walked absently in the direction of Christian's house.

Christian, true to his martyr-like name, got up every morning at six A.M. and swore he liked it. At that hour he could usually be found sitting on the screened-in porch, scribbling thoughtful black notes onto yellowed manuscript. Janet came to press her nose against the screen, waiting to be invited in. Christian put his pencil in his teeth and mumbled to no one in particular.

"What?" Janet said.

"Stinking progression," Christian answered around his pencil, pleased to hear an interested voice, yet not at all curious as to who its owner might be. He snapped the pencil from his teeth and began erasing purposefully. "It's an ugly progression and this is not an ugly piece of music. Last week when I

needed a stinking progression there were none to be had." He looked up. "Oh. Hi."

"Hi."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Yes."

Christian considered this unlikely turn of events as he continued to erase. "Bad painting?"

"None at all. I just woke up with nothing to paint."

"Disgusted?"

"No. Just empty."

Christian glanced contentedly at the vacant spot he had rubbed on the staff and turned to Janet. "So, what is going on in that gorgeous little head this fine gray morning?"

Janet peered out at the fine gray morning. "Not an awful lot." She thought of trying to explain how her brain bolted and ran at the very approach of a thought, leaving her feeling vacant and untenanted. But she and Christian had talked about that so often that there was no need to explain it all again. "My brain and I have temporarily parted company."

"You paint too hard." A pause. "I'm serious," and he looked it. "You get going on something and then you ruin it by heeling to that built-in sense of dead-line you have. You grind."

"Not now. This morning I'm null and void."

"You're all ground out, stupid."

"Is that my fault?"

"It is when you paint like you're running a marathon."

"Well, excuse me," said Janet, too void of thought to be insulted. The sun was shining sideways on the

mist and starting to melt it away. Janet watched without feeling, wondering if perhaps she had died in the night without knowing it.

Christian stood up and flapped his bathrobe around his large knees. "Want some cornflakes?"

"No thanks. I think I'll go for a walk."

Christian's smile was startlingly brilliant. "Good. Just relax and enjoy until your brain comes home." He looked closely at Janet. "It'll always be like that, you know. It won't ever be right, and your brain will keep on walking out on you whenever it gets tired. But it's not as though you were permanently depleted."

"No, but it feels a lot like it." Janet smiled back. Christian was a solitary refuge and constantly surprised her by actually hearing what she said. She began to feel a little hopeful.

Christian squinted after her through the rags of mist. "Come back this afternoon. I want to play this for you." He turned thoughtful and began to mumble again. "It's not such a bad piece in places . . ."

Janet nodded vaguely, wishing that the mist would stay, not especially wanting to be seen once she was out of Christian's sight. But nature was not obliging. The gray air was beginning to show through the rifts in the white fog, and Janet hurried a little. She wanted to reach the river before the morning was shredded altogether.

Having somehow forgotten its way, the road petered out rather than ended near the wide and gently sloping river-bank. The grass was sparse and wet and painfully new. Janet stood looking solemnly at the river. It was green and clear this morning, undisturbed by fish or the delicate, spidery bugs that sometimes skated on its surface. No sound rose from the river as it slid past. Unsettled by the river's silence, Janet plopped a stone into its glassy water. But the river swallowed the stone with a single gulping sound, smoothed out its ripples, and became green and clear again. She had hoped that the river would offer her something to think about — a pale fish, a hoarse-voiced duck, or whatever might happen to float by. Instead its green vacuum sucked away any fragment of thought she might have had and carried it down the valley.

For several minutes Janet wrestled with the inexplicable dullness that cloaked her, struggled to observe or to evaluate, or at least respond to the stubbled grass or the remains of dying mist. She shuddered, not at defeat, but at the curious lack of opponent, at the small but frightening remembrance of being little and angry and shouting after an enemy who had long since gone away.

Janet stared ahead, confused and a little sick, but the river sucked away even that. At last she gave up and sat by the river and thought of nothing. A silver sliver of a fish rose from under the bank to take a small, green breath, but Janet wasn't looking.

When First Called While Sleeping Light

Templeman/Gladding travels in me
Sleeping light -- restlessly,
As if on a rumbling Pullman.
One string -- a cord,
(Wrapped in flaming history);
Pulling it I stop and hear:
"Eli called you son" --
Or was it "Samuel"?
God knows!

Two Poems from *From the Phoenix Fire*

By Sam Gladding

In Passing

An old Negro man in downtown Atlanta
Is clubfooted, blind, and bends like the willow.
He sits by his papers near Peachtree Street
Passing the time by tapping his crutches.

Passing him amid the flood
Of a tide of white-capped, turbulent people,
I see Spring rain - the Chattahoochee.
"Where do the willows and waters meet?"

the years and seconds pass in falls
that hold the movement of the winging hawks
in timeless gliding past red leaves,
and winters flowing waters of new springs.
I lost that sense in mind and matter of humanity,
and wondrous nature's mighty peaks of snow fell
from my eyes into hers and she became my mountain
and nightingale and my spring dove.

I lived in written books while she journeyed
when out of wet dew came an old friend
wrapped in white coat -- smiling
and I could not speak for his joy.
oh God that wondrous unity in sun and mistress
moon creeps across the barren night.
oh Heavens his eyes, and our loss of tears.

to weep is love, and there isn't any time
in valentines and the shining prince.
we stand too deep in our quest for truth
to paint the seasons in the wave of a hand
to turn our shattered lives in her rebirth,
we forget inside you the spell is so divine;
forgive us.

By Don Clem

Adrenal madness and a torpedo-surge
And somewhere in the confusion and anxiety of tabla rasa the seed
Whirled,
Buffeted by unfamiliar winds
Hoping not hoping
For some nice earthy earth, some good earth, some sure earth.

Three times the seed chanced to grasp craggy projections
And three times the hurricane, laughing, uprooted it.
The laughter, oh the laughter, a force unto itself.
Into the winds, spinning winds,
Winds from nowhere going everywhere so fast --
Stationary motion,
Sodium pentethol numbress and a dreamy sleep,
A seeing sleep of self of mind of womb.

Explosion

And free roots probing,
Nourishment abides within the seed.

By Kathy Taylor

A Dozen or So: Ordeal at Elbow Flats

By Greg Luck

With sincere apologies to W. C. Fields and *Our Town*.

The Time: Anytime. The year: Any year. The town: Any town.

But this town is Elbow Flats.

"Well Doctor, this town seems accommodating."

"Maybe so, maybe so-o-o-o. The natives do need a little stirrin' it seems. Yep, Professor, let's go and take a few scalps. Bet they've never seen a real live medicine show before — and after we're through with 'em, bet they never wanna see anothah."

The town, dank and dusty, sweltering beneath the fiery sun — a quiet, peace-loving, God-fearing little town, was caught sleeping — as usual — off-guard, with the drunks boozing at the bar, the tradesmen slaving at work, the womenfolk piddling at home, tending younguns; the preacher, philosophizing at his parsonage; as dogs yelped in the streets brown-shaded by the crumbly bricked two stories of the Grand Elbow Hotel which stood proudly alongside the First Elbow Bank, the Greasy Elbow Café, the Slippery Elbow Bar (and Grill), the General Store of Elbow Flats, and other establishments of distinguished repute comprising the metropolis of Elbow Flats.

No town is complete without wildly screaming urchins.

So it seemed strange to the professor and the doctor to see only two little girls sitting on the hard-packed earth dangling their feet quietly in a shallow mud-puddle. Stranger still, the larger girl is counting; the smaller is reciting some lines:

"1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4 . . ."

"Tip ran Tap. Tap ran. Tip ran too. Tip saw Dick. Tap saw Jane. Dick ran Jane. Jane ran Tip. Tap ran Dick."

Doctor. "Pardon me, kids, what ya' call this town?"

The smaller girl. "Don't know nothin' 'bout no town. D'you, Sarah?"

Sarah, the larger girl. "1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-what town?"

Doctor. "Tell ya' what I'm gonna do-o-o. Gonna give ya' a really big deel, if ya' tell us the name of this metropolis. Whata, whatda, whatda ya' say to that?"

Sarah, being the older. "What kind of big deal?"

The doctor continues. "Best deal ya' ever had. I say you've been had. No, I mean to say . . . say what ya' doin' out chere with ya' feet in a mudhole mumblin' to yaselves anyway?"

To which Sarah replied. "I got four warts on my knee. If you count 'em, they go away. Becky's did."

The professor speaks up in his terribly stuff-shirted voice of dry starch. "Children, please, Who-is-Becky? I presume her to be some sort of sensible, respected

old wench. If that's true, doctor, she will almost certainly have the monopoly on any form of magic or mystery."

Sarah, listening in. "Naw. She's her. (*Indicating the child talking to herself*). "She's my sister."

Doctor. "Look at the poor kid, professor. Mumblin' to herself. Must be retired or sumpthun'."

Sarah, again eavesdropping. "Naw, she's just recitin' her lesun. Mr. Hodges is gonna cane her if she don't know it."

Professor. "Why does she not know her lesson?"

Sarah. "She do. But she can't talk in front of old man Hodges." (*In a whisper*.) "She's skeered of his big old gray beard."

Becky overhearing. "Am not. Jest skeered he'll whup me with his hickry if I mess up."

Professor, getting down to business. "Children, listen to the doctor. He has an exceptional bargain for you."

Doctor. "Right ya' are, right ar'. Kids, tell ya' what I'm gonna dooo. Gonna make them ugly warts vanish in no time, in a flash. Yes sire-e-e-e, gonna' tell Hodges ya' know ya' lesson too-o-o-o. Uh-huh, uh-huh, yep, jest tell us the name of your town."

Sarah, in a cynical tone. "How you gonna do all that stuff anyhow, huh?"

Doctor. "With my Gethsomeany Ma-a-a-agic Elixah. It's good for what ails ya': makes blind men see; makes deaf men hear; makes lame men walk; takes off warts and tells old man Hodges ya' did ya' lesson. Yowza, yowza, one teaspoon oughta pull the trick."

Feeling they had nothing to lose, and everything to gain, the naïvetes swallowed his spill — quickly followed by a dose of his patented Gethsemame Magic Elixir, patented because no one else would dare peddle salt-water, molasses, clove, and a sprig of sassafras as the miracle "cure-all" for which centuries of civilization have hoped and prayed.

Doctor. "Now my urchins, where are we at?"

Becky. "Wait mister. You ain't heard my lesun yit!"

Professor. "Very well child, recite."

Reciting. "Tip ran Tap. Tap ran. Tip ran too. Tip saw Dick. Tap saw Jane. Dick saw Jane. Jane ran Tip. Tap ran Dick."

Doctor. "Very nice, inde-e-e-ed."

Becky. "No it weren't. I messed up. Didn't you catch it? Tain't, 'Dick saw Jane'. Tis, 'Dick RAN Jane'!!"

Professor. "Yes, I see what you mean. There is a vast difference. But I think Headmaster Hodges will take our word as sufficient proof, that you are thoroughly familiar with the adventures of Tip and Tap. But for the sake of our appearance we must know the name of your town. So what is it?"

Sarah. "Ya know what, Becky? Don't that lickser taste like molasses mixed up with that dirty water that we found beside the beach a couple years ago. Makes me feel awful hongry for some clean warter . . ."

The doctor and professor exchange nervous glances, with the professor interrupting Sarah's innocent speculation which comes dangerously near a true revelation of the medicine's mysterious ingredients, "Quickly, what town?"

The little girls, who had halted their splashing feet momentarily, thrash their muddy, soaked legs anew. Exchanging quizzical looks, they chime in unison to their "healers'" dismay, "We don't know nothin' 'bout no town!" Leaving the two hustlers dumbstruck after they realize that they had been "taken", the girls, in their maddening innocent way, get back to their more important considerations as:

"1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4 . . ."

"Tip ran Tap. Tap ran . . . Hey, don't y'all forget to tell old man Hodges, hear? I fit these lines a long time now and don't wanna git whupped for not knowin' 'em."

The wagon. The red canvas went well with the blue bed, which was neatly spangled in rainbow streamers. Their wagon. Home, transportation, and office all rolled into one. Decked with various honky-tonk horns, ambulance sirens, firecrackers — all popping at full blast — it was a show in itself that stormed with impromptu fanfare into Elbow Flats that afternoon.

Stomping out of the bar came Jacob and Fred, locally renowned (and accepted) as the town drunks. Out of the bank ran Mr. Jones (an imaginative banker's name), flailing moneybags this way and that, fearing it was a hold-up. The tradesmen closed their shops, certain that a gullywasher had broken loose which would keep all business away for at least a week. The womenfolk thought (though most should not even try to) that the Judgment Day had finally come — as did their preacher who had suddenly quit his philosophizing to get started on some repenting and praying.

But oh, it was a glorious wonderful sight that greeted the Elbow Flatters as they gathered in the street! The doctor sported a "potato" nose, illuminated brightly red, a walking stick, a silk top-hat, two-toned brown and white shoes (with gaiters), a plaid top-coat, with enormous black buttons, and baggy plaid trousers to mismatch. The professor, however, was much more conservatively attired in a sober black suit and hat.

The wagon's tailgate was lowered as a make-shift stage, and that being done, the doctor and professor hopped up and began their sale. The people, highly curious, gasped in awe as the professor solemnly unfurled a velvet banner bearing the words:

Doctor Twain Gil Flimflamagin

and
Professor Terrance Hearemsay's
Traveling Medicine Show
featuring
Gethsemene Magic Elixir

Having read the advertisement, a hundred or so heads raised like one great head at once, reverently looking over the two showmen. Doctor Flimflamagin, awaiting this cue, stepped forward to speak.

"Howya' do, howya do, howya do-o-o-o. Glad to be with ya' today. My name is Doctor Twain Gil Flimflamagin. This here is Professor Terrance Hearemsay. We've come a long ways out chere to your illustrest town of f-f-f, of f-f-f . . .

"Elbow Flats," *someone in the crowd volunteered.*

Doctor, blushing mildly. "Elbow Flats? Elbow Flats, of course. That's what Ise gonna' say. Just want to build suspense. I know you good folks wanna see our credit, and I tell ya' what I'm gonna do-o-o-o. Gonna', gonna', gonna' do that and gonna' tell ya' the ama-a-a-azing story of Gethsomeany Magic Elixir — and throw in the ama-a-a-azing story of our own amazing careers for free. Now I'm gonna amaze ya! Whata, whata ya', whata ya' think 'bout that? Well I'll tell ya' what to think, yes sire-e-e-e! Many years ago I wuz the court physion for the Count of Ante Pasto, where I administered to the Count and the Countless. Best in Europy, I wuz. But one day the Countless fell deathly ill. Only a miracle could save her! Well I wuz fishin' in the Mederroneon at the time I caught wind of it. Then suddenly this note in a bottle bumps agin my feets, I reads it and much to my amazement it is writ in langwedge I can't read. But down the road a spell I heard they wuz a professah who could read — almost anything, I mean. He wuz the man now standin' aside me right no-o-o-o-w. (*All eyes turn toward the professor, then swiftly back to the doctor so that they will not miss any of this amazing tale.*) At that time he wuz the personal tutah of her highness, the Crap Suzette of Sewer Bra-ten. Soon he translates it and comes to find out it's writ in Egypshun highergraphics. So naturally I ain't familyah with it 'cause I don't bother to keep up with them languages that done went outa bizness. But as you may have already guessed, it was the formuly of our patented Gethsomeany Ma-a-a-a-agic Elixah! And it saved the Countless's life! But don't count yaself out, no sire-e-e-e-e! The highergraphics swore us to internal secrecy on the formuly, or we'd tell y'all it ourselves — for ya' own good and for the good of mankind. But don't think we're here to give this marvellus cure-all awa-a-a-ay. I say it cures everything: Measles, bumps, dipteruh, diaper rash, cancer, heartbreak, heartache, TB — you name it, it'll coval it. Ain't that ama-a-a-azing? Now I tell ya' what I'm gonna' do-o-o-o. I'm gonna' turn the professah loose on ya', and let me tell ya' what's the truth: He's the first Harvard educated Oxford



man I ever met. (*Again all eyes focus upon the professor*). He'll amaze ya' with his dazzling feats of rhythm and rhyme, wit, scholah, and prophet, listen for fun or profit; yes sire-e-e-e, ya'll never hear nothin' like it again in ya' whole lives. He knows things most folks ain't never even heard of! No sire-e-e-e, there's only one man like my pardner, Terrance Hearemsaa-ay. Say ya' wanna hear 'em? Just say so-o-o-o. And now over to him I turn our sho-o-o-o-ow!

The professor and his show.

1

Of Love

They sing of love within these hills
And tell of love deep in these rills
And speak of love long in these streets;
For me, when lion and lamb joyously meet,
Then I will talk of love.

2

On Moodiness

Rain fell lightly upon my brow
And I took it with a scowl.
Then sunlight flodded my steaming crown,
And I took it with a frown.
I guess on earth naught will please
Until my sober sights decease.

3

On Hypocrisy

Hypocrisy is a vice antiquated —
Yet its use is not outdated.
It has been used for so long,
It is no longer thought as wrong.

As the professor retires, the doctor steps forward for a commercial.

"Whata d'ya', whata d'ya', whata d'ya' think 'bout tha-a-a-at? I'll tell ya' what to think: Kid's got talent, might even be genywine genius for all we know. But that's only a sample of Professor Hearemsay's ama-a-a-azing feats of rhythm and rhyme. He'll be back in a second after he's refreshed his energy with a Gethsomeany Ma-a-a-agic Elixah pick-me-up. And now that you've mentioned our elixah, let me tell ya' sumpin else it'll do for ya' . . ."

A wee voice from the crowd. "Hey mister, have you done told old man Hodges yit?"

A husky voice directly behind the wee voice. Told me what, child?"

Doctor, thinking fast. "Told ya' that she knows her lesson. Met this little urchin on the far edge of town, folks. Found her a little limp nothin' that couldn't do nothin'. Well after a FREE dose of our medicine, she had the confidence she needed for success. Now she knows all about Top and Tup and Harry and Betty. Yes sire-e-e-e, she's got the fightin' spirit no-o-ow!"

The weight of the matter shifts to the headmaster, who decides the easiest way out is to believe the story.

Doctor. "Say my man. Jest got a wóndyful idy. Why

don't ya' buy some for all ya' kids — it'll give 'em the confidence they needs to be a winna-a-a-a-h!"

Hodges. "Why is that?"

Doctor. "Because they'll believe that it helps 'em. Believin' is what's important, ya' know. Don't ya' believe that?"

Hodges. "Yes, I guess so. Belief is important."

Doctor. "Then do it man, for the sake of the chil-dren."

Hodges, again in a bind before his fellow townsmen, folds as before. "I guess it wouldn't hurt to try it."

Doctor. "That's the time. Smart man ya' are. Tough bargain too-o-o-o-o."

Several other people follow suit, and as the doctor rings up the sales, the professor resumes his show.

4

Of Education

Some intellects peer down their noses
And tread to step on people's toes.

They think they are lordly because they
think,

But such an air can only stink.

5

Of Opportunity

Of all the wicked curses against Life
blamed,

Foremost in my mind is one which claims,
"If only I could live my life again."

But I reply, "What for? 't would once more
be the same."

Once more the professor exits, and his pardner enters with an eloquent oration.

Doctor, "Yes indeedy-yyy! The amazing Professor Hearemsay. Would you believe fine people, that when I first knew the professor, he was as poetic as a turtle. But after a few doses of our elixah he ain't been the same since, no sire-e-e-e! He found new life, new confidence, he felt like a new ma-a-a-an! Indeed he di-i-i-id! He acted like a new man, with a new spirit, sorta' like he had that magic touch that kept old Jack's from fallin', ruh, ruh, ruh, ru-u-u-h. Yep, old faithfull Gethsomeany Ma-a-a-agic Elixah did the trick! Made the professor really believe in himself by its magic, and as y'all can see today, he IS a man of beliefs. And it can do the same for you too-o-o-o! Show ya' a whole new world of livin' — a calm assured way of livin'. Is it worth it? Is a new life worth it? Who don't wanna be reborn again? And I'll tell you', tell ya' sumpthun' else, it can make you . . .

"Can it make my warts go away?" inquired a small voice below.

Doctor. "Takes time, takes ti-i-i-ime. Have payshuns and hope, believe in it, and you won't have no warts, my l'il urchin."

The voice persists. "But I want 'em gone NOW!"

Doctor. "Count 'em twice a day and take a dose of medsize each time."

Voice. "Aw, I think you're lyin'. That junk is jest dirty slop!"

Doctor, quick-witted in an immortal line. "Get away from me kid, ya' bother mee. To the crowd. "Gave the l'il urchin a free dose for her warts and she ain't even grateful enuf to have a little payshu-u-u-uns. Now I ask ya' friend to friend, is that fair play? Of course not. Oh, that's evil, little girl — you tryin' to deprive these good folks of a new life, yes sire-e-e-e. Boogy man'll git ya' for that. These folks here wanna find a new job in life, yes sire-e-e-e, and I don't think they're gonna lit you stop 'em. Are ya' folks?"

The expected reply, strongly negative, returned by the crowd: "No, we ain't gonna lit no little stupid girl 'prive us of nothin'! No sir, we're gonna git what we deserve! We don't care what no kids say 'bout it!"

And following that liberal outburst, two score of Elbow Flaters took a crucial step to gain their new life. The money rolled like green pastures and the elixir flowed like a stream of crystal waters. It was as holy a baptism that has ever been held. Meanwhile the professor continues his sermon to the rest of the congregation.

6

Of Anticipation

The dread is greater than the thing;
The latter sings; the former stings.

7

Of Being True to One's Self

I tried to do all I could
And tried to live like told I should.
And now these things have painfully passed.
Guess who for so long has played the ass?

8

Of Brevity

As smiles to joy and tears to grief,
A little of both boasts the life that is brief.
Sparing one greatly from one's hopes adrift,
Leaving young from this world with no
sniffles-sniff.

9

Of Second Life

Unless I am greatly deceived
In spring green life returns to leaves.
And unless I am mistaken, love;
All who die do Rise Above.

10

On the Same

States this universal theme
Flowering like some weary dream
That souls who live must one day die
Is a most untrue, malicious lie.

In the crowd the two drunkards, Jacob and Fred, have been carefully soaking up the professor and the doctor's liquid speeches. They are, however, still hesitant to buy the elixir, for they are already true to one type of potion, and are reluctant to betray it for another brand whose spirit may be somewhat

more subdued.

They are sold on it, though, hearing the familiar tone of the last two "poems" which was well harped upon by their local philosophizing pastor. Fred, thinking that he has heard the topic discussed at church, says to Jacob: "Hey, ain't that sorta what the Reverend tries to teach us?"

Then says Jacob to Fred. "Naw, that's sorta' what he tries to preach us."

And then Fred back to Jacob. "Well, they seem legit to me. Let's go up and buy a bottle or two."

And as the two famed drunkards "weaved" their way through the crowd, the people stepped aside to allow them passage. Solemnly they walked down that dusty aisle, for it was indeed a solemn occasion! Everyone immediately felt a deep spiritual twinge when they saw those two deny themselves in their present life for the joy of rebirth.

Hurriedly, the professor continues after looking over the notes of his concluding verses.

11

Of Prayer

I hear the preacher swear his claim
And after prayer, he rises unchanged.
And I, still listening quietly, remain
The old wholesome lad forever the same.

12

On the Same

Then we threw our voiced souls up in the air,
And with its return, I shall then call it prayer.

The preacher, hearing this, was beginning to grow a tad skeptical about the whole operation. The mass of folks, however, were sold when they saw Fred and Jacob step forward to receive the bliss of a second christening. It really must be legitimate, they reasoned, if drunks would make the sacrifice. The preacher, though, not having quite the same sentiments, turned his back — turning in deep thought toward his parsonage to resume his philosophising. How many Elbow Flaters, now jockeying for a place in the purchasing line, could at that time have possibly guessed the topic of their reverend's next sermon?

Then quietly says doctor to professor in a whisper, "Like taking candy from an infant. Let's make a swift kill — they're at our mercy-y-y-y."

Professor. "Right you are. I've only a few more to go."

13

Of Humility

Many people are proud that they are just humble folks.

14

Of Gratitude

To whom do you sing? I do not care for your music.

You only ridicule those who applaud the song.

15

An Unheard Confession

It will be an unheard of season
When people trust to their own reason.
Till then they'll be prey to swindling fixers,
Like two dirty rascals who sell Magic Elixir.

The professor bowed graciously awaiting the gasping awe from an astonished crowd. But there was no gasp. He waited to hear the sweet music of applause. There was none. For there was no crowd. Lost in the hectic shuffle to find a new life were his last few verses of rhythm and rhyme. The townfolk had returned to their previous stations after buying the wonderful magic. But one hundred souls took the crucial step that day; net gain: two hundred and fifty dollars, (two-fifty per renewed soul, by the way). *Says the doctor to the professor.* "Like my old pal P. T. used to say, 'There's a suckah born every minute'."

Professor, a bit wistfully. "Yes, I guess he was right. What do you suggest for supper tonight? *Referring to his rhyming.* Once I get started it's hard for me to quit."

Doctor. "I suggest St. Louay . . . with haste. Methinks we'd best catch the first boat before they catches us and sells us down the rivah!"

Professor. "I agree wholeheartedly. Let's hurry and get out of this place."

Doctor. "Don't worry, pal. You done re-e-e-el well today, believe me, my dear professor."

The dank and dusty, peace-loving, God-fearing little town was falling back asleep. The drunks were boozing at the bar; the tradesmen, slaving at work; the womenfolk piddling at home, tending the younguns; the preacher, philosophizing at his parsonage; as dogs yelped in the streets brown-shadowed by the crumbly bricked two stories of the First Elbow Hotel, which stood proudly alongside the First Elbow Bank, The Greasy Elbow Cafe, the Slippery Elbow Bar (and Grill), the General Store of Elbow Flats, and other establishments of distinguished repute comprising the metropolis of Elbow Flats.

A little girl with her feet in a mud puddle asks, "Hey Mister! Ya' sure that them warts'll go off if ah count 'em and drink ya' slop?"

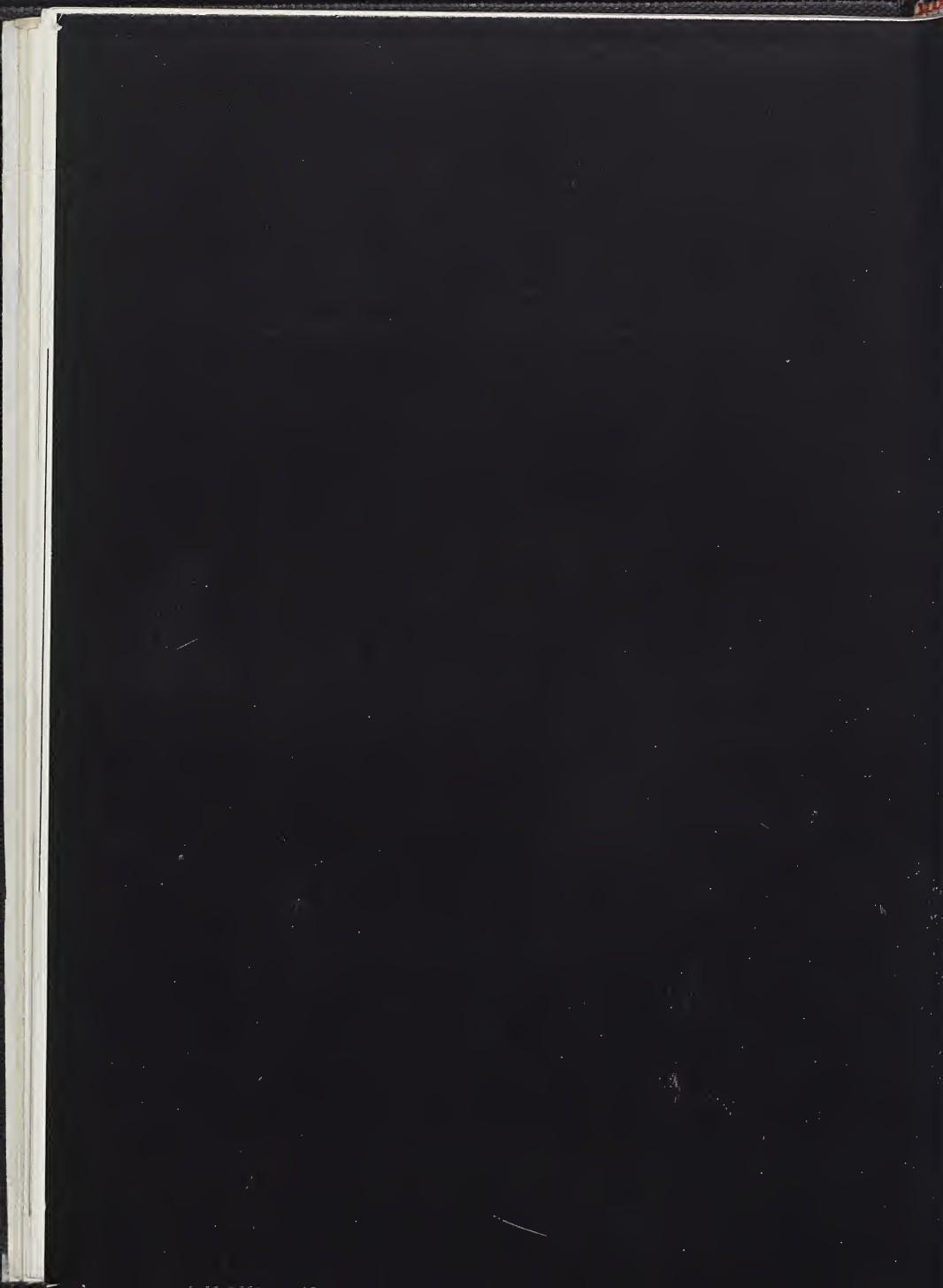
Doctor. "Right ya' are, right ya' ar-r-r-r! We got old man Hodges off ya' baby sistah's back 'bout that Top and Tup bizness, didn't we? Then ya' oughta believe we can git them rotten warts offa ya'!"

Little girl, as the wagon rolls past her. "O.K. I'll give ya' a try . . . 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4 . . ."

Oh, it was a glorious sight that greeted Elbow Flats that afternoon! A grand affair — fireworks, cultured rhythm and rhyme! Gay colors! — all woven into the magic that saw old Jack's Frost through.

And perhaps never again will the fine folks of Elbow Flats see such a day. But it won't matter — little Becky's went away.





The Student







Creativity is too vital and complex to be dissected by anyone, especially in an editorial of a student magazine. It has its own integrity, and is as individual as the people who possess it. In describing his view of drama, Pirandello wrote that each playwright sees the world through a pair of glasses, and that if he fails to find his own view of life and medium of creativity (his glasses), he is doomed to use other men's glasses. "I do not miss any occasion to make them [young writers] know that such lenses ruin their eyesight."

What happens when creativity is stifled or ignored is plain: Without creativity in the arts, life is routine and dull. Traditional modes of expressing new ideas and concepts are cut off. Without poetry, music, painting and fiction, men would lose a sense of their identity and become stagnant.

All creativity, especially in the arts, needs exposure to mature and develop. Without handling, these crafts go un nourished and atrophy. Creative potential can be stifled without encouragement, exposure and constructive criticism.

Creativity is never apart from the artist. As any man, he and his talent need attention and acceptance.

Wake Forest has the potential of being a seedbed for the arts. Though there are facilities for artistic development -art department, music department, the theatre and speech departments, and student publications--they are fragmented and crowded. The arts are nearly bottom on the university's list of priorities, and it shows. Students in the art, theatre and music departments are especially cramped and in need of attention. To this point, student interest has overcome many of these drawbacks, but without adequate facilities and attention in priority with the bricks and mortar, individual creative growth is stunted.

A fine arts center would be beneficial to the university as a base for student creativity and growth. Artists, musicians and writers need the kind of exposure and attention that a fine arts center would provide. With the growth of the creative element, Wake Forest would benefit from its vitality and affirmation of the arts.

This issue of *The Student* is dedicated to the work of students, faculty and administrators to build a fine arts center. Inside is an article on the regional center of the performing arts, The North Carolina School of the Arts. Also in this issue is poetry written by students whose work has never been published in *The Student*. We encourage you to take interest in this avenue of student creativity and take advantage of it in the coming year.

The Editors

THE STUDENT thanks the students and staff of The North Carolina School of the Arts for their help in preparing the feature article, and cover for this issue.

In this issue:

Editorial

This issue's editorial stresses the importance of creativity in the arts and the need for a Fine Arts Center at Wake Forest.

The Arts Across Town

by Steve Baker

The Student examines the North Carolina School of the Arts with hopes of increasing WFU relations with an institution of national and international eminence.

Focusing on the Arts of WFU

A close look at our remarkable facilities.

A Quiet Town in the Country

by Smedley Gaston, III

A seemingly quiet rural town is the scene of a macabre ritual.

"Tree"

by Patricia Mumme

Lyrics

by Brad Smith

"Life in Man"

by Steve Komendoreea

"Untitled"

by John Browning

The Man Who Traveled Through Time

by Steve Baker

Pop artist Harvey Kotouc plugs in one of his artistic creations and is launched on a new career.

"The Egg"

by Steve Harvey

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The Arts Across Town



by Steve Baker

Wake up, Wake Forest! In just this past year you have managed to miss eight plays, four ballets, twenty concerts, two operas, and nearly sixty student recitals—all of them right across town and most of them free. WFU students have always had incredible talent for passing up "a good thing," but our ignorance and ignoring of the North Carolina School of the Arts are its most ridiculous example. During the mere six years of its existence, its faculty and students have spread the reputation of the School of the Arts throughout America and beyond. As a government sponsored school for professional training in the performing arts, it is absolutely unique and, therefore, receives the support and active assistance of the best practicing artists of today who come to perform for and teach these high school and college students destined to fill the varied, important roles in our nation's cultural life of tomorrow. The opportunities that their presence affords WFU are inestimable. Why not give them a chance? The Tavern will still be open after the curtain drops. You will not regret it.

The reason the arts are flourishing in east Winston-Salem is obvious; seventy-five well established, some famous professional performing artists came together and were given freedom to select and train the most talented and creative young men and women in the Southeast and elsewhere. Why did such men and women choose an abandoned high school in North Carolina as a place to practice and teach the arts?

In 1959 young lawyer Terry Sanford campaigned for the governorship of North Carolina on promises of state aid to education. After his victory he appointed a committee to study how the state could expand its educational boundaries to include the arts. The answer in March of 1963: North Carolina and the South would greatly benefit from the founding of an institution for professional training in the arts.

That June the idea became law, with an appropriation of \$325,000 to begin a new kind of school. One lawmaker, however, was not alone in commenting, "I just don't think we should spend money to learn (sic) people to pick banjers (sic) and toe-dance." The legislature then inquired among the cities in North Carolina, seeking a mother for their new and yet un-named child. Winston-Salem was not about to suffer rivals and performed a minor miracle: \$922,000 was raised by telephone in 48 hours. The prize belonged to Winston-Salem.

In July the names of the future school and its first president were announced: the North Carolina School of the Arts was to be headed by Dr. Vittorio Giannini, nationally known composer. During the following fall and winter, Giannini supervised the preparation of the Winston-Salem facilities and the selection of faculty. By April, 1965, it was ready for the 600 young people whose talents were probed and tested in the first School of the Arts audition; 259 of them returned in the fall to join forty-nine faculty members as the North Carolina School of the Arts opened its doors to the arts of Dance, Drama and Music.

And it made it. *The Wall Street Journal* noted several years ago that the new school virtually leaped into artistic excellence and achievement from its inception because its policy was to devote its growing financial resources contributed by the state, foundations and private citizens, and to supporting the best possible teachers and students rather than building beautiful buildings. But the steady growth since that first year has included some buildings—several dormitories and the new Student Commons Building with everything from a cafeteria to a swimming pool. New also since the first year are the Schools of Design and Production, Creative Writing and Visual Arts.

This year 550 students (three-fourths of those from the South and 280 of them new) enrolled in the fall. The students break down into departments as follows: Dance-150, Design-42, Drama-109, Music-218, Visual Arts-25, and Writing-11. There are 300 students in the college program that this year became accredited, and 250 in high school. They are taught by seventy-five instructors in the art departments (some of whom teach part time, commuting from New York and elsewhere) and thirty academic professors.



Composer Robert Ward, President of the School of the Arts since 1967, also teaches piano.







The NCSA helps celebrate Rome's 100th Anniversary as Capital of Italy with this performance at the Piazza del Campidoglio.

Summer Sessions in Italy

Begun July, 1967, a summer program in Siena for music students is offered by the School of the Arts in conjunction with the Accademia Musicale Chigiana. Students from other colleges and conservatories are invited to audition for the trip; between 100 and 125 students are chosen yearly to study instrumental and vocal music, composition and conducting.

Since 1968, the School of Dance has also sent students to Italy. Each year a company of advanced students gives a tour of performances in the Asolo-Venice region.

A Contemporary Festival of the Arts

Students, faculty and guest professionals combined in a week long festival to display for the public and students alike the most up to date accomplishments in contemporary music and dance. From March 29 through April 3, 1968, five concerts, a lecture on electronic music and two performances of "An Evening of Dance" were offered, including the presentation of original works composed by School of the Arts' students.



Summer Festival Theatre

Begun June, 1967, the Festival Theatre is an eight-week summer session of professional theatre. The troupe includes a few professional artists with many drama majors from the School of the Arts. As many as six plays are mounted during the "season." During its second year, an "Evening of Dance" featuring NCSA faculty and dance majors was included in the Festival. Performances were given in the Hanes Community Center the first year but have been moved to the Summit School Theatre.

A Symposium of Contemporary Music

Two afternoons in February of 1969 were spent "reading" through twenty-one original scores previously screened from thirty-three pieces submitted by composers and composition students from the Southeastern United States. The ten best compositions were performed in concert on the second night of the symposium. The music was performed by the Piedmont Chamber Orchestra (formed one year earlier) and conducted by Igor Buketoff. The Chamber Orchestra is composed of the internationally famous Clarion Wind Quintet and Claremont String Quartet (both in residence at NCSA), the Ciompi String Quartet of Duke, and other outstanding musicians of this region.



The American College Theatre Festival

National recognition came to the School of Drama at the School of the Arts in the spring of 1969. A nationwide dramatics competition was sponsored during that school year by the American National Theatre and Academy. The School of Drama's production of Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, which had played eleven sell-out evenings in November, was entered among the 176 productions of American colleges and universities being considered by the selection committee. Only ten plays were chosen, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was among them. The fifteen day festival began April 28 in the restored Ford's Theatre and the new Mall Theatre built by the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C. The School of the Arts' students performed three times in Ford's Theatre to sell-out audiences and enthusiastic reviews.



She Stoops to Conquer



She Stoops to Conquer



Phil Wachowski studies the viola at the School of the Arts. He tries to find time to go to college at the same time. Ask him to describe the typical student at his school, and he will give the same simple answer that any student there will offer: a student at the School of the Arts works hard because he is doing what he wants to be doing. It is a strange experience for a Wake Forest student to visit there and see people truly involved in and devoted to the things they are doing. Ten hours is not too much to play the viola in one day, if that's what you like.

Phil's only regret is that he did not come to the school sooner. His last three years of high school were spent making the 350 mile round trip from his home in Florence, S.C., to Charlotte once a week for quality music lessons. At his teacher's suggestion he auditioned at NCSA and since then has spent four years with a schedule more to his liking: two hours of class in his instrument in the morning, three hours of orchestra afternoons on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, three hours of chamber ensemble afternoons on Tuesday and Thursday, practice for performances every evening, and assorted classes in music theory, literature, and history in addition to regular academic courses.

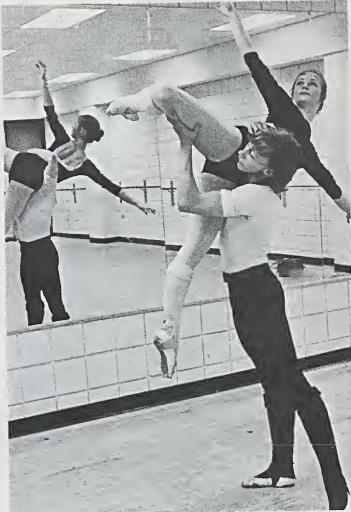
Phil will graduate this year. He plans to continue his preparation at a northern conservatory next year. His ultimate plans are to play professionally and perhaps teach with a chamber ensemble.





The Nutcracker Ballet

Begun December, 1966, the first two performances of The Nutcracker in Reynolds Auditorium were the final event of Winston-Salem's 200th Anniversary. Approximately sixty dancers from the School of the Arts appeared in that first presentation. By 1969 the cast had swelled to 110 dance students as The Nutcracker made additional performances in Raleigh and Durham for the first time. The dancers danced to live music provided by the North Carolina Symphony. The yearly winter event grows more lavish each year and is always sold out over a month in advance.



Kathy Fitzgerald has studied ballet at the School of the Arts for five of the six years of the school's history. Graduating from college this year, she looks back on the many changes and growing pains of the school since 1966: Overall, the growth of NCSA has been as single-purpose as its founding; new and different special programs, new faculty, new facilities—all have constantly been added to provide the students with the opportunity to become the best possible dancers, actors, musicians, and so forth.

Kathy is sure that the increased number of students who came with the opening of new dormitories has not hindered the steady rise in quality of the School of Dance. But she does regret the partial loss if the "family atmosphere" that the school had for the first two or three years while enrollment stayed beneath 300. Today Kathy knows only a fraction of the kids in other departments, and whenever she refers to "we" or "us," she is talking about the dancers.

Near graduation, Kathy has few academic courses this semester, but otherwise her schedule has changed little over five years. She still has ninety minute ballet classes every morning and afternoon, Monday through Friday. All rehearsals for performances are at night and on weekends. (During rehearsals for *Nutcracker* the dancers do not leave the studios even for meals). After graduation Kathy may join a Canadian company as a understudy, but she will prefer to become a paid member of the North Carolina Dance Theatre, a newly founded professional company based at the School of the Arts with a small number of salaried artists who perform with dancers who are still students at NCSA. Dance instructors from the school direct and choreograph the new troupe.

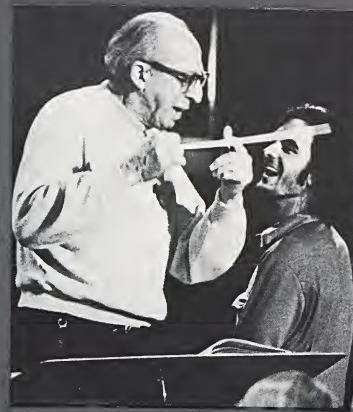




An Agnes de Mille World Premiere

New York City choreographer Agnes de Mille chose the North Carolina School of the Arts, where she serves on the advisory board, as the site for the world premiere of her most recent ballet: *A Rose for Miss Emily*. The new ballet was derived from a short story by William Faulkner; the music was composed especially for Miss de Mille.

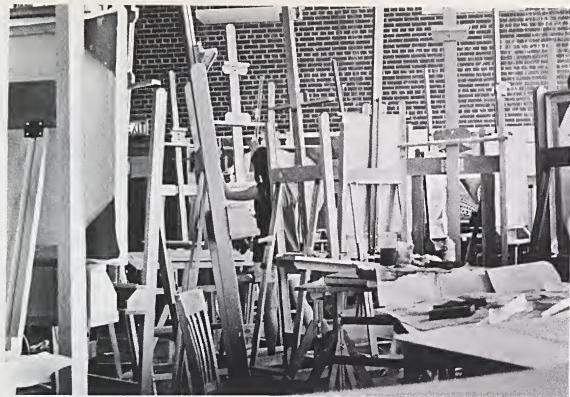
October 23, 1970 was the day. Two guest artists from New York, Genize de Lappe and David Evans, performed the leads of Miss Emily and her deceased lover. Students provided the supporting cast. The professional debut of *A Rose for Miss Emily* was staged by the American Ballet Theatre in New York City in January.



Aaron Copland's Seventieth Birthday

Aaron Copland, one of America's foremost composers and conductors, attended a festival of music and dance in his honor this past March 11-14. Ten of Copland's most famous works were performed by the School of the Arts symphony orchestra; five of the compositions were also danced by students from the School of Dance. One of the concerts of the festival was conducted by Copland.





Dear Dr. Scales :

I am writing, sir, to end any doubts you might have that we Wake Forest students could ever be jealous of the artistic opportunities at the School of the Arts, or at least bit critical of the facilities which WFU provides. On the contrary, they have it too easy --anybody knows that artists must have challenges (preferably impossible) and lots of suffering.

The crowdedness of the new arts studio could be worse, but it will be sufficiently harmful for the present. I must say I was shocked when the WFU band was taken from between the ROTC rifle range and handball courts in the Gymnasium and placed in the relatively pleasant bowels of the chapel. Watch out, or that program will go soft in no time. Keep up the good work with the theatre. This subtle torture of snatching a little piece of their scant space each year is sure to get to them. Let's soon have them performing in the cafeteria, then we should see some good acting.

I hear that a fine arts building is fourth on the list of future developments. Better make it fifteenth just to be safe.

Most sincerely yours,
Homer Gardener, 111



A Quiet Town In The Country

Toward the afternoon the couple began to look for a hotel. To satisfy the city dweller's need for excitement, they had taken an obscure road to explore and look for something different. She had asked him to stop earlier for a bite to eat at the Mount Salias Inn, a diner with undistinguished food but the cute come-on "low prices were born here, they grew up other places." For no reason at all they had taken an hour and a half to eat, and decided to relax and drive the rest of the day away on lost country roads.

"When do you want to stop for the night, Keith?"
Peggy asked.

"When we find a nice place. If it takes more than an hour or two, we can get back to the interstate and stay at a Holiday Inn. Having a good time, Honey?"

She nodded her head at her husband and slumped down a little in the seat, watching the road draw itself under the car and vanish. The early spring landscape was dotted with white and pink bunches of flowers. Bushes and grass close to the road shrugged with their car's passing, and the couple spent their companionship in silence. The lush green of new spring growth made them forget themselves as they drove down increasingly isolated roads. As it got later, Keith's wife asked him again when they would be stopping. He thought about the time and told her "soon", noting that he had enjoyed the afternoon immensely.

After passing the last small farm in a seemingly endless succession they approached a one-way bridge preceded by a circle. A weather-beaten sign read "if you're turnin', turn-- if you're comin', come--we want you here."

The wooden bridge was overhung by willows and cypress, giving the appearance of an antiqued tunnel. Tall trees ran parallel to the steady brook under the

bridge, giving the unseen land on the other side the aura of an undiscovered island. An irresistible temptation, the bridge opened up dreams of Xanadu to the couple's impulsive imagination and they rode slowly over the bridge as it reverberated beneath them. They smiled to themselves in anticipation of the adventures ahead and were enclosed by the willows' shade.

The tunnel of darkness ended garishly. No trees bordered the road immediately after the bridge and the starkness of this undiscovered land disappointed them. They drove a few minutes but saw nothing except an extension of the farmland they had just passed. "I saw an Interstate directional about 30 minutes ago, Keith, let's go back, I'm tired," Peggy said.

"I don't know. Let's go a little further, there's some people up there."

"They're waving, Keith, isn't that nice. Let's stop and ask them where we are and if there's a hotel in town."

"What town?" he asked.
"Dianoburg. Didn't you see the sign."
"No."
"I don't guess you could. There wasn't a sign for people coming in, just one saying, "leaving Dianoburg?" or something. I couldn't understand the question mark at the end of the sign. I guess it means something. Oh, Honey. Let's stop. See, they're waving at us."

"O.K. Honey."
He slowed his car and stopped in front of the locals who wandered up to the car.

Keith and Peggy smiled as they got out. "Hi folks," he said.

A tall, gangly man stepped up and grabbed Keith's hand robustly. "Hi there, boy. Glad to have you in



Dianoburg . . . what brings you here?"

"Just driving," Keith said, "we thought we'd take some roads that weren't on the map and we did. I never heard of this place before. We asked at a gas station where the nearest town was a ways back and he didn't mention this."

"I don't guess he did, did he?" said one of the women standing around Peggy.

"You don't work for the government, do you son, I mean you're not here on business looking for anyone are you? Nobody did nothing wrong, did they?" the gangly man asked.

"No," Keith answered, "I mean, how would I know, I mean nothing's wrong, is it?"

"No, No," a shorter man interjected. "Everything's O.K. We just don't have many visitors around here. We want you to be welcome. If you had some business, maybe we could have helped you with it. We all want you to have a good time here."

The women, about three of them, had gathered around Peggy. They were dressed in an odd fashion. Nicely, but several seasons out of style. Even other farm women in this area seemed more with the current fashions. Peggy was enjoying herself immensely. She fielded questions about herself, peculiar, personal questions. No, she had no children. Yes, she was married to the young man. Of course. Been to college, too.

Keith asked the men about their town.

"We don't have many people visit us here," the gangly man said.

"No," offered the oldest man in the group, "we'd really like you to see our town, though. Why don't you and your missus hop in your car and we'll show you around. Stay the night? Good," the man finished before Keith and Peggy had a chance to respond. A bit carried away by everything, they accepted their hosts' kind invitation gladly. They were both unaccustomed to the open hospitality of these forgotten people and followed them without resistance.

"Peggy, I've really never seen anything like this

before. These people! God, they're great!"

"I think they're nosy, but in a "nice" way. Keith, they wanted to know if we were married or not. Can you believe that? And the way they looked at my clothes . . . you'd think they hadn't seen a new face in years."

"Maybe they haven't," Keith joked.

"Oh, Keith. It's just like I always dreamed it would be. Someday we'd take a trip and something really exciting would happen. We'd just get in our car for a vacation and someday after watching all the trees and

farms go by us, something like this would happen. We'd meet some really interesting people and they'd do something like this. Take us into their homes and treat us like family. I mean, it's just something I dreamed without really thinking it would happen."

She grabbed his arm and giggled excitedly.

"You know, Peggy, those *were* strange people. It's like they really cared about you. Like they wanted you to feel a part of them and be one of them. Let's stay the night here and get to know these people."

"I don't think they'd let you leave, Keith. Those men were really taken by you. What were you telling them?"

"You wouldn't believe it. They wanted to know if I was working for the government, an agent or something. I guess they do get T.V. here at least."

They laughed and turning the car, began to draw into a small town. The town sat in a depression of sorts, really no hills around. It was as if someone had built the town in a fairly logical place on high ground and suddenly it had just sunk. They wheeled down the twisting road to the main street of the town not more than several hundred buildings large, and scarcely noticed that the town was vaguely symmetrical. Actually, all of the town's buildings stemmed from a large round building situated in the center of town. Like spikes leading from a hub, the buildings fanned out in a neat, premeditated design. But if there was any significance to the architecture of the city it was lost on the giddy couple.



The car which led them into Dianoburg stopped about half way between the center of town and its outskirts. The townspeople who had greeted them were joined by their friends, and a small congregation gathered around the couple.

"This is a really nice town you people have," Keith told the small gathering. "I don't think I've ever seen a place where people made you feel so at home."

"Oh, shucks," a middle aged man, a face new to Keith and Peggy, said, "we don't see many people around here, and when we do we like to let them know how we feel." At the man's last declaration a ripple of laughter spread through the crowd, and Peggy and Keith joined in. They laughed and joked with the people. Peggy at one time told how she had always dreamed that something like this might happen and now it had. "Was it a dream or nightmare?" a teen-ager joked and everyone laughed. The men seemed fascinated with Keith. He wore the first bell-bottomed pants they had seen off the television and they asked if he felt funny. The women seemed genuinely amused by Peggy's enthusiasm for the "cute little town you people have" and asked to be shown a place to "powder her nose", a line that got a big laugh from the ladies. She turned to tell Keith where she was going but the friendly crowd had grown between them and she followed a new friend into the drug store to relieve a symptom of her excitement.

The outside of the store was newly-painted white with brilliant red shutters covering the windows and door.

It was after the red shuttered door had closed behind Peggy that she was grabbed from behind, a man's hand wrapping around her head and abruptly, fiercely pulling her towards him. She gasped for air but could only such vacuously on the huge hand which covered her mouth and nose. Moments of futile struggle ended sharply as darkness seized her and her limp body was dragged out the back door of the store.

Keith craned his neck, looking for his wife.

"Just a minute," he said to the men surrounding him, "did you see where my wife went?"

"No," a mixed arrangement of voices answered as he looked from face to face.

"Ladies, have you seen my wife?" Keith asked as he turned to the group of women his wife had been talking to.

"No sir, I haven't," a slight woman with rouged cheeks and sixty years answered. The other women shook their heads casually until one, a woman who had met them on the road into town said, "I do believe your wife is just looking in some of the stores with Lucy. Do you want me to look for her with you? I'll go see. Maybe she had to go to the ladies' room or something. We'll look for her. Yes, Lucy took her to look at the stores, didn't she, girls?" The women nodded with the same assurance they had when Keith had first asked about her. This went unnoticed by the young man.

"No, I'm sure she's just looking around. I'll go find her in a minute." He returned to talk with his new friends while the women smiled among themselves and walked back to their homes.

It had taken only minutes to take Peggy from the drug store to the large building in the center of town.

She quickly regained consciousness and jerked upwards from the prone position they had left her in.

She was in total darkness. A stench quickly burned her nostrils and she was filled with terror. She began to call out into the darkness, "Where am I, Keith? Keith! Where am I!?"

"QUIET!"

Peggy jerked her head in uncomprehending motions trying to determine the source of the voice that echoed around her.

"Wh...at," her voice trembled as it limped into the darkness.

"Be quiet." The voice remonstrated her.

"Where am I?" Peggy sobbed. "Where am I? Where is my husband? What am I doing here? Why am I . . ."

"They've captured someone new, Lucy," the voice



quietly, calmly related.

"Yeah. And on carnival day too. I imagine the townies are going to eat this up."

Peggy shook her head in stunned surprise. More coherent now she peered at the two shadow sources of the voices around her.

"What is this? Who are you?" Peggy asked in reticent terror. "Please, please tell me." Her voice trembled as more distinct forms appeared with her eyes' increasing sensitivity.

Endless moments of silence followed. Peggy rubbed her hands on the cold floor. Bits of moist, filthy straw stuck to her fingers, and her hands recoiled. She wiped them on her dress and looked up towards the figures around her to ask again but the answer was already coming.

"You. . . we, should I say, are in the Dianoburg Dungeon, so they call it, and this is carnival day," said the voice earlier addressed as Lucy.

"What am I here for? I didn't do anything. Oh, there's been some mistake. You see, we just got here. My husband and I, we were just riding along and we came to this nice town and there's been a mistake. Guard! Guard!..."

The first voice interrupted. "Nobody here did anything wrong."

"No, you're trying to fool me. I didn't. . ."

The voice of Lucy spoke to her calmly now, "Nobody here did anything. You just drove into this nice quiet little town, didn't you?"

"Yes, but. . ."

The voice continued as if she had said nothing, "And when you got here all these nice old people came out and talked to you, asked you questions. . ."

"Yes," Peggy interrupted, "and they *were* nice, you see, my husband and I were on vacation and just driving along and. . ."

"And you came to the outskirts of this town and a lot of friendly yokels waved at you and you got out of your car. . ."

"Yes," Peggy began, "but we didn't do anything and. . ."

"And you got out and talked to them," Lucy continued.

"I didn't DO ANYTHING," Peggy cried, but the dark figures and women's voices were unresponsive to her cries.

Keith wandered through the streets and shops of Dianoburg joking with his hosts about his wife's flightiness and one-track mind. "Oh, don't worry about Peggy," he reassured his hosts. "One time in Orion I lost her in an antique shop for two hours. I stopped for gas and went to the restroom. When I came out she wasn't around. I figured she'd gone where I had been and didn't worry for a while. After about thirty minutes I began to worry. I must have looked all over that strip for her. You know where she was?" He paused for dramatic effect. "An antique shop in a little house in back of the station!"

Keith's companions laughed and took him into the hotel lobby for several games of pool which he enjoyed.

Peggy's desperation had gone full cycle and she talked to the other women in the dingy cell as a release from the haunting darkness.

"Why do they do this? What have we done?" she begged her companions for an answer.

The woman who had first spoken, called Momma by the others because of her pregnant condition, answered, "I really don't know. Another prisoner, who had been here for about a year before she decided to escape on a carnival day about a month ago, told us that the guard had talked to her once and let her in on part of the story.

"According to him about three years ago a young couple from the 'outside' had driven into town. It's always been a community off to itself, the guard told her, because it's not in the way of anything."

"Anyway, he said the town had always been friendly, real friendly to people because they didn't see much of anyone. And they showed these people around and did everything they could to make them feel at home and then they. . ."

"They what?" Peggy asked.

"He would never finish. The girl said that he considered it unmentionable, too terrible to talk about and was silent. She must have begged him a hundred times to tell her what the couple did but he'd just say it was too terrible to talk about. He said that they would pay the 'outside' back."

"But what was this town like," Peggy asked, "that they'd just turn into fiends like this? They seem so nice."

"Well, originally they didn't know how to respond to the ingratitude," Momma continued. "At first they just harrassed people who came through here. Traffic tickets, a night in jail, things like that. But then all of the good people in town, those who didn't like the kind of treatment visitors were getting, got sick of it all and moved out of town. The town got worse and worse about what they did to visitors. Now only the most cruel of the old town still live in this area. The rest have left and the place has become haven for monsters. You'll see. Today is carnival day."

Keith had begun to worry about Peggy. It was a small town and after his pool playing he had looked for his wife in many of the buildings. The townspeople assured him, however, that everything would be all right and maybe she had gone to the carnival. Once a year they set up a carnival, the tall lanky man told Keith, and suggested that one of the ladies might have taken his wife there to see the canned goods on display.

"What is this carnival?" Peggy asked her cellmates. "Why would the other woman who was here try to get out on carnival day?"

"For the same reason I will," said Momma. "It's the only way you can ever hope to get out of here."

"But how, I mean, do they turn prisoners loose on carnival day?"

The other prisoners laughed a bitter laugh and made quiet sounds of forsaken resignation.

"I don't understand," Peggy apologized.

"You will," Lucy said slowly, "you will."

Keith was getting impatient now. He had not seen his wife for more than three hours and he flurried from store to store, house to house, followed by his good-natured companions who took great pains to reassure him. The tall, lanky man had gone so far as to organize a search party of cooperative ladies to search all of the women's restrooms in the town. Keith was appreciative.

"If something like this had to happen," he complimented his hosts, "I'm at least glad that it happened here and not in some fool place where nobody gives a damn about anyone else. You people are an inspiration to me."

One of the ladies was so moved as to remove her handkerchief and daub her eyes. Keith smiled at her, somewhat disappointed in his wife for causing the

good people so much trouble.

Peggy was approaching hysteria. None of the women in her cell would tell her what carnival day meant and why pregnant Momma was going to attempt an escape. She had learned from her companions that all of them had been separated from their husbands without any knowledge of them. She did not understand any of what was happening to her and kept wondering aloud about the significance of carnival day. The women would only cautiously reply that the guard had reminded them to prepare themselves . . . that today was the day.

Keith had toured the carnival grounds looking for Peggy. He had scoured every possible place she might have gone there to wait for him. He could not find her but was determined to wait there until she arrived. It was getting darker but all of the streets in the small town were well lighted. He expected the darkness would bring his wife to her senses and his side.

Peggy heard a creaking sound at the far wall of her cell. It was a macabre sound. The metal made twisting, grotesque sounds and the entire wall seemed to be giving way. It was. Garish light streamed into the cell from spotlights above. Peggy squinted and pushed herself further from the wall. The wall creaked further down. It worked like a drawbridge, and Peggy looked for the first time at her companions. Filthy, dressed in tattered rags of clothes, emaciated, the women's faces filled with terror as the wall leveled out, parallel to the floor. Peggy heard the excited mumblings of a crowd and stood up, edging closer to the platform formed by the lowered wall. She could not believe what she saw.

Keith worried more now. It was dark. "What could have happened?" he wondered out loud. Surrounded only by a few of his friends he vocalized theories of her disappearance.

"Could she have gotten lost in the big building in the center of town?" Keith asked. No, his friends assured him, today was Saturday and the building was locked all day. Keith pondered other possibilities.

Peggy continued to gape at the spectacle uncovered by the carnival lights. Standing on the platform she understood perfectly how Momma was going to try her escape. Extending from the platform was a long narrow plank which led to a raised structure on the street in back of the building. Presumably if the women could walk across the thin board laid casually between the two platforms they would win their freedom. Beneath the plank, which stood about four stories above the street, was a maze of spikes and barbed wire. Enmeshed in this gruesome net were the dry remains of other prisoners who had tried unsuccessfully to escape.



Across the street surrounding the distant edifice stood scores of anxious townspeople. Necks straining they looked upwards; mouths agape with hanging tongues, they urged the prisoners to try their luck on the long flimsy plank.

In many respects the carnival resembled an ordinary county fair. Crowds mingled friendly but impatient, and children, faces filled with anticipation, nudged their parents towards the carnival's big event—the escapes.

A hawker screamed at the women through a microphone.

"Ladies, ladies," the hawker's gullet vibrated with every word, "ladies. Walk the plank to your freedom."

The crowd gleamed at his every word, talking excitedly among themselves, urging the women to throw themselves on the gnarl of knife-like blades formed by the upright stakes beneath the long plank.

The hawker stirred them to chant with him. "Come on, now ladies, come on and be free. Come on. COME ON, COME ON."

The crowd exploded with glee when pregnant Momma walked onto the platform. She looked blankly at the audience, then shrugged in a moment of bitter remembrance. They had not seen her since her capture three months earlier. Peggy withdrew slightly from the platform as Momma stepped onto it. The spotlights threw the pregnant woman's shadow onto the wall of the cell and Peggy looked from it to the crazed looks of her cell mates. Momma's calm resignation stood in stark contrast to their emptiness. Peggy decided to try the plank no matter what happened to the woman now summoning her courage for the first step onto the plank. Nothing could be worse than the fate allowed the mangled creatures she shared her captivity with.

Peggy watched as Momma took her first step. The crowd roared with excitement.

"You'll make it, Lady, come on," the hawker screamed. "Go, Go."

The crowd's delight was immeasurable.

Momma edged over the narrow plank, cautious step by cautious step. She trembled with each slight movement of her body and seemed dizzied by the slowness of her gait. She paused as if to gain her breath. As Peggy watched, the woman's eyes fixed themselves on the plank below her. She seemed hypnotized by it. Momma slowly lifted her face, whitened and now almost feature-less with terror. She turned her leg to begin the journey back and as she swung it around in front of her, she slipped unnoticeably to the left. Falling, she opened her mouth to scream but Peggy could hear only the clamor of the audience. Peggy felt a sorrow and panic beyond tears or utterance and stared blankly at the celebration of townspeople below her.

Finally the hawker's exhortation broke her trance.

"You've got to make it, lady, we've never had two fall in one night and you won't be the first. Your husband's waitin' for you in your car. Wanta go? Let's Go. GO, GO." The cry rang out in her ears but she thought of her husband and remembered her cell-mates' pitiable condition.

Peggy walked to the edge of the platform.

"Two people have never fallen on the same night because two never tried," the hawker barked.

The crowd roared. It roared. It roared again.

Peggy balanced her foot gently on the wobbly plank. Looking at her feet she saw Momma's ghastly fate and withdrew.

The crowd continued to encourage her but she did not hear them as she edged her way back to the plank. Peggy stepped cautiously at first, oblivious to the crowd, the height, her danger. Increasing her gait, she quickly paced across the board to the amazement of everyone. She was free.

"Oh my dear God," she whispered and began to walk down the stairs of the edifice into the crowd. A path spread for her as she walked into the amazed group of people whose faces turned quickly from vegetable amazement to zombie-anger.

"GRAB THE BITCH," yelled the hawker, "GRAB THE BITCH."



Peggy was prepared for this possibility and pushed fiercely through the confused edge of the crowd, breaking quickly into a run towards the area where she thought her car was. She was running away from Keith and their car.

The Dianoburg carnival crowds had never been raised to such emotion. They charged through the street after the escaped girl, raising a clamor so furious that Keith, who could not hear the carnival noise earlier asked his friends if Peggy might be with the group.

"No," the lanky man answered, "no way. One of the girls would have told us."

"Let's go see," Keith started towards the noise but was grabbed by his friends.

"You aren't going anywhere," he was told.

"But . . .?"

"You aren't going anywhere,"

The hostile excitement of the previously placid townsmen confused Keith who slumped and turned back towards his car.

"O.K."

As the men let go of his arms, Keith burst from them and sprinted to his car. The men looked at each other for a minute and then ran after him.

Keith ran furiously, taking his keys from his pocket. Grabbing the door handle of the car, he jerked himself to a stop and flung open the door, inserting his keys without closing the door. The engine roared to a start as the other men came to the car. As two burly hands grabbed his shoulders he threw the car into gear and ripped through the men in front of him. Keith dragged his captor for half a block before the man's grip loosened and he rolled from the car onto the street. Keith slammed the door shut and drove to the center of town.

Peggy felt the crowd gaining on her. It had emerged from its incoherent confusion to become a mob of raving hunters. She ran blindly from the center of town.

Keith roared past the carnival site, sickened by the grotesque carnage of an unknown woman. Circling

the town's hub, he spotted the crowd streaming towards the outskirts of town. The car roared down the street clearing from its way the exhausted stragglers of the chase.

The lights of Keith's car made a negligible impression on the well-lighted streets. Keith blared his horn.

Peggy did not hear the horn. Exhausted, she struggled to run, a few steps in front of her pursuers.

Keith charged on, bouncing people off his hood like insects. He saw Peggy stumbling by herself in front of the car. He slammed on his brakes and veered missing her by inches. She did not seem to notice him but continued to run blankly ahead.

"Peggy!"

She did not hear him.

"PEGGY!"

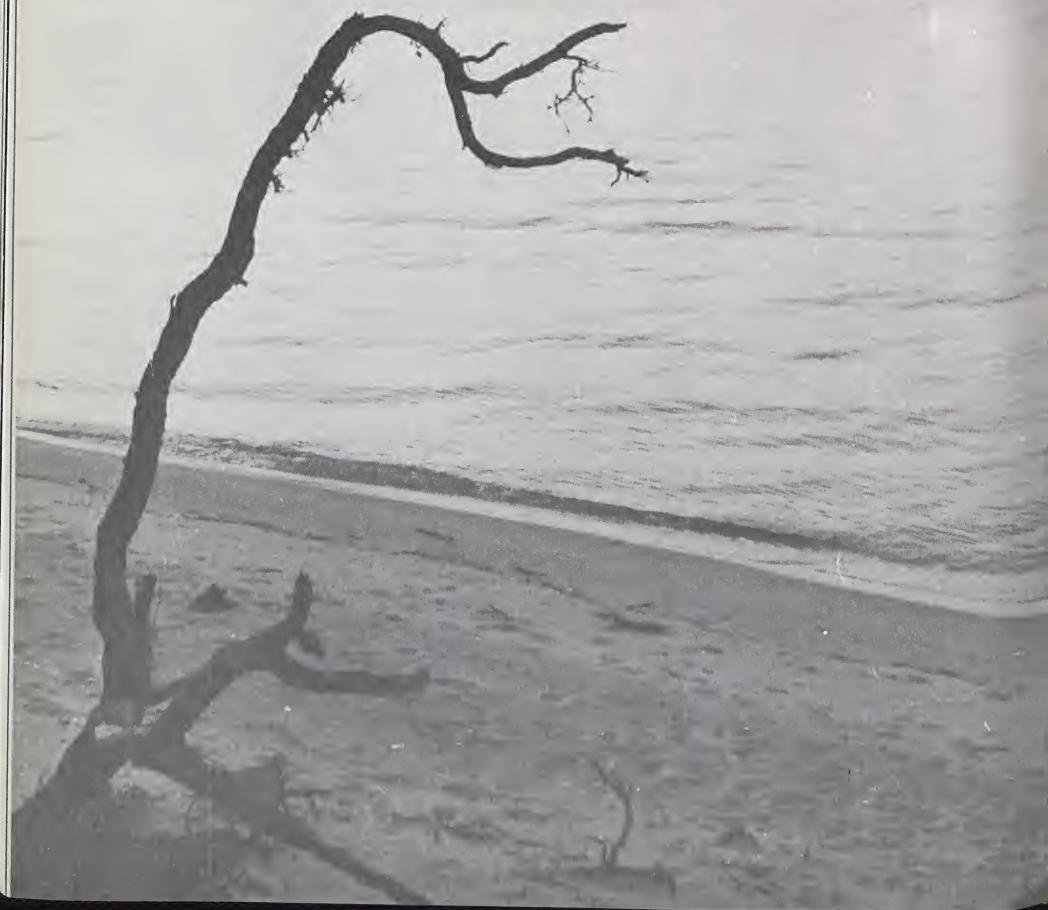
She stopped.

Keith threw open the door, and sliding across the seat, he grabbed her arm, pulled her into the car, and slammed the door after her. Again the crowd, having regained its courage, closed in. Ignoring his humanitarian instincts, Keith trammed through them, crushing several beneath the wheels of his car. He began to leave the town by a strange exit but stopped and wheeled the car around, heading back towards the crowd and the center of town. He was unexpected and was able to leave the town quickly by the same route he had entered.

"Peggy, what happened?!"

"Keith, God, just drive as fast as you can," she murmured. Winding up the road which had led them into town, Keith sped across the plain towards the bridge. The town receded, swallowed by its own geography. As they hurried towards the bridge, Keith noticed a new band of citizens waving merrily to them. He remembered stopping in amused excitement earlier in the day and pressed his foot to speed the car. The car's lights flashed momentarily on Peggy's sign, "You are now leaving Dianoburg?" He laughed nervously to himself as Peggy told him her story. They left their Xanadu.

The End



TREE

Against a winter-gray of sky,
stark
and bare.
Its trunk a blackened streak of earth
 that dared to force
 its solid
 bulk
 into that pure, ethereal mist
and there shoot forth its mortal
 crooked
 branches
 to corrupt the celestial element.

Like the creeping finger of chaos
 frozen in its path,
it stands; a dark,
 discordant
 crack
 in the vault of heaven's perfection.

I would erase it with a wink
 and see untouched, eternal gray,
But for fear that
 when I close my eyes

All
 would be black
and void.

Yet I must believe
 somewhere beyond me or within me
 that perfect sky exists
which I will see when this
 own mortal crack is gone.

Patricia Mumme

Lyrics By Brad Smith

BECKONING

Keep in me the spirit of the harvests to come
the gathering of seeds
the salvation of some
the threshing of grain
with the turning of the earth
that foretells of the planter's new song of rebirth.

See in me the union of two lover's dreams
the joining of stars
and the stitching of seams,
the result of a twinkle in her childhood's eye
and the life hope of his wings that taught me
to fly.

Paint in me the pictures of stone walls in spring
of buckboards now gone
and grindstones that sing,
of cowbells at dusk
and salt licks at noon
awaiting kind patrons who'll appear with the moon.

Leave with me the lessons of roads I've come down
of highways I've followed
with gamblers of renown
who make off with your values
tied safe to their belt
before the first hands are seen
and the last card's been dealt.

But Lord, if you're willing, when our long journey's done
Teach me to treasure the more human things won
to touch an old friend
and to love my last son
So regardless of how distant your flocks and I roam
By the thin trails of fortune, we might make our way home.

B.S.

Beyond the cage bars of my window
and the sad memory of an autumn path without her
Lies a celestial world fast fading,
broken only by the pin-pricking silhouette of holly.
A soft layer of cream-like foam
cushioning a ceiling so blue,
So deep, angels might drown in it.
But I see not a sunset. I see the white
as sand and the blue as water.
I am not at eye level with a fleeting sun,
but in my kite above the shore of Nantucket.

What was ours?
Exactly what— did you know?
What we shared is not gone
Was not destroyed
It only slipped from our small hands
To settle like golden dust on the brows
Of two more
Willing to try
And on the sad, deserted shores of regret —
I'm still kicking the sand in search
of visions lost.

LIFE IN MAN

. . . and the glamour of dreams
Is forever put aside;
Tranquility is resumed,
With just memories
Of the flash, of the fire,
Of days gone by,
Which stirred the soul,
Which made the body
Want rebirth.

And the eyes tell it:
They tell it all;
Tell, of the joy,
The anger, the misery,
In living.
They tell of the pain,
The sorrow, the all alone,
In death.

They tell of the man,
His driftings
From time to time,
Place to place,
Glory to desolation.
Yet he's moved not.
His face is stolid,
Perception keen,
His mind far off:
His grandson laughing
On his lap.

Steve Komondore



The sun jokes the morning
With its rays of forgotten yesterday.
Sunset mocks the evening
With melancholic tones for tomorrow.

And do little girls know
What morning it is?
Do they care if the evening
Seems to end the endless day?

There is a lake
In our memory
Whose shores watched her play
All the sun games children know.

Time sludges memories
And lakes
But the days are their own music
And the song just seems to ripple on
Forever.

John Browning



The Man Who Traveled Through Time

Harvey Kotouc was born and raised in Chrysanthemumville, California, along with four other Kotoucs, all older than himself. Brothers Bob and Randy were declared by their parents to be born-physician and born-surgeon respectively before their fifth birthdays and proceeded to live up to their parents' ambitions with almost dull perfection. Father Kotouc decided that sister Beatrice would flourish in a career of painting; the next week Mrs. Kotouc suggested to sister Olive that four years of age was none too soon to begin a life in legitimate theatre. Neither girl ever attained worldwide eminence, but fortunately each married well and continued in her avocation to the satisfaction of loving parents.

But no one remembered to tell Harvey what to be. Maybe they were too busy with projects already in production. Was five-year-old Harvey Kotouc bewildered and heart-broken for lack of purpose for his life? Probably not. Nothing really troubled Harvey for nearly thirty-eight years. He enjoyed the bustle of his over-achieving family and never wondered when it would be his turn in the spotlight. At school he was well liked but not popular. Before he was out of high school, he knew that Joyce Needham planned to marry him for the sake of the bright future that his family name promised, and he saw no reason to resist her. They were married the day after his graduation from the State University at Santa Clara's School of Electrical Engineering.

Harvey's undistinguished existence during the following five

years gave him no cause for complaint. But one Friday night while he sat in the kitchen of his home in a suburb of Los Angeles eating cake left over from his twenty-sixth birthday, Joyce Kotouc was on the bedroom phone with her two brothers-in-law, demanding that they hurry to the side of their wayward brother to set him back on the road to success from which he had most certainly slipped. Joyce was right. Though Harvey had been hired by Western Electric to make his Kotouc splash in their electrical design department, it was clear, perhaps even to Harvey, that he would soon be making his living repairing televisions.

"Now, Harv, whatever happened to your Western Electric setup?" asked Bob two days after Joyce's call.

"I don't know, Bob. I tried my best, but it was hard work. Even so, a lot of the guys didn't do as I, but they would fix their work up real nice to impress the bosses."

"That doesn't explain why they fired you."

"But they didn't fire me, Randy; I quit. I mean, I didn't like the work, and you know . . ."

"I don't know any such thing. Boy, I hope you haven't told Dad about that, you dumb bastard. Excuse me, Joyce."

"You see what I have to put up with. You know, I wouldn't mind living the way we do with a lousy television instead of a Three-Dee, with no electric cook, never going anywhere, him playing cards every weekend-if only I thought Harvey was going to get somewhere someday, if only we worked for

success a couple of years from now. But look at him. He's not even trying to be anything."

"Now Joyce, I'm sure it's not as bad as you think. You're just upset. Harv is going to do fine. He just has to make up his mind what he's going to do with his life. Right Harv?" That was Randy.

"Of course Randy's right, Harv. You know you're just sort of cooling your heels so far. Hell, if we can make it, you know you can. But Harv, old brother, you know you've got to get on the ball pretty soon. You're grown up and married. What kind of life do you want for Joyce? And you know you can't let mom and dad down. You've got to get back in there and start climbing. What do you say, Harv?"

"I don't know, Bob."

"You see! What did I tell you?"

"Wait a minute, Joyce. Did you hear what he said? Randy, did you hear what Harv said? Why did I never think of this before? Harv doesn't belong at some desk in a Western Electric brain bank. Hell, can't you see that that kind of work isn't for him. He's got some of the Kotouc creative blood in him like Bea and Olive. He needs to be on his own doing something imaginative."

"You mean he's a kook!"

"What are you getting at, Bob?"

"Yes, Bob, what am I? I mean, what do you think I should be?"

Later, Bob was angry with himself. It took nearly sixty seconds for the answer to all Harvey's problems to flash inside his head.

"Why . . . an inventor!" Everyone sighed with relief, the older brothers left for the airport, Joyce cooked Harvey a steak and told him that she was pregnant.

Harvey, for once, was nearly as relieved as his wife that his life was beginning to take some definite shape. Though the reason for his good cheer may just as well have been that Joyce now permitted her destined-for-immortality husband to teach her the game of bridge. His poker game picked up for a couple of weeks, also.

Harvey liked inventing for a while. To him it was simply what he had always tried to do in any situation: just mess around. Now his wife was smiling rather than nagging as he tinkered. He took a modest job as technician at a radio station to keep them in groceries, and Joyce promised for months that she would work as soon as the baby was born.

However, it would have been obvious to anyone, if anyone had taken interest in exactly what Harvey was doing, that Harvey Kotouc would never invent a thing. His knowledge of electrical engineering had never been strong, and he did little or nothing to keep it in shape. It was all he could do to keep up with simple things at the radio station. But Harvey's greatest handicap was an absolute ignorance of what

he wanted to invent. He actually believed deep down that Tom Edison found an electric light bulb while cleaning off his desk one day. Harvey Kotouc was ready to invent, but the inventions were not ready to present themselves to him.

Finally, Harvey did collect his thoughts, for perhaps the first time in his life. He decided to invent something of practical value: a traffic light that could be programmed to shift its blinking rhythm automatically with changes in the rate of traffic from any given direction. In the back of his mind he also hoped that after he was firmly established in the gratitude of the nation's motorists, he could implement a revolutionary change away from the familiar colors of red, yellow and green. Typically, he hadn't given thought to the colors he preferred.

Joyce prepared a big dinner and even a smile the next day, after Harvey promised to reveal to her his first completed project after two years of work. She had not quite kept it a secret as her husband had told her, and was correct in assuming that a handful of neighborhood gossips sat by their phones waiting for promised phone calls. Joyce was a little perturbed when her brilliant Harvey delayed the announcement by refusing to forsake his established habit of watching the evening news on this night of nights.

Many people were enraged that night when the government announced that the outlawing of automobiles was to take effect in two years. No one would deny that the president of General Motors was more than a little upset. But Joyce Kotouc felt that she carried the sorrows of the world on her frail shoulders and acted the part very convincingly. Harvey Kotouc was not particularly worried over the fate of either the auto or his invention, but for the first time in their married life he was really surprised at Joyce. He promised to invent anything if she would please stop crying and throwing things. It didn't soothe things much when he told her that he didn't think his device would have worked anyway.

How the marriage lasted another year is difficult to say. Harvey was not coming near to inventing anything, though he tinkered more than ever. Actually, a short affair kept Joyce from leaving town; she knew she would leave the moment it ended.

It was the accident that provided the moment. Late for an appointment for her secret reason, Joyce ran the old family car off one of the more deteriorated highways, killing two-year-old Robert Kotouc. Joyce could hardly wait for the hasty hospital treatment and funeral to be finished before leaving town.

Harvey felt shock and vertigo during that rapid series of disasters, but eventually was surprised at and scolded himself for not being more seriously hurt by the loss of his family. The peace almost made him

feel young again. At a loss how to begin his new life, he went out and splurged on a large heap of miscellaneous, malfunctioning electrical odds and ends and tinkered late into the night.

Poker had become Harvey's little rebellion against his now vanished wife, and with her gone he discovered he liked the game. Joyce had never allowed the filthy business to take place in their home. So Harvey now invited his favorite five opponents to the first of many evenings of beer and cards at the Kotouc residence, little realizing that this very evening would place him on the last long step to the creation of his time machine. At the suggestion of a friend, he was to give up inventing.

"House looks nice, Harv." None of the guys had been inside his home before.

"Yeah, Harv, you're doing pretty good at housecleaning. Why don't you come over and straighten up my dump?"

"Hey Alex, look at that gadget in the corner. What the hell is it?"

"It's art, you dumbass." Alexander Spainhour obviously had some culture. He also drank more beer than the other members of the poker party, and was still mumbling around when the others had wandered out after six hours of serious playing and drinking.

"Hey Harv, how much did this thing cost you? Is it original?"

"What are you talking about? I made it myself." The guys had long since forgotten that Harvey was an inventor since he never had any inventions to talk about.

"No lie? Come on, Harv, you made this baby yourself? I really like it. I didn't know you did sculpture. It's really nice." Needless to say, Alex's aesthetic sensibilities might well not have been at their peak of sensitivity at that moment. But he was also attempting with drunken subtlety to make a suddenly inspired suggestion to his friend. "Harv, you wouldn't by any chance be willing to sell this one to me would you? I mean, hell, I guess you can make yourself more like it or better. And, well, I've been promising my wife I'd get her something soon." Actually Mr. Spainhour was anticipating not a little difficulty gaining entry to his house without some sort of peace offering for the ogress guarding the door.

"What could you do with it Alex?!" asked Harvey. "Pretty soon there won't be any cars left, and besides, I don't even know if it works. If you really want it, I guess you can have it."

"Thanks, old buddy. I'll give you twenty bucks for it next week. You cleaned me out tonight. You don't know how much I appreciate it." With that, Alex picked up the cumbersome super traffic light and left a bewildered Harvey to fall quickly into a long sleep.

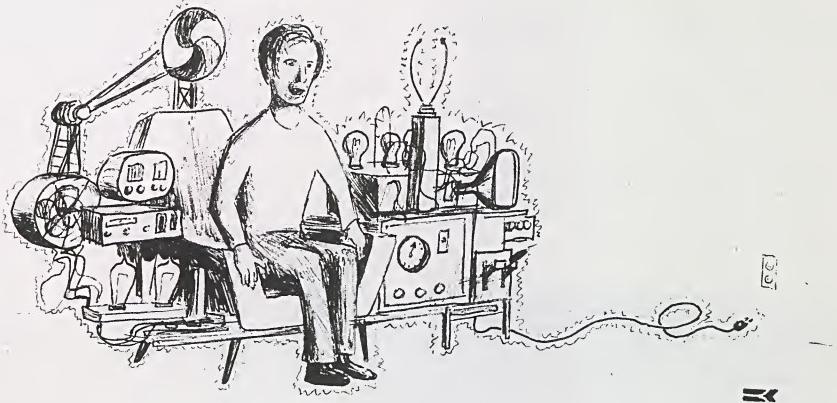
And so began Harvey Kotouc's career as modern artist. The day after the poker game Alexander Spainhour had found a large piece of complex junk on his living room rug and after contemplating it for awhile, managed to convince himself, his wife and Harvey that an artist had been discovered. This rather bizarre theory was proven beyond doubt when Harvey easily sold his next three creations in as many weeks. He resigned from the radio station and turned his house into a junk yard. He had finally found his calling, or at least his gravy train.

What exactly did he sell to hundreds of those sincere connoseurs of suburbia during the next decade? Harvey wisely never gave his specialty any label that might someday be out of style. There were years filled with the typical elements of an artist's life: exhibitions, lectures, sales and, of course, cranking out more art. Maybe the exhibitions were at church bazaars and the one-man shows were at the Rotary club. And maybe the lectures were before women's clubs at the request of some matron whose husband had just purchased a work of art by the "same famous artist speaking before us today." At any rate, the sales were steady and enough to live on.

Harv eventually struck on the style that went over best. It had to be large enough to be impressive and unique enough to be a masterpiece. The most important touch was to always include an ordinary cord and electrical outlet plug. It took a while for Harvey to understand why that item was so much in demand. But he learned eventually that even the dullest host was finally able to make cocktail conversation by suggesting to his guests that his "thing" might be plugged in to perform some common or perhaps exotic function. "Just try to guess what it does when you plug it in." Such comments were quite the vogue in numerous neighborhoods, marking a rise in the sale of Kotouc originals. It was soon in the worst possible taste in the same neighborhoods to make any such witty reference to a Kotouc at a social gathering. But Harvey's sales continued.

Harvey gave Kotoucs Nos. 522 through 527 to his parents and siblings on the second Christmas after beginning his new career. Letters flew fast and numerous among the Kotouc clan, all bearing the same message: "I told you so." Harvey had thought of the number business early in the game. He impulsively named a work Kotouc No. 398 and had continued from that auspicious point.

An artist never tires of his work. But nine years of screwing and nailing junk together were nine long years for Harvey. If he changed at all, it was not for the good. He remained as directionless and unassuming as always, but he was becoming bored with his life. And a little bitter. Being in the art



racket had introduced him to his fellow human beings. He didn't like what he was meeting, but without his noticing, Harvey came to assume some of the values of his customers. His appreciation of money grew.

The worries of middle-age struck him harder than most. He foresaw the drudgery that would lead to Kotouc No. 1000 and then on and on to No. 2000 and beyond. No family would be there to bring him happiness. For a man who had never bothered to consider himself fettered or free, the feeling of being trapped by his life was tremendously oppressive. Not surprisingly, he sought with increasing frequency the people he so disliked for diversion and reassurance. His bridge partners and best friends were Alexander Spainhour and Alan Henn. They dropped in together early in the evening of January 25, 2037.

"What do you think of it, Alex?" Harvey asked.

"Great. Simply great. Is it for sale?"

"No, I built it for myself. Unless I get tired of it."

"Uh, Harv . . . I don't want to sound stupid, but it looks like it might be nice to sit in."

"I would call you stupid, if we were at one of those damn art shows, Alan. The nerve of calling this work of art a mere chair. But actually, that's what it's supposed to be. I just got carried away and gave it all of the Kotouc trimmings." The two guests offered the same restrained laughter that they gave whenever they heard the great artist speak of his work with levity.

"Is it comfortable?"

"Try it and see, though it's designed to fit only me perfectly. It's probably the first thing I've ever made that actually is what it claims to be, that actually

does something. For about half a year I've been making notes about every easy chair I sit in, figuring what the ideal chair would be for me. And here it is. It's really too successful. I can hardly keep my eyes open for a minute when I sit in it."

"It" was a more than usually large and impressive Kotouc—*Kotouc No. 1024* to be exact. A second glance revealed that its primary function was for sitting comfortably. It exhibited a lot of the typical electrical junk and the inevitable electrical cord, but the construction was much more symmetrical than usual. Apparently the artist did not care for more eyesores in his living room than necessary.

"Why no bridge tonight, Harv?" It was Saturday night.

"I'm sorry guys. After missing two weeks, I suppose you have advanced far beyond me. But I don't feel worth a damn, no better than last week. Let's have a big night here next weekend to welcome me back into the league, for my comeback. OK?" Harvey knew that the game scheduled for that evening would probably be cancelled without him. But these two weeks in January had become his yearly low point of depression for the past five or six years. January 12, 2037 had been his thirty-eighth birthday and this Saturday 13 days later was the date he could no more easily forget during the last nine years than remember when he lived with Joyce: his wedding anniversary. This year he was resolved to face these hours without the alcohol or drugs that had comforted him and then threatened him in past Januarys. He was no more prepared for the videophone call he received that evening than he was for his first trip through time later that night.

It was Joyce. "Hi, Harvey dear. I just rang up to wish you a happy anniversary."

"Hi, Joyce."

"You look well, Harvey. I hear that you've made quite a name for yourself in the art world, and I look for you on the cover of *Time* magazine every year. Are you happy, dear?"

"I'm fine Joyce. You know my art isn't really . . . I mean I'm not . . . Well, how are you doing Joyce? I hope you're happy."

"Don't worry about me, Harv. I just called to see your face for the hell of it, and I'm still glad I got out of your life when I did. Is that your latest invention over your shoulder? It looks very nice, I'm sure. Goodbye, Harv. Nice talking to you."

"Goodbye Joyce," and the phone-screen went gray again. Perhaps Harvey would have been even more depressed had he known that Joyce was prompted to the evening's prank by her current love affair with brother Bob on the east coast. He had stood behind the videophone while she talked.

Nevertheless, the ordeal had left Harvey deeper in feelings of guilt and regret than ever before. At 10:30, he slipped into *Kotouc No. 1024* sick of himself and his ruined life. His thoughts sank into darkness but finally began to wander away from the locus of pain. He escaped into reminiscing, remembering the summer days of his youth while his eyes closed with weariness. The idealized Joyce before marriage glowed in the dark of a pre-dawn oceanside of his fifteenth year. He slept.

Harvey Kotouc, 38 years old, was awakened 23 years before he went to sleep by a chilling draft and the sound and smell of the ocean. His mind screamed for assurance that he was still in a dream. The mind gave in to the senses who were screaming "I am sitting in my stupid chair in the sand beside the ocean at night and it's cold as hell." The senses won the argument, and Harvey Kotouc resigned himself to spending the rest of his life in an asylum, maybe doing sculpture for therapy. After nearly ten minutes, nobody came to take him away and the cold insisted that he stand up to get his circulation going. He was, at most, thirty yards from the water.

As he turned a full circle on his feet, a single object caught his eye—a cottage a hundred yards from the chair and two hundred from the surf. He told himself that he was running toward the house to warm himself, but he knew that it was really to stifle his fear of the fact that this must be his family's cottage at the beach. This was the cottage that he knew had been sold and torn down to make way for the motel that now covers the sand once occupied by the cottage . . . the cottage in front of him. The answer kept coming up "insanity," but the larger part of his mind was no longer interested in answers. It knew

what night this was and who was in the cottage. Harvey knew that two people were now waking each other up to sneak out to watch the dawn push night across the placid ocean while they held hands. The last twenty yards of approach were quiet; he knew how sensitive the ears inside were. He reached the nearest wall and slid quietly to his right to peek in the window of the living room.

There were Joyce Needham and Harvey Kotouc, age 15. *Insanity*. He could not think about the scene he was watching. He could only beg his mind to stop before it was too late. The answer was *insanity*.

He saw the kids sneak out the door and the fear of discovery gripped him until memory said with incredible calm, "Don't worry, they will walk toward the beach and then walk along the shore away from the chair." He lost himself in a moment of remembering and then found he wasn't remembering but actually watching himself and Joyce arriving at the shoreline. Logic sent him scurrying back to the chair as soon as he was sure he would not be seen: if he was insane then he probably had not left the chair and if what was happening were in some sense true, some hideous reality, then he had better get back to the chair to await the next event—hopefully a return to the world and time where he belonged. Back in his homemade chair he wondered what he should do next. He kept a careful watch for people approaching. The sky behind him was brightening with sunrise.

It was the chill that made him think of how he wished he were back in his home in 2037. And suddenly he was. He jumped from the chair and did all the things appropriate when a man fears he is still dreaming. The kitchen clock stunned him when he went to make some coffee. It was quarter to eleven. But he had been gone for nearly two hours plus whatever he slept. Had gone where? His mind reeled. Then he was brilliant. He had leaned the bridge table against the bulky end of the chair. There it was under the chair now, badly dented by the considerable weight. Somehow the chair had moved through space, and it occurred to him . . . he had moved through time. One clue destroyed the last trace of disbelief he could maintain that night. After housecleaning recently he had apparently mistaken the cord from the "chair" from the Three-Dee's cord and accidentally plugged *Kotouc No. 1024* into the wall electrical outlet. Harvey Kotouc had a time machine in his living room. He took a sleeping pill.

The next weeks were nerve-wracking and fun for Harvey. He had never knowingly done anything risky in his adult life, and was rejuvenated by the excitement. The Sunday morning after the first trip he was skeptical, but by that afternoon he was resolved to test his hallucination by experiment. All he could think to do was to plug in the chair, sit

warehouse and on the instant of arrival he walked quickly to the videophone and made contact with his sister Olive. He inquired after the health of Harvey Kotouc and learned that he had died three years earlier of a brain disease. Though indignant at his questions, she eventually told him the name of the hospital where he had died.

He jumped three years backward, and within two hours made his way from the warehouse to his own deathbed. He hardly recognized the dying version of himself and forced his reasoning to remain clear. He spoke to the man who would be dead in a matter of hours. "Why didn't you find a cure for this with the machine? What went wrong?"

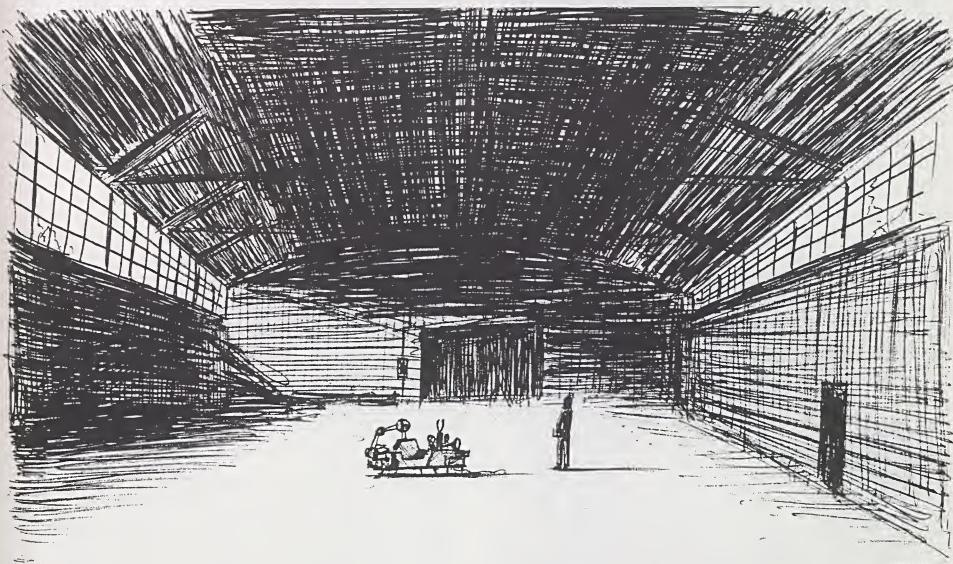
The answer was almost inaudible: "Don't stop looking until you've got the answer." Then the old

"Don't worry. I can do it. I'll save us, you/me."

"I know you can."

Harvey jumped back to where he had started ten hours ago just a few seconds before he had left in order to think things over. He was exhausted more by the things he had seen than the efforts he had made. He considered sleeping until tomorrow when the other self was due to arrive. He was furious and frightened by his meetings that day— those dying selves had obviously failed and given up. That could only mean that the problem was infinitely more difficult than he had expected. But if it was a disease, then sometime in the history of man there would be a cure for it.

Harvey shivered. For the first time he seriously considered the length of the word "history." In all his



man lost consciousness again. Was it an expression of hope? Harvey traveled backwards a single month to question the Harvey who still had a month of dying in front of him.

"This is yourself from seven years ago, May 1. You're dying! When did you get the disease? Why couldn't you/I do anything about it?"

The other Harvey said, "I returned from the last trip in the chair on May 2, 2052. It was too late by then. For some reason I lost the will to fight and couldn't even use the chair anymore. Go meet me when I got back May 2 and find out what went wrong. Don't let it defeat you. I don't want to die." There were tears in the eyes of both men. The younger finally spoke.

jaunts through time, he had perhaps covered slightly more than a single century among the thousands, the millions of centuries that the earth and maybe man have existed. Somewhere he would find the weapon to defeat his own death and conceivably recapture his lost youth. Excited visions of imminent success momentarily cancelled his weariness, and he traveled once again, this time to 10 a.m. of the next day, May 2.

There was no sign of the other self. He settled himself for the wait. By noon his weariness had returned three times over and he allowed himself a five hour sleep pill, setting a sophisticated alarm that would wake him should the other Harvey arrive before he waked. *Kotouc No. 1024* was as

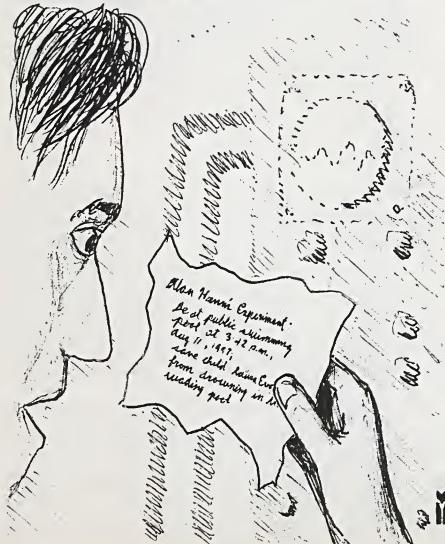
But I really worry when I think about all these times that you have gone back, or forward for that matter, and done things while you're there. You have to be changing the future when you change the past, even by doing something as simple as going to a football game. What happened to the guy who would have gotten the seat where you sat if you had not showed up? Would you ever know it if you did change the present on one of your trips? We've really got to find out what we're doing before we go any further in this business."

"Well, have no doubt that I can do whatever I please when I'm elsewhere. And as far as I can tell, the present has always been the same when I returned as it was when I left."

"But if you destroyed the present that you left while in the past, then it would never have existed and you would not remember it when you returned to the new present."

Harvey did not like to argue, and so Alan finally prevailed upon him to at least try to conduct an experiment that would reveal the effects, if any, in present events caused by altering the past. Alan finally admitted his personal hope, should the past prove changeable, was to journey to the great moments in history and influence them like a god, if he saw fit.

Alan searched the files of local newspapers for a simple test case. He chose the incident of a three-year-old girl drowning in the shallow wading pool of a public swimming pool. It was agreed that Harvey would just happen to be there at the right time and would save her.



Alan Henn's Experiment.
At public swimming
pool at 3:42 p.m.,
Aug 11, 1997,
Save child Laura Evans
from drowning in the
shallow pool

The next afternoon Harvey left Alan sitting in his rocking chair in 2037, vanished into the past, and returned ten minutes later. His clothes were still damp from splashing through the shallow water to save Laura Evans an hour earlier by his time. He had never saved a life before and he was very proud and happy and grateful. But he was also bewildered as to why he had gone back to that particular time to make the rescue. How had he known that a little girl would be in danger of drowning? He looked around the empty room for some clue as to why he had undertaken a trip that had nothing to do with his trips of nostalgia into the past or his plans for getting rich with the help of visits to the future. No matter how carefully he reflected on his actions of the past few hours, he came no nearer deducing their explanation.

Three hours after returning home he found a memo in his shirt pocket. His own handwriting said, "Alan Henn's Experiment: be at public swimming pool at 3:42 p.m., August 11, 1997; save child Laura Evans from drowning in the wading pool. In 'Reality I' she died. In what other ways does Reality II differ from our Reality?"

It took some time and hard thinking for Harvey to finally accept the apparent fact, in the same frame of mind that anyone might temporarily accept an hypothesis that cannot be proven, that he had originally gone to the past on his errand of mercy as part of some experiment. The original "present" had evaporated from his mind because it no longer existed, except in the piece of paper that he had carried through time. The question was settled: the past could be altered for the better.

But finally he reread the relic of a reality that was no longer a reality, and he wondered: who is Alan Henn? He began to sweat. Inquiries by videophone soon discovered that the only Alan Henn officially noted by the city within the last fifty years had been run down by an automobile twenty years ago when five years old.

That moment was ultimately crucial for Harvey. His feelings of guilt were unbearable, and he wept for a friend that he had never known, a man who would never exist. Should he go back into the past and try to prevent himself from saving the little girl? Who was he to decide who lives and who perishes? How many other lives had he ended and forgotten during that little experiment? How many had he saved or improved? What about all his other innocent trips to the past? Were jumps into the future any "safer"?

The humility forced on him by those questions and the stronger self-blame for unknown crimes settled his mind against ever venturing into the past again. While the grief remained vivid, his resolve held fast. But as the initial pain subsided, the longing for

the past quickly grew to its former strength. He wanted to ease his mind with the tranquility that he knew waited for him back in those times where the course of life was known, where there was no uncertainty, apprehension or decision. As often as not his resistance would weaken and he would travel, only to return with feelings of guilt and fear over what had changed that time.

It was some help that he forced himself to move *Kotouc No. 1024* out of his home and into an empty warehouse on the outskirts of town that he alone knew would still be standing fifty years later. On the anniversary of his first adventure, he was already confident that his frequency of travel had begun to decrease steadily. But the internal struggles recurred. Harvey saw himself as some sort of Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde. He would defeat his better intentions by promising himself that he would be careful not to alter the least thing when he went back. In truth, he limited himself strictly to unobserved voyeurism of his earlier life. The subject of his last trip into the past was the hardest to forsake. He had gone there so many times that in some moments of the past there were a dozen or more Harvey Kotoucs crowding around the crib where his two-year-old, doomed son played and ignored his fathers.

Another force aided his abandonment of time travel. On one great trip to the future, he obtained complete microfilm texts of several large newspapers for the coming fifty years. He was becoming systematically wealthy, primarily through unerring stock market investments which were discreetly managed by the well-paid private secretaries of his dummy corporation. It took a couple of years to earn a large base of capital, but thereafter he could raise astronomical sums at will.

As his moral will slowly overcame his addiction to time travel, the exciting potentials of his limitless wealth attracted him more and more. He reflected on the narrowness and lack of experience of his life and the things he had never thought of doing. At forty-one years of age, Harvey grew hopeful and confident about the new life of personal expansion and cultivation that could be his whenever he made his final break with his past, in both senses.

He made his last trip into the past in 2040, more than three years after the first trip and less than three years after the Alan Henn incident. He was not to use the machine again for nearly twelve years. The day after his return, he embarked on a two-year tour around the world with cheerful, even ambitious resignation.

III. The Last Trip

May 1, 2052: fifty-three year old Harvey Kotouc was exhausted after nearly an hour of disarming

weapons and opening locks designed to insure that no one else would ever enter this old warehouse outside the City of Los Angeles. Once inside he tried to step lightly to avoid raising billows of dust that could send him into a fit of coughing. He switched on the few, old-fashioned electric lights and saw that nothing had changed; his favorite chair sat in the middle of the floor looking as ineffective as always.

Harvey was about to do some time traveling, perhaps a great deal of time traveling. He was resolved to use the power of *Kotouc No. 1024* without regard for the dangers of moving through time, until his problem was solved.

As he dusted his chair and sat down, the past dozen years since he had come here and traveled suddenly seemed to have passed with unnatural quickness. They had not seemed that way very often. Actually, they were long and luxurious years of the genuine sorrow and happiness that came with the sheer desire for living, which the discovery and abandonment of time travel had awakened in Harvey halfway through life.

He never came to worship money or power, so his money and power brought him much joy. He did normal rich things. His tour of the world lasted a fourth year before he returned home. Harvey dabbled in high society and the arts, and he gave away much money. He had two extended love affairs with women much younger than himself. They brought him his happiest moments, but he ended both relationships for their sakes. He bitterly begrudged

the thirty-eight years he had wasted of this life he loved more every day.

Then mortality brushed that precious life. His brother Bob died of a heart attack. He attended the funeral and saw Randy, Beatrice and Olive face to face for the first time in almost twenty years. He also saw his emaciated eighty-two year old mother. Harvey had developed slowly in nearly every aspect of his life, and whenever he would catch up to his age, the new experience would strike him harder than it would the ordinary person. Now he was simply feeling the normal fears of old age, infirmity, and death, and he saw horrible images of his own death and demise in every newspaper or face he glanced at.

Yet as the terrible thought of death grew in him, so also grew the idea, the hope, that he—the time traveler—might use his unique power to escape from death.

Though the most primitive of passions were driving him to act immediately, he attacked the problem with incredibly clear, cold reason. He sat in *Kotouc No. 1024* and willed himself ten years into the future, never pausing to worry if the machine was still intact or if he might be out of practice. He had stayed in the

down, and think of the past. As Rill pointed out to Harvey countless eons later (or fifteen years later, depending on your point of view), Harvey was to learn very little about his invention beyond that first simple guess.

He thought about the past quite a while without result. He thought of important moments in his life. As his concentration waned, he momentarily remembered how much he had wished he had seen the first football game Bob had ever played because his brother had come off the bench to run for two touchdowns and pass for a third. Harvey had been too young to risk a bad cold at a nighttime game. In the moment of that thought, he found himself and his chair in the backyard of his old home. He saw the family car just pulling out of the driveway with two adults and three children. His machine was in the dark, so he took a chance. He walked the three miles to the stadium, watched the game, took a taxi home, got in the chair and returned to 2037. He could move through time at will.

II. The Abandonment of Time Travel

The first three months after the great discovery were devoted almost entirely to the pure fun of time travel, but there were a few moments of practicality. He found, for instance, that his success with the chair depended partially on his mental state—he had to concentrate and visualize clearly for the best results—and partially on a small amount of electricity. The latter fact was learned the hard way. The little current trapped in the chair when it would “vanish” instantaneously was apparently enough for only a second jump. One day Harvey decided to stop twice in the past before returning home, and he screamed when his chair refused to make the third consecutive effort. Very fortunately, his first act of desperation was to steal an automobile battery. He made it home. Never again did he leave the present without a fully charged electrical power pack.

He also discovered the first practical use for his new ability: obtaining money. The past six weeks had been spent building the chair, then being depressed and then coping with an unexpected time machine. Business was at a standstill and Harvey was beginning to feel the pinch. But it was the outrageous suggestion by Alex that he sell *Kotouc No. 1024* to settle his debts that spurred him sufficiently to make him consider travel into the future. He had not tried it, but it did not prove difficult. Noting the problem of arriving at a specific moment since he had virtually no knowledge by which to visualize his target, he jumped three weeks ahead of the present. He simply picked up a newspaper and returned home with the scores of some important basketball games yet to be played. It took two weeks of small-time gambling and winning for him to make contacts with the world of

big league betting; the third week he cleaned up. He would never work again, or so he thought.

Of the more than one hundred trips he made during these three months, most were just for fun. Indeed, they were quickly leading Harvey to the addiction that was to torture him when he would decide to give up time travel completely.

Harvey Kotouc went back again and again to watch the unfolding life of Harvey Kotouc. He knew it was neurotic, but his passion increased. Many years later Harvey would dismiss the weakness for self-history as being but another consequence of his narrow and unimaginative personality that could do nothing more inspirational with a staggering new power and freedom than try to return for faded tastes of the good old days.

But perhaps Harvey's self-criticism is unfair and, for once, incorrect. No other man has had or will ever have that opportunity of literally escaping into his own past, and so it cannot be known whether Harvey reacted better or worse than other men might have in the same situation. It is possible that the opportunity to relive one's life vicariously would tempt anyone to try to justify and love himself, or, as philosophers might describe it, to know and understand himself.

At any rate, within a relatively brief time Harvey valued his access to the past more than anything he had known in his life. It is evidence that he was never basically a selfish man that Harvey struggled and succeeded in giving up his treasure after the Alan Henn incident.

Even during the first month of exploration, the natural urge for a confidant with whom he could share his secret began to grow in Harvey. At the end of three months, he could no longer contain himself; he was not a secretive person. Chance had it that Alan came to call on Harvey at the very moment he was returning from the future with some preview newspapers. He tried to tell the younger man everything at once and finally had to demonstrate a trip when no other proof would suffice.

Harvey and Alan spent more than two weeks speculating on the possible applications and implications of the machine and making plans for their career in time travel. Thus far Harvey had not felt brave enough to risk letting Alan make a trip, but he kept promising that it was only a matter of days. Harvey would run “errands” for his young friend, usually investigating past events of the most trivial nature. And they talked.

“Try this one Harv. What happens to you if you go back in time and kill your mother before you were born? Would there be a Harvey Kotouc? If not, who killed poor Mrs. Kotouc?”

“Have you got the answer, Alan?”

“Hell, no. It hurts my head just to think about it.

comfortable as ever. He slept five hours and then five hours more.

He began to panic almost before he opened his eyes, sensing how late it was and realizing he was still alone. His mind was afire. He felt betrayed and running out of time. Had that dying self seven years in the future deteriorated so far as to lie to him for its own fatalistic reasons? No other self was going to arrive on May 2. How long did he have before the disease caught him?

He ceased pacing the floor and returned to the chair to sit tensely. His next action was taking shape in his mind. He reasoned that the powers of his will and mind were greater than they had ever been before: he was spurred by the desire to survive and the crushing knowledge that his former self had failed in the attempt he was about to make. Therefore, he would make one jump as far as he could go into the future with no idea of a target. He knew delay and hesitation were the greatest enemies. His mind leapt and reached for the future, and it was done.

He was outdoors and it seemed to be night again. The freezing cold stunned him and took his breath away. He stood to walk down from the small hill where the chair had arrived, but the movement made him dizzy and he knew he was fainting from exhaustion at his super effort of moments ago. Before everything went dark, he looked up at what he had thought was the pale moon in a night sky and saw that it was not the moon. Hours later he opened his eyes to see a hand offering him a pill. Harvey glanced

around to find himself in a conventional bed in an otherwise bare room. The man to whom the hand belonged looked friendly and Harvey took the pill. The man told him with gestures to stay still for a minute while the pill took effect. In less than sixty seconds, Harvey began to "hear" what he could not call anything other than "sounds" spontaneously occurring in his head, though at the same time he knew that neither he nor his companion were creating any physical sounds. The sounds became words. The words were intelligible.

"Yes, Harvey. Man has become telepathic with the aid of that little pill you have just sampled. Pardon my brusqueness, but I have read your thoughts while you slept and know why you are here. First tell me the secret of time travel, and then I, no . . . Mankind will be at your service. You may visit us for a month and no longer. My name is Rill. And now please begin the story of your discovery. We who live under the dying light of the old sun are the last generation of mankind, and we are prepared to meet the end. But your arrival . . . there may be hope."

That message burst into Harvey's mind in no more than the time of two heartbeats; he sat a little numbed for a minute while his mind digested the input and slowed it to his rate of perception. In the days to follow his amazement would not diminish but would grow as he came to have an inkling of the advancement of mental powers to be found in this species of man—the final product of the forces of evolution. These human beings seemed to live interior



lives of far greater compression and speed than Harvey could imagine. Since communication had finally become the almost literal union of two minds, mere facts were transferred instantaneously, and the larger portion of actual time was devoted to both minds sensing and understanding the subtlest nuances of the other's thoughts and feelings about the subject of their "conversation."

For the next month Harvey might almost as well have been deaf and dumb. The slow, coarse habits of his brain made him an outsider, regardless of the kindnesses extended him by everyone he met. After the first week he altogether gave up trying to be actively involved in any of this dying world's affairs; he was a little upset that he could make no sense at all of their reactions to, opinions of, understanding of, or plans for his time machine. When he finally sensed the air of emergency and fear that pervaded the most ordinary of their daily activity, he felt like a child who knows that adults will tolerate his intrusion but also knows that other matters lay heavily on their thoughts—other matters beyond his ken.

And so Harvey spent much of his remaining three weeks being introduced to the broadest sweeps of mankind's history by a teaching thought machine whose speed of transference was greatly reduced for his benefit. He found himself incapable of grasping the magnitude of the expanses of time with which the history dealt, as well as unable to retain more than the broadest, simplest themes of Man's history.

For over half of his total duration, man labored under the illusion that he was to live in the light of any sun other than Sol. The million other worlds of the universe were permanently closed to Man, and all other adventuresome species of beings as well. To the bitter chagrin of the many who never lost hope that a miracle would save them, Einstein's law that nothing will ever travel faster than light proved as dependable as the law of gravity. One way journeys of fifty to a hundred years were bitter pills for would be pioneers to swallow, but worse—thousands of thousands of years of exploration did not discover the first new world to which man could biologically adjust his tender organism. There was no place but home.

Man had always treated his home as though it were condemned and he was moving the next day. But now he knew he would never plow any new fields. With his expanding, centrifugal motion ended at last, man was lost and civilization waned.

But nature was to offer another frontier to man as compensation for the one lost. Telepathy was discovered. Science made it available to all men. Civilization had to begin again as every human relationship was fundamentally reconstituted. But once the change was absorbed, there was no question but that mankind had found a sanity of cooperation

and brotherly concern that great individuals of the past had only dreamed of. The following crises and challenges that were met and overcome by telepathic Man were of social and philosophical dimensions far surpassing the understanding of Harvey Kotouc. Except the final crisis: the End of Man. He understood it. But this noble race had risen to the threat of ultimate extinction and bettered it with their communal courage and undaunted love of life. Harvey was to eventually forget nearly everything that he had learned in the world with the ghost of a sun, except his many walks alone when he would brave the eternal cold to simply watch the men, women and children at their work and play. He never saw a single expression of fear or despair. He felt very proud for them. He also felt lonely.

Rill bade him farewell. "Harvey Kotouc, we would be happy to have you live among us and to possibly enlighten you, but you have another home, and every ounce of food or energy is precious to us in these final years. We hope you have gained something from us, because we are powerless to give you the gift you desire. The use of your mind for time travel without even the chemical aid that we have for telepathy has permanently damaged your brain. The condition will gradually worsen; your life expectancy has been lengthened to almost eight years by the treatment given you by our physicians every night while you slept. I am sorry for you. But Man has never found the secret of immortality.

"On the other hand, chance may have it that we will be ultimately grateful for the chance that brought you to us. The efforts of millions are now considering the possibilities of mass time travel, while others are excited over a fact which seems to have always escaped your attention: the fact that you travel instantaneously through space as well as through time. All is uncertainty, but our hope will not die before we have vanished."

Harvey Kotouc returned to May 2, 2052, in time to hear the first stroke of midnight. For a year he ostensibly returned to his former life of creating bad art—with the thrill of attaching a piece of *Kotouc No. 1024* to each new creation that left his work shop. But most of his time was spent reading and earning a teaching certificate from a correspondence school. He taught in an elementary school for five years until his declining health forced his retirement. He would sit in moonlight wondering if a world he had visited was now a graveyard or deserted by people whose spirit had led them to another world or another time. As he lay in a hospital bed, a month away from death from an unknown brain illness, he had a nightmare wherein he was visited by a twisted, pitiable imitation of himself with a shrill voice. Harvey Kotouc died in the fall of 2059.



The Egg

Behind broken and open Harlem doors
Empty children force empty hands
Vainly into the empty stores.
Behind open and broken icebox doors
Cry the children. They cry for more.

When in an instant, up in a scuffle
Two of the children holler in pain.
Whirling a broom, up pops the third
'Till bopping, sobbing and choking are heard.
Over and under and over again,
Suddenly crack! All stops.

A full

Minute of silence before they fall
Back crying. And there cracked on the floor,
The single egg they are fighting for.

Out of the egg comes a yellow liquid.
And out of the liquid a golden gas.
It clears to the smell of buttery bread,
Steaks and peaches to end the fast.
Candy and ice cream and when they are fed,
The children laugh. They laugh at last.

by Steve Harvey

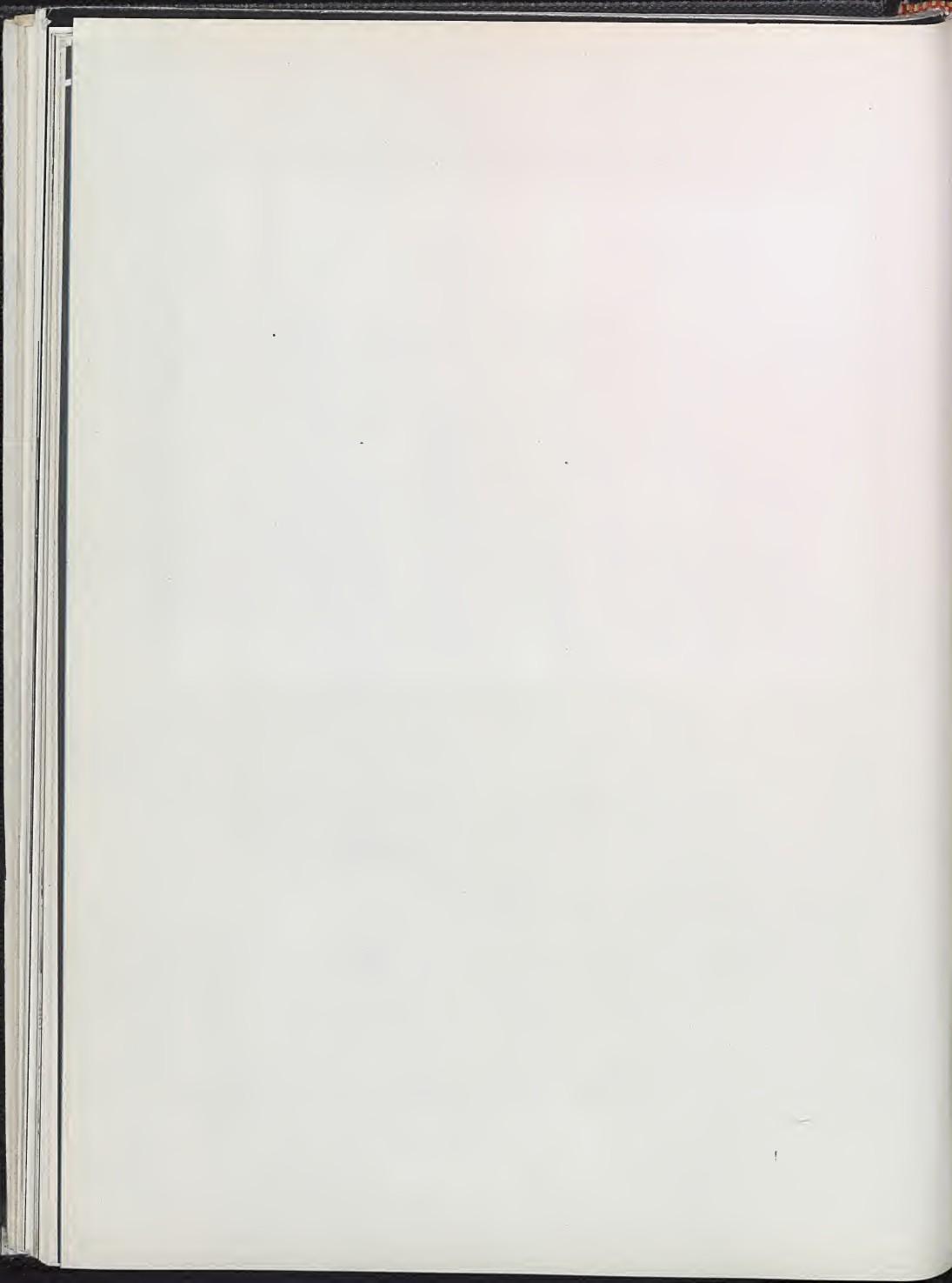


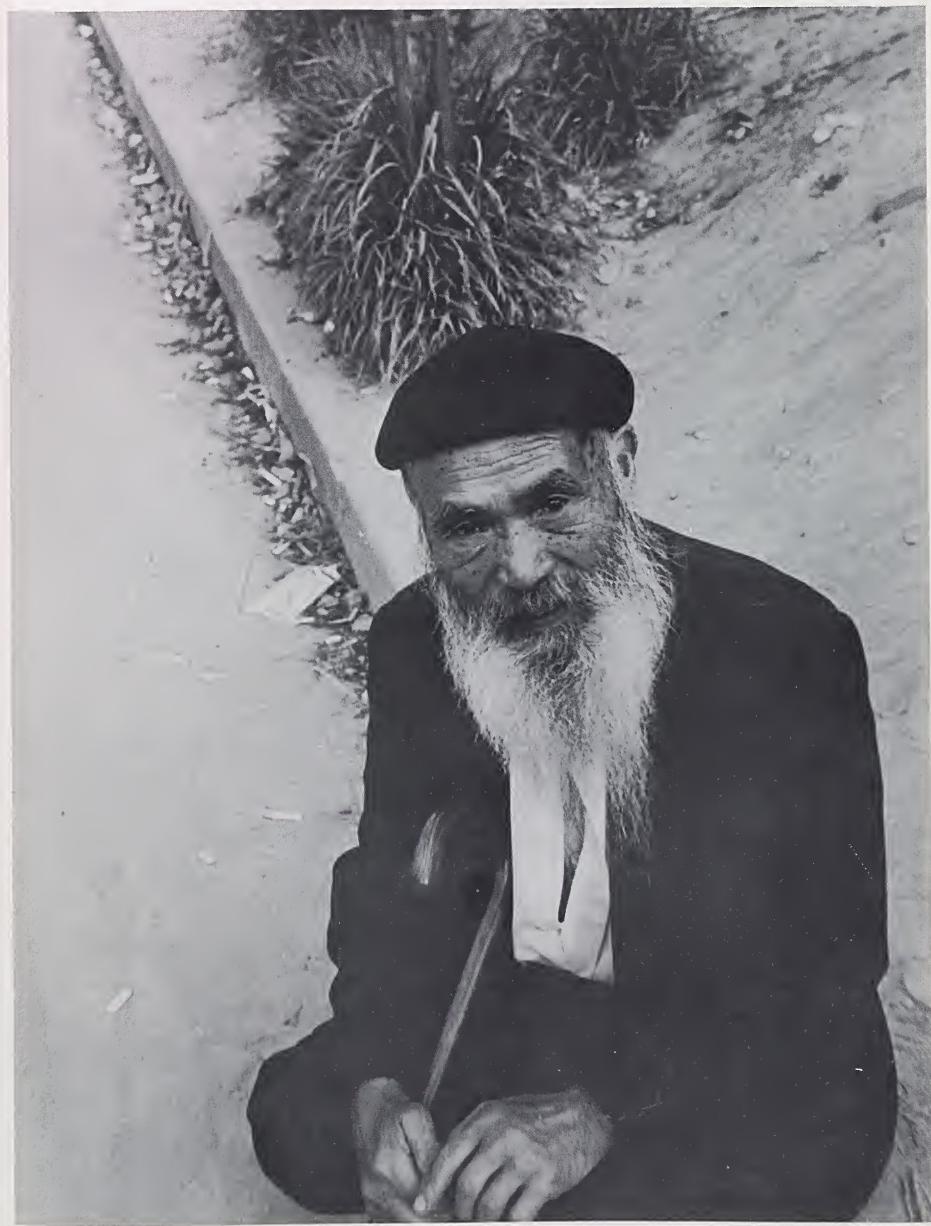






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In the back of this issue is a small tribute to an old friend of many--Science Fiction. The best lesson that tales of time and space can ever teach is that human life is interaction with the Future. In the process of liberation from the tyrannical Past, youth and the older generation have oddly given up their future as well. A temporal isolationism.

Some say it is the confusion and bewilderment of future shock that paralyzes the will in this time of radically swift change. To the contrary, the events of this century have brought the knowledge shared by only the few in past times of "stability," knowledge that change is the nature of man's existence. Man has finally made the world in his image and thereby discovered himself.

Fear is our response thus far. We know that to tamper with the future is to court shameful comedy or crushing tragedy. How rare the young person is today who knows what he wishes for himself and the world twenty years from now. How long will the future allow us to hesitate, like Hamlet, from choosing and acting our futures?

New Passage to India

The unknown and the unexpected. Wake Forest students often complain of the last of the exotic, the different, the challenging to be found on their safe, contained campus. But those who arrived for a semester in India last fall admit that they had no inkling, no warning how different other human beings and their country might be. They thought they almost knew what poverty was until they walked the streets of Bombay. They thought they had known beauty until they wept before the Taj Majal.

By Tom Phillips and Steve Baker



Photos by Jaya Gokhale



The Program

What better way to study India? Four months in the country itself. This ambitious dream for Wake Forest University became a reality last fall as twenty-three students and their teacher lived a semester in Poona, India, and then toured the nation for a month.

The program was designed and inaugurated by Dr. Gokhale of the Asian Studies Department of the University. It was open to students of any major or year. They were required to carry a full course load in classes held at Fergusson University.

Their trip from New York included pleasant days in London and Rome. They arrived in Bombay and proceeded immediately for Poona. In December they began a grand tour of the highpoints of Indian culture and civilization. There were opportunities for the students to go places on their own in groups of any size. The students payed for expenses.

The twenty-four participants in the Asian Studies course in India included: Nancy Andrews, Betty Couch, Charles Crissman, John Davis, Mike Davis, Eddie Dedmon, Jim Deaver, Betsy Dwiggins, Jim Fitch, Robert Fulton, Maya Gokhale, Richard Gregory, Winna Hofstetter, Judy Johnson, Sandy Lowder, Linda McArthur, Mike Phelan, Laurie Randolph, Scott Slaybecker, Charmelle Staples, Charles Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Balkrishna Gokhale and Jaya Gokhale

Shock and Little America

Culture shock was instantaneous for most members of the Wake Forest group; some were in tears within minutes of entering the city of Bombay, where their plane landed. No member of the group wholly escaped the many oppressively negative reactions of those first days, weeks and even months. Terrific homesickness set in long before any had expected it, and the four months ahead looked to be unbearable. Depression and crying would strike often, and many of the group emerged from the privacy and security of their rooms for little more than classes and meals.

What was "cultural shock" besides a cliche? Uppermost for the entire group was the smell and the poverty that seemed to follow them everywhere. The organic waste of men and animals was visible everywhere they turned; they saw dung patties drying in the sun to become bricks to build huts and to replace wood and coal in the peasants' fires.

The psychological shock of the human condition in India affected them as much as physical complaints. No one had begun to imagine poverty in its true degrees of malnutrition, disease, sheer numbers, and hopelessness. These major distresses came on top of the typical feelings of their own material deprivation, loneliness, and social bewilderment that afflict any American abroad. They realized, for instance, just how important mere eating could be and could become bitter about the food they were not adjusted to.

Naturally, they formed their own Little America in the midst of their new hostile and uncivilized world. They cultivated each other's company almost exclusively. Some were addicted to local American movies while all spent hours at the Burmah-Shell gas station where they could get the elixir of life—Coca Cola.

Neither the culture shock nor Little America ever completely faded during the stay in India. When, at last, kids were seeking encounters with the peasants and making weekend pleasure trips to Bombay, they were never really used to the problems of India, could never find them entirely natural. But during those first trying weeks, not a member of the group would have imagined that six months later the majority of the students would profess hopes and plans of returning to India some day.





A Fly in My Soup

"There's a fly in my soup!" A sense of humor was the single most valuable asset for the Wake students in India in coping with their new daily life. They found that they needed a tremendous supply of smiles and laughter to soften the effects of the sometimes shocking, always alien culture of India and to ease the tension of cramped living with twenty other students and a professor.

The experience in group living was nearly as profound for most of the students as their "foreign" discoveries. Many likened their life in Poona to "a continuous encounter group." Not surprisingly, there were fallings out, arguments, cliques, and so forth, but when the farewells began as the group started to break up in New York, they discovered just how attached they had become to one another.

The normal day started early since everyone had classes from eight until noon. There was a pretty good walk across the river to Fergusson University, where the classes were held. Until noon it was Indian history, Indian art and literature, Indian political science, sociology and economics, Indian themes in history, and Marathi, the language of Poona's district. From noon until four is siesta time in India; the heat puts a stop to almost all work and play. Our Americans would either stay inside or head down for the Burmah-Shell gas station for Coca-Colas.

"Home" in Poona was a three-story apartment building. Several of the apartments were converted entirely into bedroom space and a separate apartment served as the kitchen and large dining hall for everyone. A few of the more competitive students (maybe just hungrier) would enter the battleground long before mealtime in order to obtain better position for when the meat was passed around. The Indian home cooking took some getting used to, and even later many of the students preferred eating out at every opportunity. Even the thinnest merukers of the group returned to the U.S. several pounds lighter. Sometimes when the wind died, the dining room floor and table would be literally black with flies.

Napping, eating and studying consumed the siesta afternoon and evenings after supper, broken more and more frequently by jaunts into Poona in search of amusement and experience. And, of course, mail delivery was the dependably prestigious moment of hope, disappointment or ecstasy.

All of WFU adventurers mentioned that their's was a group of great diversity of personality and temperament. They all found it "interesting" to live with a professor who, obviously, was always aware who was studying and who might be doing something else. In the end, some felt that the group approach was a fine way to enter a foreign territory while some vowed, "Never again."



CASH AND CARRY HARRY

Harry was your average, everyday black African con man with a big grin and a penchant for money. Harry was the area's representative of the Black Market and might be best described as Poona's local crook. He regularly occasioned the WFU flat and became friends with some of the students. Or did he? Why did Harry approach a girl student who was trying to sell an old hair dryer? What part was played by a certain "Miss Vicky" who ran the Chinese Beauty Salon? Why did a Wake Forest coed far from home invent a family tree which included black Africans? And finally, what were the later rumors of dissatisfaction that found their way back to the group?

These and other questions are answered in the following bizarre tale of international intrigue. One of the WF girls had dragged an aging hair dryer thousands of miles to Poona, India, apparently for no reason-it needed an electrical adapter and the dependably 90° afternoons made it unnecessary. African Harry offered to help get rid of it; he knew an interested party named Vicky, who might pay well. Harry's charm sold both females on the idea, but Vicky demanded to meet her American counterpart before making payment. The rendezvous occurred at the Chinese Beauty Parlor; it turned out to be a very embarrassing confrontation. It seems black Harry had told Vicky that the young American girl was his sister. A little imagination on the part of our heroine saved the day with a rather puzzling family tree.

However, it was not long before the WF party was to leave Poona that rumor reached them of Miss Vicky's dissatisfaction with her purchase and her desire to get her money back. Cash and Carry Harry offered one last bit of advice to his client: "Don't come back here no more!" And she didn't.

The Blue Diamond Hotel Incident

Swanky was the only word for the Blue Diamond Hotel. The towering edifice, near the WF flat, was described by one student as "classier than an American Hilton and more expensive". In a gesture of friendship, the hotel offered to rent their pool to the students at night for 30 rupees a month (\$2.40). The first few nights were somewhat spoiled by the fungi and algae that clung to everything--pool, swimsuit, and swimmer. Once this problem had lessened, nightly dips became habitual. The boys, when alone, would often skinny-dip. The girls normally went in jeans or suits--perhaps passe in America but rare in India.

So "rare" were these public shows that the firm rescinded its invitation after the first month, on the grounds of indecent exposure. Needless to say, it did little to help the group's reputation in Poona. In addition, later rumors spread through the neighborhood declaring the flat to be a brothel because of the shorts worn by the girls.



Nouveau Riche, Students, Peasants

The Americans found themselves having to respond differently to the various groups that make up Indian culture. The challenge for our travelers was knowing when and how to act when confronted with members of one social group or another. One guest from the upper class of Poona might require a certain approach and understanding while a poor farmer might necessitate an entirely different response.

One segment of urban Poona that the students were quick to assess was the "nouveau riche," the non-westerners of India. These sycophants, as our entourage soon took them to be, would make the habit of calling at the flat simply to ask favors. After a few minutes of seemingly sincere interest in the group and its plans, they would abruptly ask such questions as: "Could you get me into such-and-such an American school?" or "I have some friends in the states whom I simply must reach." It could readily be seen that these mis-placed opportunists had succeed in capturing more than some of the "advances" of the Western world.

Another human situation that alternately fascinated and discouraged the Wake students was relations with the student population at Fergusson University, the Americans' school away from school". The Indian student approached life and his own Westernization from an intirely different stance from that of the urban class ascendants mentioned above. They were skeptical of American ways and localized this skepticism in the group. This uneasiness between

the two created stereo types and false generalizations that were to last the duration of the semester. To Indians the Americans were shallow and imperialistic; to Americans the Indians were aloof and meek to an extreme degree. Though most of the Americans either tried hopelessly or gave up all together, some students occasionally had meaningful dialogues with the Indian students. They were lucky.

An interesting sidelight for many of the students was the many Europeans who lived in or near the cities. These young free-seekers would work diligently for several years in their native countries, save a sum of money, then come to India and live off their savings. To the Americans, they seemed sincere, happy, and nice to be with. As one student expressed: "Most had long hair and smoked a lot of dope and just lived freely. They accepted you for what you were, which was a nice contrast to a lot of the people that we had met in Poona. I'd like to do it myself some day."

The nature of the traditionally reserved Indian life-style precluded many immediate avenues of understanding. It took time and consideration on the foreigner's part before a native Indian could accept him. Whether meeting the poor in the rural areas or conversing with a city friend great demands were placed on the individual student to take the initiative in learning and understanding the Indian's way of life. Some responded and reaped the rewards of a moving personal encounter with the real India: its people.



The Grand Tour

From Poona the group flew south to Madras on the Bay of Bengal. There they were struck by the singular beauty of the godlike Shore Temples, ancient monuments of which only one of the original seven remain. The sunsets on the Bay were extremely dramatic.

From Madras, the group flew to the international city of Calcutta, land of trade winds and sailors and many great old legends. Checking into a newly renovated hotel with red toilets, the students sensed the spirit of cultural difference when their breakfast was brought to their room at 10:30 in the evening. Needless to say the coffee was rather cold by morning. They were impressed by the hordes of people, and by the stories told of the Naxalites, nighttime vigilantes, trained in China, who killed people and burned buses. They had to get up at 4:30 to catch their next plane.

Calcutta was followed by a flight to Katmondu, Nepal, which turned out to be the favorite spot for everyone. The Golden Monkey Temple, a huge wide-eyed statue on which live thousands of monkeys, old men in old cloaks with long grey beards, the Nepalese children frolicking in the streets. Nepal was a wondrous sight. The countryside was fantastic. The people continually smoked hasish; many thought that habit to be the source of relatively happier populace than any they had encountered thus far.

The next stop of the journey was Benares, the holy city by the Ganges. An early morning boat ride on the river gave the group a peek into the sacred ways of the Hindu people. Thousands could be seen practicing yoga, or bathing their bodies in these hallowed waters, or washing near shore, or preparing a deceased relative for the supreme religious experience of cremation on the funeral pyres located on the shoreline.

This most revered city in all India is the site of Buddlia's first sermon. It is full of Buddhist monasteries, temples and shrines. It was on to Khajuraho, home of the 2,000 year old Erotic Sculpture. These fascinating sculptures, presenting sensuality and eroticism in their most aesthetic forms, have lured art lovers from all over the world. The students found these works beautifully moving and symbolic.

The single most moving sight to capture the eyes and hearts of the students was in Agra. The building: the Taj Mahal. Certainly much has been written, photographed and said about this landmark, but for the WF entourage, the magnificence was neither expected nor manageable. Some simple cried; others felt as though they had suddenly come home. All felt a joy and awe at this world symbol of Indian culture and religion at its highest. Visiting at night, several members of the group learned of the inner chamber's 52 second echo, and experimented for hours. In ancient times the Emperor Shahjahan was thrown into a prison-fort by his power-seeking son, Aurangzeb. The all had only a tiny crack to let in light, but the father used the light and a mirror to get an image of the Taj across the river and claimed that it kept him alive.

After Agra, it was onto Jaipur, where the group stayed at the summer home of a Maharaja and did a lot of personal exploring.

Of particular interest was the Pink City, an old town whose buildings were made of pink sandstone. The next destination, New Delhi was some 300 miles of desert away, and a sudden air strike made it necessary for the group to travel by car. The drivers were quite reckless, and the heat was miserable.

New Delhi is a Western city, a place of Conventions and zoos and fine hotels, all minutes away from the hardness and squalor of slums. The students experienced both aspects of the city. They saw and heard the famous "singing" monkey and the white tiger of the city zoo, got in some last minute shopping (the prices being the best of any India city), and even observed an International Yogi Convention.

The group then returned to Bombay, where three days of sightseeing went quickly by. On the eve of a 25-hour plane ride back to the States, the members of the group found that everything had gone by all too quickly. Kennedy International became the place of awkward and emotional farewells. Each individual was forced to accept the end of what had intangibly and inexpressibly been a deep experience.





The Poor

In America there is poverty. In India there is poverty and there is proverty. Millions of people live in sensational squalor and yet can rightfully think themselves well-off in comparison with millions more of their countrymen. The big difference is between the rural poor and the urban poor. It is the difference between sleeping in a very small hut made of dried dung patties and sleeping in a sewer condint. In country as well as city many sleep on roadsides or on sidewalks, but in the cities the poor can often make walking down a sidewalk almost impossible, and the early morning rounds of the death carts are grim reminders that Untouchables also die where they have lived their lives-in gutters.

The tangible superiority of the rural poor is their greater likelihood of subsistence in remaining close to the land and its agrarian pursuits. But you can go for days without seeing a fat person in India, and the descending ranks of those in poverty are marked by worsening manifestations of malnutrition. Disease and the infirmity of old age, both so hidden in America even with the poor, have no place to hide in India; those who sleep in streets have no privacy and can never cease from the daily struggle for food.

At best, these descriptions may offend American minds, but the minds of those men and women who live the lives as India's beggars, whores, thieves, and outcasts are irrevocably bent and broken by despair and the lack of remotest hope.





Children

"The children were everywhere. Their faces, hollow and pale, still bespoke a certain joy, a strange wonder, as if life was to them something new and precious. Perhaps they knew that the gift of life was something that over half their brothers and sisters did not share for more than five years. Perhaps it went without saying that life was the only joy that they had. No matter how hard or cruel that existence was, they sensed the gentle fortune that had given them a place among the squalor. A look into those faces said that, whatever the hopes and fears and desperations and frustrations that were to be theirs, they would now be ours as well."

Lemonade Lady

The old lady, dressed in ragged garb, came out of her tiny dung hut and waved her hand in a begging motion; three girls and a boy from the Wake Forest group cautiously entered her house. The old woman, frail and withered like so many of her people, spoke a few quiet words, and then began to pour some lemonade. The students were moved.

The encounter occurred the day a nomadic tribe of goatsmen, in transience from one grazing area to another, crossed over the bridge near the WF flat. The four students rented two rickshaws and sped to the scene to quietly watch the lonely faces of a people without a home. Wandering back up the road, they passed through a row of low, shack-like structures made of the dung of animals, huts which were no wider or taller than five feet. It was then that they received the unexpected invitation. When the woman had led them in, and poured from the rarely filled jar, a non-verbal communication was felt, a feeling of accomplished joy. The students thanked the lady and hurried back to the flat, eager to tell the others and yet strangely somber. It was moments like these that gave the students hope of bridging the many great gaps that lay between them and the poor in India.



A SONG



her fifteenth year
you watch her and you want her
 like a man wants virgin land
bright as mountain water,
 a goldstream gone unpanned.

and her eyes as quick as silver
and her body that flexes and swells
 into warm shapes of beauty.
Beauty rests where she is unbetrayed.
 and your sickening need
like feverish Hunter Stalks

doe.

and her bright skin reaches out in faith
 and trusting with her eyes,
unknowing to the sound or taste
 or touch or twang of lies.
So you pin her to her future
 with the power in your hands
and scatter Trust like ashes
 and Faith like powdered sand.

Like the shooting of a trembling doe
 you left in the woods.
Like the falling of a bleeding doe.
 What you wanted's dead.

By Neil Caudle

ONCE

The isolated sound of a mechanical minute maker,
The soft, mellow sweetness of the symphony,
The peal of a bell somewhere in the distance,
And the lingering thought of you . . .

When was it two hearts grew in ecstatic romance,
And lingered as on some far removed pinnacles of delight,
Reveling in what they knew was
And could never not be . . .

When was it two souls entwined,
And formed a link to withstand
All the trials of tumult, all the terrors of tempests.
A link meant, meant to endure eternal . . .

When was it that my eyes last met yours,
And the passions therein burned in one
Flagrant, flurid flame. And like those passions
We entwined Raptures rolled round and through our beings.

Then were we one.

When, when, when and again and again
The biting words resound, soft, but lucid.
"Yesterday, yesterday, when times were different,
Love did flow, and she was yours, sometime once, once ago."

By Franklin B. Roberts

SHADOWED TEARS

By Randy Brown

In the mist I see—sadly, through the trees,
From the light of a streetlamp—a boy, a man
Leaning forward—head outstretched on a shadowy
Forearm—a man, a boy cries.
Stifled and pitiful he cries and shakes.
Saddened and sorrowful I watched;
I had cried such tears too often to imagine
An ease, a comfort by companionship—
Sharing in misery is the last of wants
To men lonely in love and sorrow.
His, as mine, is separate, distant,
As is the love he must have felt
That is gone from a part of him
But not from his soul.
He knows, as I, the cause for the love's loss,
For his love, as mine, knew not a sharing of sorrow.
And that is why, though I stand here and
Watch and know and understand . . .
That is why he cries alone. As I stand here
And cry along—He cries
Alone, shadowed tears.

The Wisdom of the Wake Forest Faculty

As remembered by Stancil Campbell

As undergraduate and graduate student, Stancil Campbell has done his best through half a decade at Wake Forest to preserve the pearls of wisdom that his teachers have cast his way. Presented here is but a sample of hundreds of faithfully recorded Truths. Dr. David Hills has graciously consented to try to render in graphics the sparks of genius of his colleagues.

"Theologians are like manure; If you spread them out they do good, but if you lump them together they just stink." - a religion professor, 4/8/68

"He walks with me, he talks with me, he tickles me on the chin." - a religion professor, 11/4/68

(in reference to Frank Lloyd Wright) "... Mr. Wright said frankly." - an art professor, 4/24/68

"Be human first and religious next." - a religion professor, 1/12/67

"If you're a homosexual, don't give it up because of me." - a sociology professor, 2/6/67

"Harlem I.Q. is higher than the average I.Q. of all the people of Virginia." - a sociology professor, 4/6/67

"My first knowledge of homosexuals was on a ferry boat." - a sociology professor, 4/28/67

"There's nobody like Orson Welles other than Arthur Godfrey." - a sociology professor, 12/12/68

"We can't blame Aristotle for not talking about *Death of a Salesman*." - a philosophy professor, 1/17/69



"The University has a policy that there will be class. Therefore, there will be class. However, I'll not be here." - a religion professor, 11/25/68

"If you know what man did in the bathroom, bedroom, and toilet, you'd know man." - a religion professor, 11/1/67

"Worry is like a rocking chair; It gives you something to do but doesn't get you anywhere." - a chemistry professor, Fall, 65

"Romantic love is sexually based; if you don't know it, you ought to learn it." - a sociology professor, 2/22/67

"You're not born a homosexual and you usually don't become one due to an automobile accident." - a sociology professor, 4/24/67

"People don't peck like chickens." - a sociology professor, 12/28/67

"Cliche's are a dime a dozen." - a speech professor, 9/26/68

"Lots of kids love big fat mamas." - 2/21/67

"Rape is more of a compliment than an offense." - an English professor, 1/4/67

"Curb the mind" - quoted from Horace, 2/29/68

(In reference to his crucifixion) "I think Jesus was terribly disappointed." - a religion professor, 10/26/68

"Semi-partially circular devices." - an art professor, 4/10/68

"Simon and Garfunkel was the greatest religious worship service ever at Wait Chapel. The only possible greater one would be the sacrifice of all the first automobiles of Wake Forest kids to the alter of Wait Chapel." - a religion professor, 11/7/67

"It's much nicer to talk about ingrown toenails than to talk about syphilis." - a sociology professor, 2/3/67

"A critic is one who can tell what he sees." - an english professor, 11/30/66



"There's some jobs men can't handle—like modeling brassieres" - a sociology professor, 4/10/67

"The Roman Theatre, from it's conception, began a long period of decay." - a theater professor, 10/15/68

"The problem of D.H. Lawrence is that sex should be fun, and he tried to make it a religion." - a religion professor, 4/19/68

"And Wallace delivered up Humphrey to the people but they cried out for Nixon. I thought Nixon was dead eight years ago." - a religion professor, 11/4/68

"He that falls in love with himself has no rivals." - a speech professor, Spring, 1966



"Was Gulliver swift?" - an english professor, 12/9/66



"Some people add six and six and get Adolf Hitler and others add them and get Lyndon Johnson." a religion professor, 1/12/69

"Some psychotics become checker champions." - a sociology professor, 10/26/67

"When you had the map test, I meant to bring crayons to color them, but I forgot." - a religion professor, 12/2/68

"Sex is very common." - a sociology professor, 1/13/68

"Happiness is a pig pen with mud, food, and sex." - a religion professor, 9/25/67

"When people sleep together they tend to form emotional relations." - a sociology professor, 11/4/67

"Jesus was against prayers at football games." - a religion professor, 4/26/68

"There's no way to keep men and women apart, especially if they're living in a cave, and there's not too many others around." - a sociology professor, 9/23/70

"Scribes, the super pharisees." - a religion professor, 5/13/68

"Formal balance gets a little out of hand on this campus." - a theatre professor, 10/22/68

"Jackson Pollock's method is to pour, splash, throw, and drip." - an art professor, 5/8/68

"Dear God, if there is a God." - a religion professor, 1/12/68

"90% of criminals are Christians." - a sociology professor, 2/6/67

"If we stamped out art, we'd have pretty dull magazines." - a sociology professor, 3/15/67

"Speech is fun." - a speech professor, 1965

"William Gropper was born on the New York East Side; so were a lot of other people." - and art professor, 5/15/68

"English are sensible although they smell bad." - a sociology professor, 9/26/67

"Don't stack babies." - a sociology professor, 10/10/67

"Sociology is naturalistic determinism." - a theater professor, 12/7/67

"Next time you make love try to put a vase between you and your lover." - a religion professor, 9/20/67

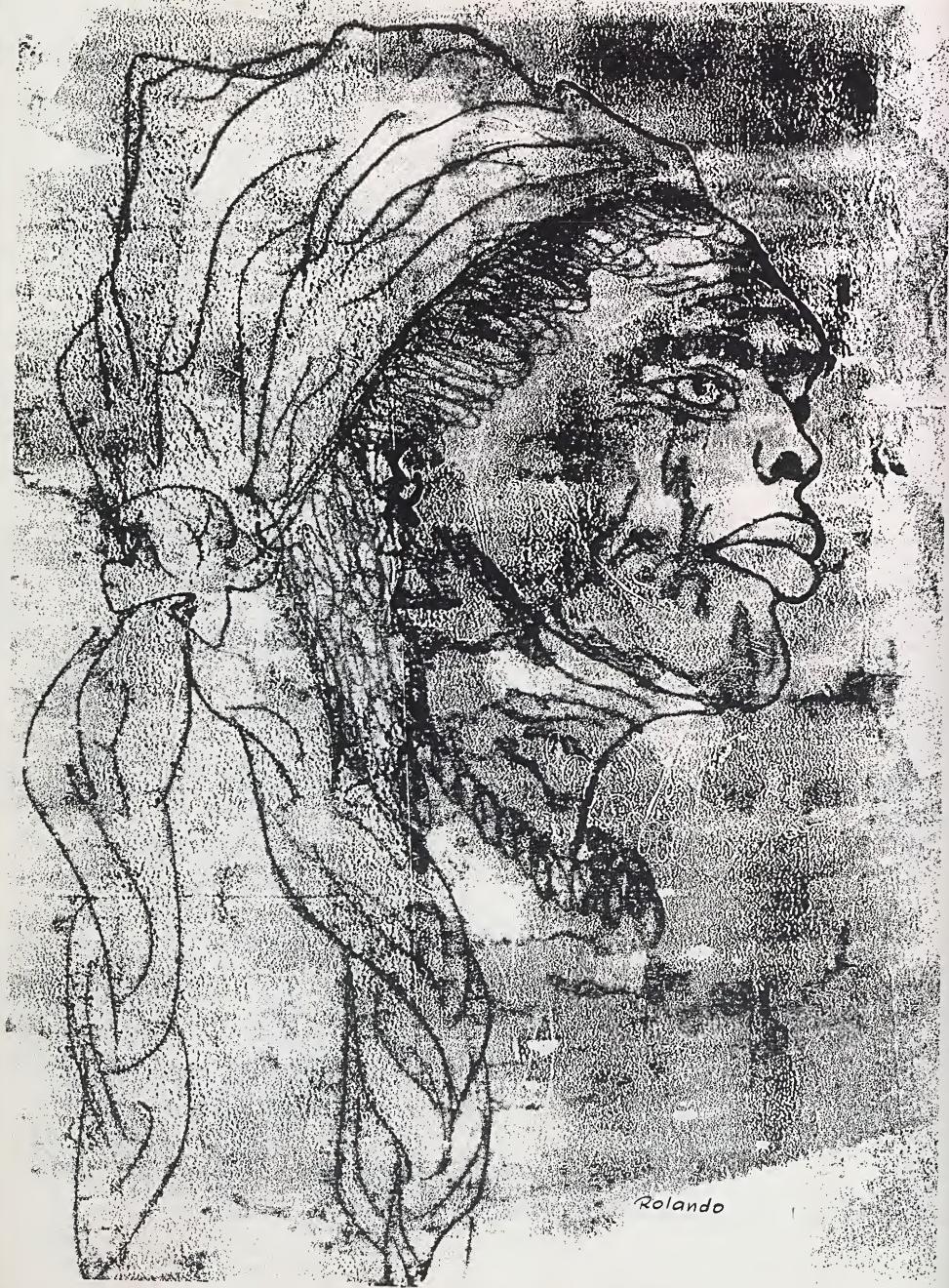
"Joe Lewis took showers." - a sociology professor, 1/6/68

"God is am-ness." - a religion professor, 10/3/66

"I don't think Ronald Reagan will ever be a Jesus." - a sociology professor, 1/11/68



"Those Italians sure saw a lot of nudes." - a philosophy professor, 1/17/69



OF CLEARER MOMENTS

I

Had I forgotten how he looked
On that early day of simple meeting--
That bright morning when I was wandering
And he was searching
For some sufficient truth to discover--
Had all this now been veiled from my eyes?
When had that joy of laughter
Faded into the silence of wondering?
When they bore him to his fate
And raised his image in destiny,
Was I not there to pay some tribute?

II

Remind me, o heart
Of the universal rhythms
Which pulsate our human oceans.
Tug on my vision, ye sun
And strain our tolerance beyond
The horizons we have fenced in.
Bring to us, in the night,
The darkness with which we
Might peer into nothing
And find ourselves
Walking steadily through daily fog.

III

As if in a dark and magic vacuum,
The world, too, spins along in its own fog,
Possessed of its own boundaries
Which can but mutely foretell
The sure absurd drama of our wondering:
For the hunger of countless nameless brothers
Shall strike terror to the greedy eyes
Which have not seen terror enough yet
To awaken their fatal slumber.
And the poor shall rise against their mock kings
While the blind shall reach out to strangle the seers--
Shall we merely await these dim and unlaughable days?

When it is over
And you
I Am
Anyone
Of us
Has won,
Will the prize lighten those tons of earth
In which we have buried our children?
Quake, erupt, arise, Children:
Haunt us with the memory of your future!

By John Browning

Variations on a Classic Theme

By Steve Lewis

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

As William Shakespeare would have written it for an early comedy:

Marry warbleth the lark on high;
As yon bawd rompeth, fresh spring is nigh.
She runneth with lambkin all fleecy white --
The oxlips are show'r'd with gold'n'st light.

As Robert Herrick would have tenderly inscribed it:

Glowing in her silken gown,
Maria walks with lamb;
Gently wand'ring through the town
They pass the place I am.

Rosebud cheeks -- mine heart's delight! --
Come back, do not away!
Together would we rule the night
Till dawned the saffron day.



As John Dryden would have satirically penned it:

Mary runs through tall green grass,
Chased by lamb so white,
Till lamby gets her dainty --
And takes a gusty bite.

As Emily Dickinson would have simplified it:

The girl lay quiet --
In repose --
Afraid to stir;
What she knows:

Nearby nestled
On the moor --
A Woolen Angel --
With a snore!

As William Faulkner would have written it -- and written and written
and written . . .:

"... and thus squatting in the muddy road Saphire could see
the young girl in the distance her lamb trailing behind her its
fleece coruscating like white snow but Saphire had
immemorably abnegated snow for her forefathers had always
inhabited this dry land taking from it essences essential for life
and so enduring throughout the myriad eras which . . ."

As Robert Frost would have colloquialized it:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow:
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

As Algernon Charles Swinburne would have fleshed it:

Little is left of the lone little girl
Who moved through a mist on a moonlit moor --
Who walked with her lamb while water would whirl
Surrounding the silt of a silent shore.

Lone little girl child! Sweet and meek lamb mild!
Gone in the sigh from the nest of thy breast
Which singing and clinging would ease me to rest --
How repair this tearing despair? I am wild!

Great is the grief for the girl who is gone;
When shall the world see thee winsome again?
Lost is thy lamb - but Love lingers on,
Some day to shadow my sickness and pain.



As T. S. Eliot would have thoughtfully considered it:

Nemo me credere debet.
The lamb and I shall not remain --
It may rain.
She would get her Jason's coat all wet --
I would fret.

In the room the women go and come
Smoking and also chewing gum.

As e e cummings would have clevered it:

g
i
r
lamb



As J.D. Salinger would have you analyze it:

All right, if you really want to know about it, there was this girl kinda struttin' down the street with this dog on a leash -- you know, the way a girl kinda struts when she wants everything in pants to look at her. And I mean I guess it was a dog. I wasn't really looking at her leash for christssake; it could have been a lamb for all I know. So anyway I told her that I was down from State for the weekend -- I'm the most goddamned terrific liar you ever saw.

As James Dickey would have written it with universal implications:

It is the idea more than
The actual reality. The girl, walking --
Forward motion of the legs.
Through the kudzoo a solemn figure
Intertwining its deliberate way
Stops. Behind, her companion also stands,
A young weed killer -- a long
Weed eater. Silent in the field
The two resist eternity but
Uselessly. In their plight
The two tread on; the journey
Must continue. Life is not to be
Denied its slow overturning nor time
Its rightful procession.

As James Ralph Scales would have declared it:

"Absolutely not. Sheep will not be permitted to visit the women's dormitories. There comes a time when you just have to say No."



25¢

OAKLAND ISLANDS

In This Is
EXIT

by Doug
Wall

ALSO
read:
REPLAY
by
Jervis
Wakefield

Exit

By Doug Waller

It was cool in Florida for summertime and the breeze blowing in the vent soothed the sunburn that Cannon had received the day before at Daytona. After four years in college he was finally getting out in the big world to make his fortune and evade the draft. He didn't know how he was going to make his fortune. He had majored in economics at the university where he learned how to become president of General Motors or economic advisor to the President. But there were no want-ads for chairmen or Presidential advisors. He did know how to get out of the draft. That was why he was going to Miami to teach physical education. He knew nothing about the subject. But he didn't care and neither did the Miami school board. So here he was, travelling on route 27 because he had heard the road going along the coast

was a rat race, and besides, he wanted to take his time travelling through the rest of Florida. His three nights in Daytona had been spent in a euphoria of beer, Country Gentleman, and a bed shared with a girl from Wisconsin whose father was a Fundamentalist Baptist preacher.

Michael Cannon had been driving at night because the weather was milder on his accumulated hangover. Plus, all along the highways were nothing but faded houses and sagging palm trees—not quite the seeting of Florida he had pictured. So he drove at night, veiling the daytime dreariness of the peninsula and transforming it into an island paradise. He had just passed Lake Okeechobee and was looking at his road map when he saw he had more than sixty miles before he would reach Miami. He also saw his gas

gauge riding on "empty." So he checked the map for the next exit and a possible filling station. He wasn't alarmed for he knew there were at least twenty extra miles in his tank after empty.

He tried his radio for company until the next exit sign appeared.

YessirfolksFridaynightdateningtontheJ.Babalooshow-WRVWradioMiami.Thisisyourleaderplayingtheuptightouttosightsounds of the top twenty.Inthenumberonespotheupandrisingsnew-groupfromDetroit,RareEarthplayingforyooooour-listeningentertainmentBorn to Wander.But fist thenewsfromWashingtonPresident...

He was getting a headache. He hoped the news reporter wasn't Mr. Babaloo. If he was, all of Florida must be in a state of rambling confusion. How anyone could talk that fast and still be sane. Oh well, to the next exit.

He drove for another half hour until he came to an exit sign that said rest area and gas. He saw nothing near the exit and wondered if he would have a drive into some small town to buy gas. The road wound around to the right and then went under itself to what appeared to be a long stretch of highway. He then came to a fork in the exit ramp and was directed by another sign to take the right road. After travelling for no more than a thousand yards, he saw lights ahead on the right side. He didn't remember going up any hill for the lights to come upon him. It seemed like the lights were just turned on as he passed the fork in the road. Anyway, as long as it was a gas station, he didn't care when it opened for business.

The next thing he saw was a Gulf emblem, so he pulled in at the two tanks in front of the building. It wasn't a new station, he noticed. One of those old cinderblock structures you see in the country. Probably has a general store inside, he thought. Looks like soft drink signs are holding up the side walls. Besides, where's the rest area the sign on the highway said?

He had time to consider these points since the man behind the glass window was talking on the phone, probably having decided that the customer could wait until the conversation ended. The phone call dragged out to five and then ten minutes. Remaining in the car, Cannon would have been angry at the wasted time had he not become so interested in the man's expression as he talked. The attendant, who looked about thirty, in overalls and plaid shirt, had a look of anxiety on his face as if he were being stuck in a situation he didn't want. At intervals, he would glance up at Cannon's car and then back to the receiver, explain something, and start arguing again. He finally hung up and walked out of the screen

door. As if nothing had happened before, he mechanically changed his face to the pleasant smile he would use in greeting an old friend. The first thing Cannon noticed was the man's overalls. They were faded but clean with not a speck of grease appearing on them. His hands, as he laid them on the side of the car, were well kept and smooth - not the hands of a grease monkey. Must be the owner, Cannon thought.

"What can I do for you?" the man said with the smile on his face. I'm not shopping for clothes, Cannon thought. He became irritated and a little uneasy. "Fill it up!"

The man looked at him, rolled his head back and started chuckling. Then he stared at Cannon as if the order were some kind of joke.

"What's so funny about getting some gas?" Cannon looked around and all he saw was darkness except for the light shining above the gas pumps. It seemed as though he and the gas station were stranded in the middle of nowhere. It was unbearably quiet. He wanted to turn on his radio to break the sudden stab of silence that gripped him until the man answered.

"I'm afraid we have no gas here," the man said. He had soft blue eyes, a little gray on the temples and an immovable smile that stretched from ear to ear.

"Ah hell!" Cannon groaned, "you mean I waited here fifteen minutes for you to tell my your tank's empty too. How do I get back on the highway?"

The man moved back three steps. Though he kept on staring at Cannon he changed his expression to one of condescencion.

"Well, you'll have to . . .," he began and just as he was moving his arms to point in some direction, Cannon's peripheral vision caught some movement. He quickly glanced to the side of the building and saw a woman in her twenties, blond and fairly attractive, leading a line of children to his car. From the other side of the building another line of children appeared. They joined with the group on theright making a circle around his car. He was paralyzed. In the meantime, the man had moved back into the building and was smiling behind the glass window. The young girl started chanting a song followed by a chorus from the children. Hand in hand they started dancing around his car, all chanting and all staring at him and smiling.

Cannon dropped his grip on the ignition switch and stared out at them in a state of tense confusion. Finally one of the children broke from the line and ran up to his door. He froze when the child moved. She opened the door, not letting her eyes stray from his. Smiling like the rest of them, she extended her hand as if to lead him somewhere. Hypotized, he reached out for the tiny soft limb, and grasped it, and climbed out of his car. The little girl started and then slowly raised his hand to her lips.

Instantly, he felt a sharp thudding pain hit his neck as if he had been stung by an insect. He reached back and pulled out the object that was pierced in his neck. It was a light brown cylinder attached to a needle. Like a wounded animal that has been betrayed, he jerked his hand from the child.

He was terrified.

He started to lunge at the line of children, but suddenly his movements were deadened. He heard the faint chant of the children drowned by the high winds of a whistle. He didn't know why he was lying on the ground. He looked up and saw elongated faces laughing at him and dancing around and around and around and around and . . . and then everything was black.

* * * *

After what seemed to him only a brief second of unconsciousness, he perceived filtered noises about him. For another brief moment he tightened his closed eyes hoping that what he experienced at the gas station was only a trick of the mind. He would open his eyes, turn the ignition, and drive away as if nothing had happened. But when he looked up, he saw light instead of the darkness of the service station. He was in a small room made of cinder block, painted olive green. He was lying on a cot staring at the girl he thought he remembered leading the line of children. She moved from the window, sat beside his bed and reached to brush the hair from his face. He lay quietly and watched her soft hand as it delicately moved across his forehead. She looked different in daylight. Her hair was a lighter shade of blond. Her eyes were green, and when she smiled he forgot that he was lying on the cot with no recollection of the night before.

"You have a very soft mouth," she said, brushing the hair from her eyes. The movement roused a sensuous desire in Cannon. He found that he was trembling. "You probably have a gentle voice. Will you speak to me?"

"No one's ever told me that before," he said and his trembling stopped. He felt like they had just made love and were exchanging intimacies in the aftermath.

"I'm Marie. Who are you?"

"Michael."

"You sound like a Michael."

"I do?"

He sat up and the stab in the back of his neck brought him back to reality. He jerked his hands to the side and looked around examining his room and then his keeper. The questions finally filtered to his mind.

"Who are you? Where am I? What happened last night? I remember seeing you with a bunch of child-

ren and then someone hit me from behind. And now I'm here. Listen, if its money your looking for, I don't have a damned cent on me. I was just going to Miami to get a job as a . . . Where's my car? . . . All I wanted was some . . ."

She broke his stream of questions with her laughter. He must have said something funny but he couldn't figure out what. Everybody had been smiling or laughing at him ever since he had reached the gas station. His face became hot, his head ached and he noticed he was gripping the side of the bed.

"Damn it! What's this all about?"

"Wait," she calmed him, "you know you're lucky to be alive? We don't usually keep landcrabs."

"Landcrabs! What are you talking about?"

"Your breakfast is on the table. When you're finished it you may walk around the island if you want. An hour before sunset, the leaders will come see you and explain what shall be done with you."

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I don't care. I'm going to get my car and get out of this hole."

"Oh! But that's impossible. Last night we put your car in the swamp."

"In the swamp? What the hell for? What makes you think you can do that, goddamnit! What's going on around here?" Before he could finish she had opened the door and left.

Even though it was late afternoon, the breakfast set in front of him on the table looked inviting when he remembered he hadn't eaten since yesterday afternoon. For the moment, he forgot his captivity and looked around the room curious about his new home and oblivious of the fact that he had to be in Miami today at noon. When he was through, he went outside to explore. For the first time, the idea of being detained in a foreign place with a strange girl waking him up sounded captivating. He peered around the building that housed his room. The structure was painted a faded grey with what appeared to be some kind of serial number painted on the side in olive green. In front of him, a neatly trimmed lawn stretched to a cement circle where a statue probably had stood. The building beyond the circle appeared to have once contained offices, and words identifying the structure over its entrance had obviously been painted over with the same olive green paint. Like a child exploring a new back yard, Cannon wandered in front of the circle where children had gathered, throwing a ball against the steps. He couldn't tell whether they were the same children he had seen last night. Anyway, he decided to approach them and find out not only why he was here, but why they were here.

"Who are you?" he asked one girl who might easily have been the one who led him out of his car the other night.

"My name is Lya," she answered, ignoring him and looking at the other children. "I know your name. It's Michael Cannon. And you're a landcrab."

"What's a landcrab?"

"I don't know. I've never seen one in the daylight."

"Why are you here?"

"To get away from the landcrabs."

"Who are the landcrabs?"

"I don't know, but my daddy tells me you're one of them."

Before he had time to ask another question, the door to the entrance of the office building opened and the children around him scattered. Down the steps came two men dressed in faded Army fatigues, one in his sixties and the other probably in his early forties.

"Mr. Cannon," the older man said, "will you follow us? We'll give you a tour of the island."

"Yes sir," he said, as if obeying an order.

"No, I'm not a military officer," the old man chuckled. "My name is Albert Lyman. I'm a retired advertising agent. This is Dr. Ambrose, from Columbia."

"How do you do," Cannon said, shaking their hands. "Before we go anywhere, I want to know why I'm here and who was that girl this morning?"

"Maybe you'll understand better if we tell you why we are here," Lyman said, "and as for the girl, Maria is my daughter. She likes you. If you wish, you may sleep with her tonight."

Cannon jolted back, not believing what he had just heard. "Did I just hear you correctly?" he asked, totally amazed.

"Oh, of course! I forgot. You landcrabs do have that morality of yours. You see, here we don't have what you commonly call social codes. It saves us the trouble of embarrassment, social pressure, fights over a woman, what have you. Here parents don't prohibit their children from sleeping with others. In fact, we encourage it. We find people on the island don't marry for sexual reasons. No hangups, you might say. It's funny though, Maria always asks me before she goes to bed with anybody. Kind of holds on to the old system of parental permission."

"It's nice to be old fashioned," Cannon remarked slyly.

"You are standing in front of what was once the administration building," Dr. Ambrose said. "You see, this island once belonged to the Army Chemical Corps. It was used to test CBR defoliants. Not the kind of defoliants we used in Vietnam or used to use. The poisons developed and tested here were apparently of a more comprehensive nature. Bugs that could probably wipe out continents, as far as I can understand."

"What's that have to do with your being here and those children last night?" asked Cannon, who was not used to fantastic stories and was edgy as he considered all his experiences since taking the strange exit.

"I'm getting to that," Ambrose continued. "But back to the defoliants. From the records the Army left in their rush to get out of here, we found some interesting facts about this strain they had been developing. From what we can discern from the reports, it seems they had produced an endoparasitic strain in the encephalitis family. How did they abbreviate it, Al?"

"They call it ECP," Lyman answered.

"ECP, that's right. Well anyway, they left a drum of it here. Enough, I suppose, to exterminate the entire earth. The reports are fascinating. The germ can live on practically nothing. Therefore, it can travel across oceans or the atmosphere picking up what little food it needs on the way. The germ kills by altering metabolism fatally in a way that even the discoverers did not understand. You're not a biologist by any chance, Mr. Cannon?"

"No," he answered. Their whole conversation disturbed him, to say the least. He was numbed by the sudden guess as to why they were here on this island. He stared at them thinking that they might possibly be calculating the world's end.

Lyman must have picked up the thought for he started chuckling at the spellbound look that Cannon gave him. "No, Mr. Cannon. We're not going to destroy the world . . . unless the world tries to destroy us," Lyman laughed. Cannon relaxed for a moment until he remembered that the old man had not denied the possibility of total destruction.

"Unless?" he asked, hoping for the right answer.

"That's right, Mr. Cannon," Lyman said, "you might say we're antagonistic toward the world. The world of 'landcrabs.' You see, we are all dropouts. Once the world was simple. A man, with enough education, could in a lifetime, grasp enough facts, ideas, theories, or what have you to make value judgements on most any issue. I'm speaking of the Renaissance man, the universal man like Aristotle, daVinci, Goethe, Thomas Jefferson and the few others. These were men of true mental capacity, humanity at its peak. But can you name me such a man in the 1970's? I doubt you can. We have specialists, but that's all. No one knows enough of everything to make a correct value judgement on anything with any degree of authority. We have to listen to experts. I worked for an advertising firm. My job was to make people buy what they didn't want and I was very good at it. It's frightening how human desires, needs, and their behavior are controlled by stupid commercials. Why? Because society is too complex

people are relying more and more on experts and the media to make their decisions. No one has time to think anything out."

Cannon never liked debating. It gave him a headache. Sure there was a lot going on in the world, but you had to be crazy to let it all get to you. "They must be out of their minds," he thought, "to think that the world could be simple." The thought was certainly appealing. But still, that's not the way things are. Our society has progressed. Sure, it's too bad people can't progress without technology.

"This is absurd," he began to think out loud.

"What?" Ambrose asked.

"Your ideas here. How can you live without the outside. It's nice to talk like this. But, without the world we live in we can't survive."

"Oh! But there you're wrong," Ambrose smiled. "We've been living here for two years now. And quite comfortably too, I might add. Let's take a walk around the island and I'll show you how we live here. We're in front of what was once the administration building. We now use it to house supplies and for the leader's office." Lyman motioned to the other side of the island and Cannon followed. They moved across another patch of grass to four box-shaped houses arranged in a square. The cinderblock buildings looked as if they were once used for bunkers. Cannon noticed the new inhabitants had painted on each house words denoting their use - "food", "clothes", etc.

"Our immediate supplies are kept in those buildings," Lyman explained. "To your right is our infirmary. We were lucky to lure a doctor into our midst. Around the other side of the administration building is some farmland where we've managed to plant some vegetables."

"You can't live off vegetables alone," Cannon said. "Where do you get your other supplies?"

"Occasionally, trucks wander in the exit, when we open it. Just like you."

"What happens to the trucks when they just happen to wander in?" Cannon asked.

"You probably are wondering why no one has found us out," Lyman said.

"That's one of a million things that doesn't fit about this place," Cannon admitted, hating question and answer games, especially when he didn't know the answers.

"We live off the mistakes of landcrabs," Ambrose continued. "You see, Army bureaucracy works on a system of staffs. And staffs inevitably work to perpetuate themselves. They eventually grow so big they become parasites of their own organizations and nobody has complete control of the parasite. This CBR center was a product of the bureaucracy. The Chemical Corps needed something to do, so they

built this top secret base. It was so secret that nobody save a few generals new it existed - not even the president. Money and requisitions were channelled under false names, and the engineers built the place which they thought was to be a game reserve. The generals had managed to scatter the authority and funds for building the base over so many desks that no one ever completely knew what was going on. In 1972 when the president reduced all use of biological weapons, the generals were in a jam. So they deserted the island, leaving a government property-no trespassing sign behind. They kept the utilities running into the island so as not to arouse suspicion among the local authorities. You see, Mr. Cannon, the generals want no publicity about the island, so actually they're keeping our secret for us."

"But you're only fifty miles from Miami. Someone around here's bound to have spotted you," it was hard for Cannon to imagine that this island could exist so near cities, towns, people - civilization.

"Everybody's too busy," Lyman laughed. "No one has time to be concerned with us. Governments, businesses . . . people are barely keeping their heads above water. Every one around us is running around like frightened animals while we sit here and 'gress' to a simpler society."

"Regress?"

"That's right. We have reduced society here to a more primitive level, one with which the human mind can cope. By our next generation, our children will know only what they need to know to subsist in a comfortable manner. We have no communications with the outside world, no idea of development or progress. After all, no one really becomes educated any more. Students go to universities and cower under the awesome burden of all that is to be learned. They leave only frustrated on a more sophisticated level."

"But what if you are found out?" Cannon asked. "This can't last. Somebody will see you. When I go back, what am I supposed to do? Keep my mouth shut?"

The men smiled and then looked at each other. It made Cannon feel like the outsider of a funny story.

"We have to protect ourselves, Mr. Cannon, Lyman said. "If the landcrabs find us and try to interfere, we'll tip the drum of ECP. That's right. If we go, the world goes. Behind the administration building is the barrel full of ECP. We've painted over the markings on the drum so it looks just like any oil can. However, the fence around it is booby trapped so that anyone comes within five meters of the fence breaks up and electrical circuit and exposes the stuff to the air. Everyone on the island knows how it works, and everyone knows that if we are invaded by the landcrabs, the first thing he or she will do is run

to the fence. Dr. Ambrose and myself have personal remote controls that can break the circuit if no one else has time to get to the drum. The drum tips over automatically on our signal."

Cannon said nothing. It was a threat. To destroy the world. And he could be the man who might light the fuse. That is, if they let him go.

"What about me, Mr. Lyman?" Cannon now considered his importance to the island people.

Lyman stared at him for a moment and then smiled, "Let's have dinner. You must be hungry by now."



Toward sunset, all the people of the island moved outside to eat their dinners on the grass. Cannon sat with the two men he had met that afternoon. They talked no more of their island. They commented to each other how beautiful the grass was, how brightly the sun had shone that day, what sounds they had heard that day, birds, children, the wind blowing. Cannon felt he was listening to a foreign language so he said nothing the whole evening. He felt awkward.

"But why", he thought. "They seem so comfortable talking about the world around them. They laughed at little things. They seemed to draw their life from the very earth. Maybe he was a landcrab. And that might be why he felt out of place. He remembered in college, in the spring, when he'd see people out on the grass doing nothing. Just sitting there like these people do. He never sat on the grass. He never had time. And now he was worried. This was new to him and he didn't know whether he liked it or not. They apparently enjoyed life and yet they were willing to destroy themselves if the landcrabs intruded."

It was almost two hours after sunset when the people of the island dispersed going to their makeshift homes. Cannon was told he would sleep in the same room he had used the night before. He wasn't tired, but he decided to go to the room for some sort of shelter from the stranger, exotic world confronting him. He lay on the bed trying to sort his thoughts when the door opened and Maria walked in. She was wearing a shirt and it seemed to Cannon that there was nothing underneath it. Her hair was brushed down the side partially shading her eyes as they bored tiny holes in Cannon's head. She parted her lips to wet them and sighed. She had been in the room long enough for the scent of her body to reach Cannon.

It seemed like years before she spoke. "You're my prisoner now."

"Your father told me you would come here tonight." He could barely get the words out of his mouth.

"You're my prisoner until you join us."

"And then what."

They said no more. She closed the door and turned out the light. He could still see her clearly by the lights that were shining outside. Never removing her eyes from his, she unbuttoned the top of the shirt. Each movement caused a fire to swell in him. His eyes burned as she stood there naked before him, her hair falling down over her breasts in the next instant she was on top of him.

* * * * *

There were no shades on the windows, so the first rays of sunlight filtered through the room and woke Cannon. His first sensation was Marie's arm around his waist and her soft blond hair across his chest. It had been warm that night and the sheet on the bed had fallen to the side. Not wanting to awake Marie, Cannon lay still, looking at her long slender body with her one leg crossed over his. He could have lain there the rest of his life with the heat of her body to protect him.

He moved his hand across the small of her back and she awoke.

"Michael, Michael, Michael," she whispered. "My prisoner."

"I don't feel like a prisoner any more," he said. "I feel at home for some reason. I feel you and all this are right."

They lay there motionless for more than an hour. Finally, she kissed him on the forehead, got up and put her shirt back on. It didn't seem right for him to say anything as she moved to the door and left. He knew she would come back the next night and they would again be together. After a while he dressed and went outside.

He wasn't hungry. He felt the sun and the warm wind nourish him. He walked to the circle in front of the old administration building where he sat down. He felt at ease watching the island people moving about their business.

He noticed a small girl walking toward him wearing a light blue shirt. He wouldn't have paid any more attention to her except that the pocket of her shirt had a name tag sewn on it. It said "Ron" with a red border around it. "Strange," he thought, "the shirt looked like it might have once belonged to grease monkey or a truck . . . driver?"

He approached the little girl.

"Hello, Mr. Cannon," she said cheerfully.

"Turn around!" he commanded.

She obeyed as she would her parents.

On the back of her shirt was sewn "Hennis Trucking Co."

"Where did you get that?" he asked, trying to calm himself.

"My daddy gave it to me."

"Where did he get it?"

"From a landcrab."

He was terrified by having to ask the next question. "What did your daddy do with the landcrab after he got his shirt?"

"My daddy says they go with their trucks to the swamps."

"Can you show me where they go?"

"They are behind the infirmary in the swamp."

He wanted to run to the other side of the island and see for himself, but that would arouse some suspicion. He decided to wander to the infirmary as if he were inspecting the island on the way.

The pieces fell together in his mind as he moved cautiously to the building. That first night he awoke from being shot with the tranquilizer gun Marie had told him he was lucky to be alive. The child who had never seen a landcrab "in the day." And the way Lyman had avoided answering his question about the truck drivers that wandered onto the island.

When he reached the bank behind the infirmary his fears were confirmed. The cab of a tractor trailer protruded over the level of the swamp to where he could see the windows. Inside, he saw the naked back of a man. His limbs were swollen and grey.

The sight of death brought him to the morbid reality that prevailed over the island. They killed intruders as one who would kill wild dogs that invade a farm. They might kill him, too. Maybe Marie was protecting him. But how long would that last? He might go any moment. They could be as insensitive about him as they were with that bloated piece of flesh in the cab.

He had to escape. He ran around the front of the infirmary hoping to find some way to get to the highway. They must keep a car or something for emergencies. He hadn't seen any vehicles around the buildings he lived in. He decided to go over to the farm area. He passed the inhabitants trying to smile, but knowing that each person he saw was his jailer. Any one of them could sound the alarm and have him killed.

He was right. On the other side of what appeared to be a tomato patch he saw a truck with "Harris



Plumbing Inc." painted on the side. He ran over the tomato vines to the vehicle and opened the side door. There was a revolver on the seat. He grabbed it, feeling power to fight his enemy. He would make a run for the highway and kill anything that got in his way. As he checked the weapon to see if it was loaded, a little boy spotted him in the truck. The child instinctively knew what was happening and started screaming.

He had been found!

He jerked out the window to shoot, but couldn't pull the trigger. The boy ran to the center of the island, sounding the alarm.

Cannon knew his time was running out. He could barely steady his hand to turn the ignition. The car whined as he pulled the choke, pumping the accelerator almost through the floor board.

"Come on goddamnit! START!" he screamed. He could barely hold on to the key he was shaking so badly. He smelled death around him. His death. He was an animal in a corner.

The engine finally turned over as the people of the island marched up in a line to the edge of the farmland. The children were assembled on the road blocking Cannon's exit. Lyman stepped out from the line of men and women.

"Mr. Cannon," he said calmly.

"Get those children off the road!" Cannon screamed. He aimed the pistol at Lyman's chest. He didn't know whether he could hit the old man from this distance. Keeping his foot on the accelerator he used his free hand to steady the gun. The heat of the day had accumulated in the truck and the sweat rolled down his face burning his eyes. But he dared not blink or wipe them for fear someone might lung at him, catching him offguard. He had never held a gun before. He had never had to protect himself from dying.

"You're not going to run over the children, Mr. Cannon," Lyman challenged.

"I will if I have to."

"But why Michael? You seemed at home here. We thought you might want to stay with us."

"And help you butcher truck drivers who come on the island!"

"They're landcrabs."

"They're human beings!"

"We have to protect ourselves."

"You have no right to kill people just because they happen to stumble onto this hole."

"I thought you liked it here, Michael."

"I like life simple, not primitive. I can't see society reduced to animals. And that's what you've become-animals."

"But what about Marie?"

"She kept me alive. She also trapped me with those children. I'm tired of talking Lyman. Get those kids out of the way or I shoot you and run over them!"

Lyman realized he meant business. The calm on his face changed. His mouth opened wide and his lower lip trembled a bit.

"Remember the drum Michael," Lyman shouted each word slowly and clearly as if his life depended on Cannon hearing him correctly." Remember the drum, Michael. You force us to let you go. But remember we can destroy your world." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small plastic box with a metal disk on it and raised it in the air to show Cannon. "This is the control, Michael. I push the button AND YOU LANDCRABS DIE, MR. CANNON!"

Lyman then motioned the children to get off the road.

"You have the life of your world in your own hands Mr. Cannon. You can decide now whether the world lives or dies!"

Cannon said no more. He looked at Marie for an instant. She had been standing next to her father, silent through the whole ordeal.

He pulled the gun inside, popped the clutch into first gear and squealed out on to the pavement. Skidding around the road to the circle he raced over the curb to the exit.

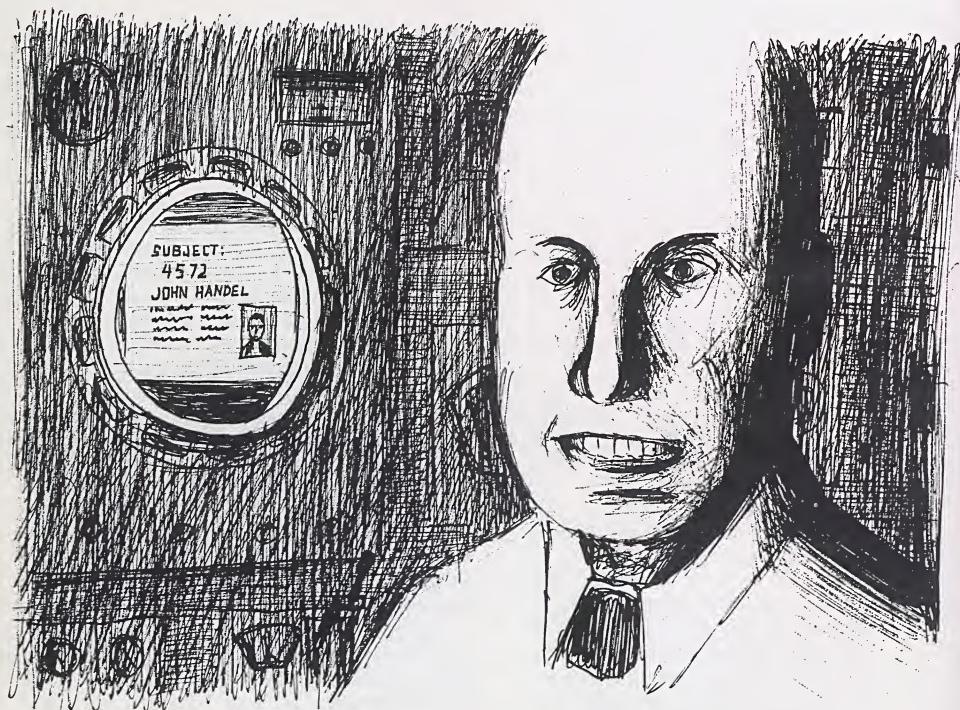
He didn't relax until he got to the highway. It seemed like years before he reached the exit. He crashed through the phony obstruction and made a U turn to follow the flow of traffic.

He was safe and for the first time he felt he was breathing. He was still shaking, but now he was sure he had escaped death.

Yet Lyman's last words loomed over him. "You can decide now whether the world lives or dies." The thought kept running through his mind. The responsibility was now his. He would never be free. He was trapped because he would always know.

Replay

By Jervis Wakefield



The computer has ruined us! It's chosen a newing lunatic for the first trip to Mars!

In the Spring of 1989, perversion struck twice against the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

In a rainy April Houston, a heretofore sober computer had a bout of whimsy while thumbing through his punchcards, looking for the astronaut to make a five year trip to Mars and back. A month and a half later, in a waterless, late-May void fifteen thousand miles from the earth, two wires in the Mars-bound space craft held a spark-throwing, insulation-burning marriage rite in which the two were made as one.

Thus are the designs of large and ingenious nations thwarted.

- O -

The first mail delivery at the space center on the first Monday morning in April brought to astronaut

John Handel, in his cubby-hole office, a casual looking inter-office memo and an awesomely large, sealed packet. "Save the best for last," Handel whispered, opening the inter-office memo. The memo told him that he had been fired.

"In consideration of your especially keen powers of imagination and articulateness, the Board has decided that you might best serve the cause as a sort of PR man-ambassador from the Program to the Nation," Handel read to himself. "Nice, and on those capitals, those capital 'C' causes and capital 'P' programs. Nice, capitol 'B' Board." Handel drummed his desk with his fingers, stood, paced, crumpled the memo, and started to chuck it in the wastebasket. He stopped in mid-pitch, sat at his desk, smoothed out the paper, and wrote between the lines: "We think yer a nutty little Bastard, Johnny." Then he tossed the memo in the wastebasket.

"Best for last," said ex-astronaut Handel, shaking his head as though to shoo off the world's inaneness, droning about him like flies.

The large sealed manila packet told Handel that he had been selected as "the Sole representative of Mankind on its First Bold Venture to the Red Planet, Mars." Handel rolled his eyes up into his head, breathed "merciful mother Mary," and flopped onto the cot in his cubicle. He was laying on his back, hitting his forehead with his fist, quietly saying "Jesus" between world-bewildered laughs as the camera smoothly drew away from a waist-up shot, drew slowly back to a shot of a finy figure in a neat sea of lunchtime-empty cubicles in a scene smoothly fading to dark. He slept.

John Handel kept that smoothest crew and camera on alert at all times, ready at an instant to record the continuing story of Handel the Beleaguered, last bastion of provisional sanity in a long-gone world.

Handel often chuckled at his crew and, with hair-touseling affection, called himself Farkin' Nuts Handel when he caught himself at his movie.

- O -

John Handel was a self-inclosed, smallish man of twenty-five. Sometime late in grammar school he had learned not to talk to himself when other people were around. The rest of the social graces came easily enough. Indeed, he mastered an air of cheerful belligerence so well that, after joining the Air Force in a well-concealed fit of malaise, he quickly rose to pilot and then almost as quick to astronaut.

In the fall of 1988, Handel eavesdropped on a conversation between two space program executives just long enough to hear himself described as a "Can-do Guy." "That cracked the mask," Handel was fond of saying to himself.

Since that time, the 'real' Handel had collected stares, whisperings behind his back, and a lack of invitation-like trophies.

Sometimes, though, Handel would confess to himself (and inadvertently to his personality tests) that he might have some hangup. He stopped the admission there by saying to himself that, if he were psychically wrong, they were psychically wronger. Neither he nor the test could pinpoint Handel's precise hangup.

The test was called Spic, or S.P.Q., which stood for standard personality quotient. The computer which chose Handel for the mission was called God, which stood for nothing save the reverence in which it was held in Houston.

Handel had taken his assignment to the Mars mission by God with a great deal more composure than the Board had, the day before. The Board was

made up of twelve men who looked for all the world like corporation executives and were. They ran the U.S. space program like General Motors. Jacob Robertson was the chairman of the board.

"We must not," Robertson said to the rest of the Board, "we cannot and we will not send this man Handel to Mars." Robertson took on the tone of a coaxing parent. "We have all met this man, haven't we?" He waited for each other man in the room to nod agreement. "We've all interviewed all of the candidates for the mission, hmm?"

Robertson stood at the head of the table, placed his hands on the top of it, and leaned forward. "Some time ago," he began, "in a democratic vote of this body, it was decided that the handling of the actual missions would be entirely handed over to the computer network. That vote," Robertson's voice rose. He paused, then spoke more softly, "that vote was all but unanimous. Eleven members of this body voted for the computer, against human judgement." Robertson swung his gaze slowly round the table. "Will the secretary of this body please read the roll call vote of that meeting."

A thin young man stood up. "You voted against the resolution, all the rest . . ."

"Did I ask you to read the minutes?" Robertson bellowed. The thin man nodded yes, and fished for his voice. "Then, if you please, read the goddamn minutes."

"Meeting of Board of Administrators, NASA, September 23, 1986. Discussion, etc., call for roll call—ah yes." He cleared his throat. "All members of the board, as listed above, voted 'aye' to the resolution (k-g34) save the chairman, Jacob Robertson."

"Thank you, Mr. Secretary." Robertson gave him a tight little smile. "Gentlemen, I am willing to grant that, up until this time, the computer has worked reasonably well, and in some situations better than men. However, I do not think that I can honestly say that it is exercising good judgement in this matter, and I don't think anyone else would claim it either. Does anyone think they can?

"First this computer programs a space voyage without any crew, and then when begged and pleaded with like some King, it kindly deigns to let there be a crew—a crew of one, and that one a man who in front of this body has talked like some poor bastard one step out of bedlam." Robertson smiled a little at the turn of phrase. Coming back to matters at hand, he said, "Not only does this computer we—you have made all-powerful make these absurd decisions, but it refuses to justify itself."

"Excuse me sir. That's not true." Chin out, Robertson peered through the smoke toward the corner where the voice had come from.

"Who is it?"

"Smith, sir," said a little man, stepping forward and trying to make himself look smaller. He was wearing a labcoat.

"I see. And why am I a liar, Smith?"

"Not a liar, sir. You just misunderstood what I said earlier."

"Enlighten me, Smith."

"Well sir, it's not a matter of the computer not giving its reasons for its choices, it's a matter of me not being able to understand what it gives. I talk to computers, you know," he added with a little tentative pride.

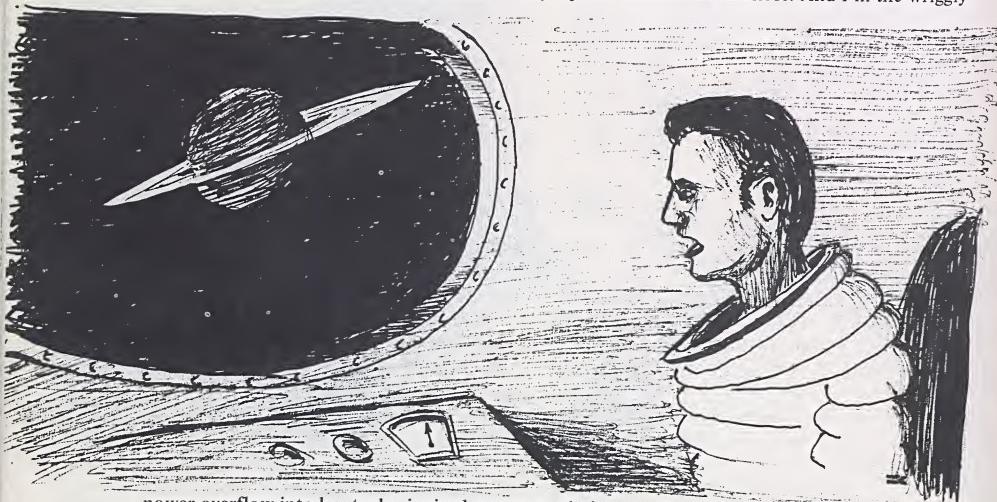
"Not very well, evidently."

"Well sir, it was an entirely new area of expression for the computer, the last of it anyway. Like learning

as good as another, and . . ." Smith tried to pull himself together, "and since the computer on board the ship will take care of everything, since whoever goes will just have to sit," something inside of Smith made a shivering noise, "Well sir, the computer says that since it doesn't make any difference who we send, we ought to send the person who will most enjoy the ride."

- O -

The space craft which was to take Handel to Mars was known as Falcon throughout most of the world, and Phallus to people at Houston and Kennedy. It was a eunuch's wet dream, thought Handel on the way up the elevator to the nose. And I'm the wriggly



. . . power overflow into lox tanks, ionized power, vastly increased acceleration potential . . .

a new language." Smith swelled a little. "But I've got it now."

"Well?"

"Well, about the size of the crew—the computer says that any human aboard at all will just be excess baggage, and that if we must have a crew, we ought to keep the excess baggage—that is, the crew as small as possible. That's just a rough translation," Smith said with forced modesty.

"And were you able to understand why the computer would choose Handel?"

Smith's confidence in the computer which justified his life wavered. "Well, yes, I was able to understand. You see, computer says that as far . . ." Smith stopped, a noticeable tremble growing.

"As far as what, dammit."

Smith breathed deeply. "As far as an ego-gratifying symbol of the conquest of Mankind goes, one man's

sperm. He did something that was part chuckle and part shiver. The cameras were rolling.

- O -

Handel didn't like take-off.

"T-minus five and counting," said mission control. Handel turned down the volume as far as it would go. He had told them he wouldn't answer them anyway. There was no reason to. The computer was taking care of everything.

Yes, they had said to him, yes, but there is a world out there that still thinks we make it on guts and chewing gum. It was the head PR man that said that. Handel had said he didn't care.

Finally they had talked him into filling a tape with space-talk affirmatives, so many "rogers" and "a-ok's" and "all systems go." Astronauts were a

tight-lipped bunch, Handel mused. He wondered what the world would think when the tape came to the "right on" he had slipped in.

Falcon, this Mission Control. We are T-minus ten seconds and counting. Right on, mission control. Yes, that would be nice.

But Country Life was nicer; avoid as much consciousness of take-off as possible.

Handel was on his estate, dog at foot, wife beside him, in front of the fire, Victorian poems being read, Victorian virtues being practiced when the acceleration of the ship began to make compressed meat of him.

Several poems and a neat kiss later, Handel caught a whiff of smoke. He got up and poked at the damper. The smell went away. Handel and his wife smiled a small smile together as he went back to his poetry, she to her knitting.

Tennyson was cut in two by a cream. Handel looked up. His wife's face was hideously contorted, pushed back as though by some large hand.

Handel came out of his reverie-turned-nightmare to feel his own face being pulled toward his ears like so much pla-do. He stayed conscious just long enough to feel two ribs crack under the horrifying force of a ship accelerating toward the speed of light.

Three days later the pressure of acceleration began to slacken a little. Handel awoke to find the force still held him pinned down like a laboratory specimen. His chest hurt fiercely.

The benevolent onboard computer flicked a relay. A small electric charge ran through the electrode in Handel's head and put him into a painless sleep.

- O -

Handel slept for three days. Every thirty minutes sensors attached to his body asked him if he were alive and relatively well, clicked their gladness when they found he was and left him alone.

On the fourth day the electrode switched off. Handel came around to a module-world which still pressed on him with too much acceleration "gravity," but it was a world in which he could gingerly move an arm or turn his head from side to side. Drained by those small efforts, Handel drifted in and out of natural catnaps until in a dream someone told him to push the button.

Handel woke from the dream with a start that sent hot needless of pain shooting up his chest. He was weightless.

He rotated his body slowly to the right till he could touch the button provided by the computer, the "tour guide" as it had been derisively called at Houston. The button activated the computer's speech faculties, which would give Handel a description of

the sights to be seen from the overhead portal and answer questions Handel might have.

Handel pushed the button. Something clicked on. "Computer relays information. On your left, Saturn. Right, antares formation. Speed 150,123 miles per second." Something clicked off.

Handel gasped. "You're crazy." He pushed the button again. "What the hell's happened?"

Click. "Malfunction of two wires cause power overflow into lox tanks, ionized power, vastly increased acceleration potential of ship." Click.

"Well would you mind telling me what our destination is?" Before Handel could reach the button, the click came.

Click. "Earth." Click

"I see. And just what elbow are we going around?"

Click. Click.

"Pardon me. How long will it take to get back?"

The computer clicked on immediately, but did not answer for a minute. Then it was almost halting in its explanation. "You will be five 'years' older when you get back, but your destination will be one-hundred and fifty years older."

Handel started to cry. The computer put him back to sleep.

- O -

Handel awoke 24 hours later with a rush, a flash, and a boom. He found himself sitting in a Unique position, one unparalleled in the history of mankind. He was to travel into the future.

A long-dormant sense of obligation welled in him. With a great feeling of relief, Handel started on the first work in years that he thought needed doing. He started the first of a series of diaries. Excerpts of the eighth and ninth volumes follow:

- O -

... O me, O my—the green, green grass of home. From a thousand miles above the growing earth it was really rather a mottle of dominant bluesand and white and grays of clouds. What land there was to be seen was as much brown as green

... With a neatness that would have made an accountant pinch himself for you, computer set me down on what had been Kennedy, on the outskirts of what looked like a small town from its low profile. It was, I guessed, perhaps five miles away ...

... In my very great excitement, I nearly-disastrously nearly-burst out of the module, perched atop the six stories of remaining rocket ...

... I nearly killed the first earthman of 2139 that I met.

It took them four hours to find and install a ladder to get me down. All the time I was waving at the

crowd that had gathered. (It was a small crowd. But then, I thought, it is a small town. I felt sure the dignitaries and millions were to follow.)

I was waving at them, jumping up and down as best I could in the small space of the forward quarters—and all the time the crowd waved vigorously but with nothing that I could describe as frantic joy. The workmen set up the ladder conscientiously but without haste. All this response was so mild to what I had expected and dreamed of, and me all about to go crazy with haste.

I yelled to the slowly growing crowd, "My God, it's nice to be home," and whatever I could think of that Linbergh or Byrd might have said. All the sob's would do was wave and smile and call to me, "Greetings."

When the ladder was finally installed, I scurried down as quickly, more quickly than was safe; thinking all the way down that the exultation which must surely be pent up within them would burst in a great roar when I came down in among them.

I turned from the ladder at the bottom and waited for the embraces, the barrels of champagne, the roar. Instead, a quite handsome young man walked out of the scattered crowd (not the packed mob I thought they should be), took both my hands in his; and, squeezing my hands and making a short slow bow of his head, he said, "Greetings."

It was him I wanted to kill.

Nor did I like the next man that came up to me. My anger, though, was lessened just enough to keep me from murder by the sight of long streams of people making their way (on foot, it seemed) from the town.

I went right back up to the brink of temporary insanity when I saw what the people were doing: they were forming a reception line. One after another they filed past me like guests at a formal ball filing past some grand-dame, taking my hand, smiling, bowing their heads slightly, and saying, "Greetings." (To the credit of the first man I met, I must admit that he asked me if I would not like to go shower and rest. In my stupor I mumbled that I did not care to.)

I was stupefied by the very absurdity of it all through the first fifteen or so handshakes. Regaining some of my self-control, I said to the sixteenth, "Well, well, my fine woman. What drags you out of bed at this outrageous time of the night?" (It was nine.)

She did not look at all hurt, though she looked a little confused. Finally she said, "Because I wanted to touch you."

I felt placated enough to be no more than gruff to the owners of the six hundred hands I shook before going to bed. There were some thousand people still in line when I left.

I tried to go to sleep remembering the size of the crowd. But the image that stayed in my mind as I went to sleep was the image of them standing quietly in a loose line, talking among themselves, none of the pressing forward . . .

- O -

. . . I was awakened from my sleep in a plush hotel room at eleven in the morning by the first man I shook hands with the night before.

The hand-shaker introduced a man he had with him, one Hieronymous Smith who was introduced to me as a very good historian.

They both waited patiently while I shaved and showered in conventional bathroom facilities. Then Handshaker (I do not remember his name though I was told he was mayor of the city), Handshaker talked with me in his quiet voice. He asked me politely if I would be willing to take a few notes on my reactions to this America of 2139; and if, at some later time, I might not talk with some scholars, give them the benefit of my knowledge and such.

They had, he said, been expecting my arrival for some months, had spotted me with radio telescope (he smiled when he said that.) Upon identifying the blip as an earth-type craft, they had checked the files, seen that the last spaceship launched—mine—was also the only one unaccounted for: "Lost, presumably destroyed." Besides knowing who was in the ship, Handshaker said, they also knew how old I was.

Then, gracefully, but without beating around the bush, he said that he guessed from my actions last night that I was, in his words, "a little shocked by us. That's inevitable, and we hope that you will come to be more at home with us soon."

He smiled quietly. "Well, whatever. We thought your entry into our culture might be made a little smoother if you backed into it. You've been through a great deal of time very quickly. Perhaps you would like to go over some of it a little more slowly with Hieronymous. Catch up on what's gone on while you were away." He smiled again. "Hieronymous is an excellent historian. I leave you to him." He rose to leave.

"May I ask you a question?" I asked when he reached the door. He turned and smiled the quiet smile of the Americans of 2139, a smile which often seemed arbitrary to me, but which never seemed vacant. He shook his head, "We have no time machines."

Smith said goodbye to him, then turned to me. "Well John . . .

- O -

Three months after my ship blasted off and was presumably blown up, Smith said, six space scientists from four nations got drunk together at an international meeting of 1230 of their kind.

A young American astronomer named Johnston slurredly confessed to his five colleagues that he had always wanted to pull some gigantic hoax on mankind, something like the trick Orson Welles had accidentally pulled in his radio show about the invasion of Martians.

Two Russians and a Frenchman hurriedly confessed to similar impulses. A Briton and a Japanese more reservedly said that they had never experienced such an impulse. But they agreed it would be fun.

"No one would believe it though," said the Briton, slumping back in to his chair.

"No?" said Robertson. "Hell, fellows, six scientists, never agree on anything, much less six scientists from four not-too-friendly nations. If we timed it right, every fool in the world would believe it."

The Russians and The Frenchman started laughing. The Briton leaned forward in his chair again. Solyoki smiled toothily . . .

Four months later there was a small note in the science section of Pravda announcing that two Russian space scientists reported they had detected a signal on Russia's largest radio-telescope which was without doubt a signal from an extragalactic intelligence.

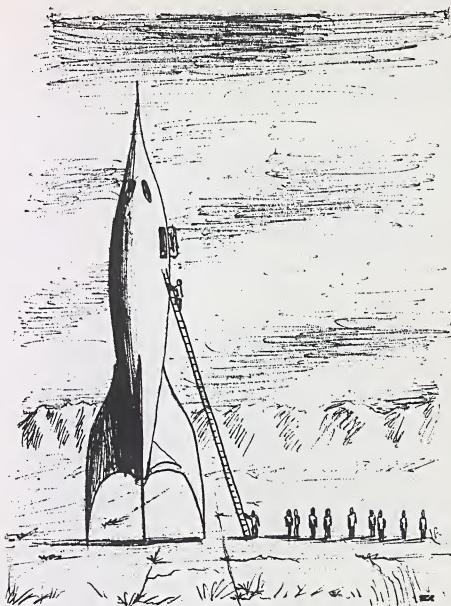
The American papers picked it up as a light humor piece to run beside the funnies. The stories took on a bit more serious tone when the premier American astronomer, Johnston, begrudgingly admitted that the signal might, just might, be a transmission from an alien intelligence.

The British scientist went on BBC-TV a month later to reservedly confirm the finding. He was so infinitely begrudging that the other five thought he had surely blown it with his over-acting. Each of them breathed a sigh of relief when the New York Times played it straight in a box on the front page.

Still, not one of them would admit to thinking it would go through a month and a half later when the Japanese scientist announced that he had pin-pointed the place of transmission as somewhere on the outskirts of the Andromeda Galaxy.

"My god, they're swallowing it," the American gasped when he saw the top-left, front page story in the Times.

The final and most difficult round remained. One year after the original meeting of the six, the Frenchman announced that he had deciphered the message. He told an international press conference



A goddamned reception line!

broadcast live around the world:

"It was really quite simple to decode. You see, these beings are using a sort of impulse which is simultaneous, or almost so. We received the message at approximately the same time at which they sent it. But their star is rushing away from ours at such an incredible speed that the message is slowed to something like one-thousandth normal speed and played it back at normal. Here is what the beings of Smarnall have to say to us:"

Over hook-ups which allowed each nationality to hear the separate language recording the aliens had made for them, one-half billion people (half a million in Times Square alone) heard the following words:

"Greetings. We hope this crude duplication of your sonorous voices will be pleasing and understandable to you. The beings of Smarnall would like very much to extend to the people of Earth their love and their wishes for the very best for your planet in the years and ages to come. We hope that we will not offend you when we tell you that we take the greatest of interest and delight in all the activities on your planet from the fall of one of your delightful sparrows to the growing baldness of one of your citizens. Our pardon if the joy we take in each small and large action is offensive to you. Again, we send our love and hopes, in the fullness of the love of the beings of Smarnall."

At a small and very secret party held by the six scientists, the Briton leaned back in his chair once more, this time with satisfaction. "My god, have you seen the banners in the papers, all the telly specials. We have unbelievably pulled the elephant out of the hat."

"A first grade class could have pulled it off," the American replied. "Christ, they must have wanted it so awful kind of bad."

"Nothing can stop an idea whose time has come," clicked the Japanese.

- O -

In the nine months following the Frenchman's translation, (Smith said) a gigantic, world-wide cult of the Message From Space sprung up, flourished, and abruptly died. While it lasted, the Message boom spawned two hundred Message-related books in the U.S. alone. Fifty buildings were named the Building of the Message. Grand Central was renamed Message Central. There were Message posters, message records, message t-shirts . . .

Historians argue over what caused the abrupt demise of the cult. A sizeable minority attributed the death to a British philosopher who, in a world-wide symposium on the Message, shocked and shamed the world by telling it that he thought the cult and all its accoutrements was "bloody silly." After all, the Smarnallians said that they delighted equally in the small and the large things of earth, and they never even mentioned a bunch of bloody skyscrapers named for them. Here we run around like so many idiots trying to impress these beings and they're probably laughing their heads off. If they have heads."

For whatever reason, nine months after the translation the embarrassed people of the world took off their Message t-shirts, tore the Message posters from their walls, quit going to Message meetings, and took the Message books off their coffee tables.

For fifty years after that, people lived their lives in the knowledge that their every move was registered with delight. There was no paranoia or self-consciousness in the knowledge. All that had been released in the first nine months' frenzy.

People throughout the world smiled at odd times, or what would seem odd times to people of an earlier era.

To those of that new culture, the arbitrary smile was the profoundest form of communication. The message of the smiler was, "i take delight in being delighted in."

National and international politics fell together with a grace that startled people. Nations and people in those nations made sacrifices they would have gone

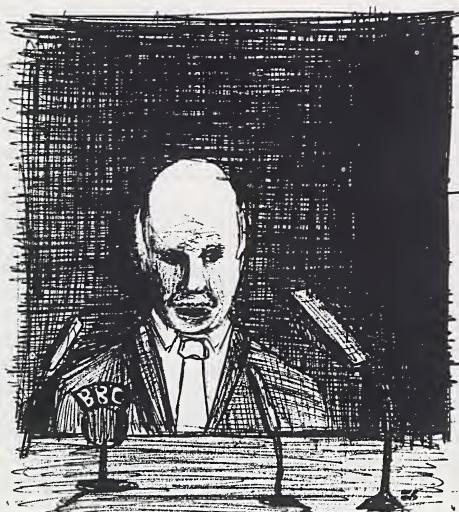
to war over in the past. They hardly seemed worth nothing anymore. Politics, society, education, the structure of labor and management: each changed drastically, each changed gracefully. Society as a whole had attained such a measure of gracefulness that any pronouncement which should have sounded like doomsday made only the noise of one more smile.

Fifty years after the translation, an eighty-five year old scientist named Johnston went on world TV and made a carefully thought out speech which began, "Fifty years ago, six scientists (myself included) got drunk together at a meeting . . ." Fifteen minutes later, he ended his speech with a slightly twisted smile and the following: "Being the last of the six, I will give the message the last was to give. We send our love and hopes, in the fullness of the love of the beings of Smarnall. Goodnight."

Would you like to go for a walk," Hieronymous asked . . .

- O -

I walked out of the lobby of the hotel into a sun too bright. There were a great many people around, as many as you might find on any crowded street, but I hardly noticed them as we walked save to note that they seemed to add to the feeling of slowed time. I saw no faces. (Later I saw with a start that the whole crowd had gone away. The streets were deserted and I had not seen one person go inside. I suppose I was dazed, in a way.)



It was all a hoax

"What time is it?" I asked when we had gone perhaps a block.

Hieronymous looked at the sun. "Half past twelve, quarter of one." I felt again the nagging sense of time slowed down, or compressed, I could not tell which. Last night I had attributed the slow time to my own haste and expectations, to the lack of riotous reception from my hosts. Today I wondered how Hieronymous had told his story so quickly. I asked Hieronymous if this could be a residue of my jaunt through relativity. He said he thought not and smiled.

- O -

Later we walked through the streets with only a few slow quiet vehicles, in design not much different from the more modest of twentieth centruy cars. I noted, with a return of that nagging feeling of almost dragging time, how sprawling and low the town seemed. There were no buildings over five stories high, and between almost every building were four or five acres of grassy park. The buildings were comely. A regional government center, perhaps of not over 5,000 people.

"5000,000", Hieronymous said, "In the metropolitan area, of course." he continued almost apologetically, "the metropolitan area runs out 25 miles each way from this, the center."

- O -

She was a shock all of herself, and an added shock because she was the first person--except for Hieronymous and Handshaker--that I had ever seen, had been aware of as something other than one more not very distinguishable facet of a crowd. That crowd was gone, had slipped off somewhere while I walked dazed, neither noticing their leaving nor taking in more than snatches of the political discourse Hieronymous had started up somewhere along the way.

She walked in the opposite direction from us, on the other side of the street, a n omigodtautbodiedlongtan girl. I stopped to watch her go. She walked toward one of those many large grassy areas they have throughout the town, areas almost never shadowed by the low buildings. My nagging feeling of dragging time became an almost surreal dream-slow going as I watched her walk down the deserted street on a building-shaded sidewalk, then come into the palpable air and light of the small green park, blanket slung over her sholder. She reached the center, spread out the blanket and undressed.

With a jolt that caught me homesick I saw and remembered at once, as I watched her undress, how things are not so taut as they seem. She was beautiful,

but too full of the real sort of flesh, the kind that responds to gravity, to be a dream. She stretched a little, then lay on her back on the blanket in the sun.

I turned away--to Smith, who had been patiently and I suppose smilingly waiting. We walked on, I am kicked conscious and bruised.

We walked without speaking for some time, I trying valiantly to ignore the questions which leapt to my tongue at each instant. The question nagged at me; the time seemed so wrong; my remembered inglorious first reception; all the talk of backing into their way of life like some incompetent harried me to the verge of tears. The girl capped it. I would not ask any questions.

It is a strain, isn't it," Hieronymous asked with too much sympathy for stupid child me.

I whirled at him. "No, it is not a goddamn strain. I'm taking quite good care of my own arse, sport, and you can mind your own snotty little condescending business." I went on with less coherence, and between the raging words sputtered and spat there came the realization that all this rage was no relief, but a barrier against some unseen worm's burrowing unfelt but noted in my body and eating out all my precious insides, all my sweet insides.

I stopped. Smith was still in front of me, smiling questioningly, godawful tenderly.

"Smallpox mary!" I screamed at him and then would have laughed at my own incongruous tantrum had he not smiled just ever so slightly broader. I layed his ass flat and his nose along with it.

I waited for the cops or passersbys to come hold my arms while I struggled at Smith, ready to kill him. I felt no grabbing hands and would not look around. "Fag," I screamed at him and waited. "You are a nation of fags. Or maybe this town is Gay City U.S.A.; they let you live off by yourself." I waited. "Queers! Simper-smiling faggots." The girl flashed into mind. "Fags and nympho-exhibitionists! This ain't even Sin City; this is . . ." I stuttered through several attempted alliterations, "Pervert Place!" I yelled in a high huge triumph.

I looked at Hieronymous, still on his can on the sidewalk, looking up at me without expression, bloody busted nose and all. Then I started falling, then all the walls tumbled in behind me as I rushed past them, raced to see which could be crushed first to most bits on the botton.

- O -

When I awoke or came to, as you will, I had the luxuriant feeling of an all-but drowned kitten who finds himself snatched shivering from the water and rolled up in a warm coat. I drew all the covers I could around me, hazily noted that I was back in my hotel

room, and started to remember what had gone before, pushed it away and drew the covers over my head. When I awoke again Hieronymous was there. With him was the girl I had seen sunbathing; or at least I thought it was her. In the drawn-shades dim of the room it was hard to tell. Hieronymous's nose was patched.

"You've been sleeping quite awhile," Hieronymous said. I noted with pleasure that he started to smile, then seemed to think the better of it.

In the pleasure and my residual luxuriance I said sincerely, "Hell, Hieronymous, I'm godawful sorry about your nose." He would have put it aside, but I



Faggot!!

went on, "Christ, I think that space travelling screws your head," I laughed. Hieronymous laughed uneasily. He started to speak, but I broke in, feeling even as I spoke with growing panic that I was making a fool of myself, overapologising. "I really do hope things are all right, you know, no hard feelings." My god, I thought, I was getting ready to punch him jovially in the shoulder. I had the feeling that I was somebody I had hated before, some can-do bastard. My panic grew. Hieronymous must have noticed, for he broke in with a more than customary forcefulness.

"This is Helena d'Andros."

"Uh-huh. I saw you yesterday."

"The day before yesterday," she said with a smile that was not the least disconcerting, on her. I leered

at her a little. It made the panic start to grow again.

"She's to show you around, if you would like. We thought you might like to see our schools. I'll leave you."

I realized two things, as I listened to Smith and watched him move toward the door: that he talked and moved with an unaccustomed haste, and that his uneasy haste was the first occasion on which I had felt at home here, felt the time to be right. That first I noted with a sense of victory, that following realization with a dull, untouchable sense of guilt.

She came toward the bed as though to sit on the side of it, but with that same re-thinking Hieronymous had made, chose the chair instead.

"John Handel," she mused.

"No relation. John Handlioausky if a great great grandfather had not been so self-consciously first generation. Handel, L-E probably if he had known how to spell. But I am John because my father liked bellowing choruses." I was loosening up. Soft-spoken, small-smiling girls were on with this smooth young stud I seemed to have become during my sleep. Even if they did take off their clothes practically in the middle of the street.

"I am Helena because my parents found an old picture of one of their forebearers, and they liked the hand-colored woman, and under her was scribbled 'to Henry from Helena.'"

"Better than Hieronymous." After thinking the better of it, I added, "Do you regularly take off your clothes on main streets?" A little sneer crept of itself into my voice.

"Not regularly, but when I felt like it." I felt bad for the sneer, and worse for that utter lack of defensiveness in her reply. There was, I thought in my own defense, a certain robot-like quality to her. Quite a nice piece of robot.

"Are you a robot?" I said, surprising myself.

"No," she said—yes, with a smile. We sat, for a while without speaking. She seemed not strained by the silence. After a minute or so of it, I was. With a small sense of defeat I asked her, "What's on the rehabilitation agenda for today. Or should I say, 'habilitation,' since it's the first time around?"

"Rehabilitation." It's the second time around." Without elaborating, she went on, "Today, Mr. John Handel-Handliausky, you go to get educated in education. See how we turn simple human children into robots."

It was silly banter, and I loved it. I liked it no less for the forty minutes it took for us to walk to the school. All this while on earth, I had grated against the innuendo of their smile, and ironic innuendo Hieronymous had explained to me, but while I did not understand. In her talk there was irony and innuendo I could be a party to, home town stuff. The

thought that she had slipped into the style as an actress into a role came to mind, but was quickly pushed away.

- O -

The school was a low, slow structure like the rest. It had a little more grassy area than the other buildings, though. Brick with a lot of grass (like other buildings though some were steel rather than brick.)

Except for the area it covered, it was not in appearance too different from the more modern schools of my time. In fact, it so reminded me of my own source of education (John Hancock Junior-Senior High) that I looked for some name-plate to reassure me that I had not waked up out of some dream-nightmare to my own time. I could find no dedicated plate, class of whatever.

"What's the name of this school?"

Helena looked puzzled. "It's the school on 1st street. There isn't any other school on 1st street." Both these statements were made with a shadowy question mark at the end of them. Something had slipped for her, some area of uncertainty had entered. With almost a will she asked, "Why?"

With my first one-upmanship on them, I replied, "That's right. You don't dedicate things anymore. Pardon me, I had forgotten . . .

- O -

"We train our students to exercise as much 'free will' as possible," Helena explained. "Actually we don't much have a concept of free will, but the other terms I would use would connote the same to you . . ."

I watched a group of naked six-year-olds examine pupils of the opposite sex, of their own sex and themselves and then tell their teacher what differences they could find between 'males' and 'females'. As Helena and I walked out of that room, she explained that after the children had pointed out the differences, they would be asked to return to their investigation and report similarities. "Navel, nipples, mouths, ears, anuses—the possibilities are quite obviously infinite, if you care to count individual hairs and cells," Helena said.

"Androgyny as the great equalizer," I said. She looked puzzled. I thought of another jab, "Oh brave new mysteryless world." She flared up, startling me. I hadn't thought she would know the book, and I certainly hadn't expected the uncharacteristic volley that followed.

"Mystery!" It came out of her like a bad taste. "Huxly's idea, your idea of mystery is two people

crawling into bed so scared of each other they'd really feel safer drinking with the boys or rattling gossip with the girls. We are not really obsessed with public, clinical sex," she said. "This class was the more the exception than the rule in the whole curriculum. This particular activity is just a one-week session inside a program something like your physical education." The point is not to make the children obsessed with sex, but to relieve them of obsession."

Against my better judgement, I thought a point back up for harping on. "All this business of similarities is enlightening, I'm sure. But there is, wouldn't you say, a certain polarity. Positive male, negative female—pointing penises, vacuous vaginas?"

"Zen?" she asked, with a very genuine consternation. "I don't see."

I tried for a while to explain to her, pausing in the wideskylighted hall that connected two buildings in the school.

"I think I understand," she finally said. She started walking down the hall. "But a fairly simple operation can change all that," she corrected. "We used to have quite a lot of male-female interchanges, I guess a hundred years ago. Those people who wanted the change must have found something in it." she said, without indictment, but with a sudden understanding. "Yes." Something in that made me desperate.

A long-forgotten lecture sprang to mind. "But women do have babies, and men don't."

"Yes?" she answered.

As far as the debate went, I had her. She was flustered by questions it seemed she had never even thought of. Argument was out of her, out of her and her people's sphere. For what I took as a comeback she said, "What difference does it make?"

"You are, are you not, layed up for nine months? Not able to work at top efficiency, hindered?"

"Hindered? How can you be hindered by your being, by something . . ." she flustered noticeably, "by something you choose."

"What choice is there? Who is to carry on the species, who is . . ."

"No one need carry on the species, as you put it. There is nothing obligatory about our surviving, individually or corporately. It's a choice."

"All right then, I'll concede that, just for the argument. But there is still the active male, passive female."

"Wait," she said with sudden strong agitation. "Wait, You're a scientist, a spaceman?" I nodded, not bothering to point out the difference. "Then you know Einstein." I nodded glibly again. "When you leave you're being left, yes?"

"Slow down."

She almost flapped her arms, she was so perturbed.
“Oh, I forgot, that’s a slogan.”

“What”

“A child’s saying, for meditation.” With visible effort she composed her thoughts for a moment. “Alright,” she began, “motion, time, whatever is relative, is in relation to something. Yes?”

“So,” she walked a little away from me, “Now I can say, ‘I am moving away from you.’ But it would be equally correct if you were to say, ‘I, John Handel, am moving away from you,’ and most correctly ‘we are moving apart,’ since you can only say— I can only say— that we are moving away because of the other person. There.” She sagged a little with relief.

“But I can start the movement away.”

“Without me to move away from?”

— O —

During the month that followed the trip to the school, I rarely ventured out of doors. I would, on occasion, go sit with Helena in the park across from the hotel. Once we went to a library. But for the most part I kept indoors. She would come to my room each morning and talk with me about one aspect or another of life in this age.

Not that I felt nervous about being among them, out in their society, I said to myself. Rather that I felt something the scholar toward them, almost as though I should quantitatively digest as much pure factual information as I could about them. I felt one part scholar and another part spy. Helena was my unwitting informant. She told or tried to tell me everything.

I congratulated myself for my honest and humility when I confessed to myself that I was very much in love with her. But, while those pure talk sessions in the hotel room became more and more enjoyable for me, I could not help noticing that a weariness sometimes crept into her answers to my questions; that, though she might sit quite still while talking to me, she seemed somehow to be pacing the floor.

Finally, one day, she broke in very abruptly on my little lecture to her on political parties in the twentieth century: “Would you like to go out with me and Hieronymous and some other people?” she blurted out.

“Not especially, but if you want to get out, maybe you and I . . .”

“Will you go out with me and Hieronymous and some other people?” There was more rancor in her voice than I had ever heard from her. She tried—not at all hard—to correct herself with a “please.”

“Something special up?” I asked, moving my hand to take hers. She stood and walked away, her back to me. When she turned I expected to see tears. A bad guess.

She began very precisely, “I am a specialist. My specialty is American culture: 1950-2000.” There was not even hardness in her tone to save me.

“Bitch.”

She smiled. That threw me. “John Handel, by the wildest combination of circumstances an astronaut from the last twentieth century wound up in the twenty-second century. More improbably, he happened to see a young woman take a sunbath in the nud in public. Wilder—she was a specialist in the culture of that spaceman’s age. Wilder-Hieronymous knew the girl. Wilder-Handel was so hung up that men who smiled at him drove him wild, necessitating that he be found a female tour guide. Wilder—what better guide than one who could ape enough of his age’s way of life to relieve him of some culture shock.”

I find every one of those wild chances delightful. No less I liked that trip to the school.”

“I find no delight in John Handel’s playing the smirking detached observer among the savages or Einstein visits the imbecile class. It was, perhaps, excusable and even appealing a hundred and fifty years ago. Now it’s just boring. John . . . there were no coincidences. Grow up.”

— O —

Twenty years of his life earlier, John Handel had found one day that he was despised by his school mates for his solitariness, for talking to himself. He didn’t think his schoolmates were right in hating him, but he respected their numbers.

Cameras, action, close up of his head. Hear his thoughts: Once more the mask. “Sure I’ll go.”

— O —

Handel, Helena, and Hieronymous and others sat on top of a small blunt mountain eating and talking. Handel was expanding the consciousness of the group by introducing them to a new plane of emotion-social embarrassment. The mask he had constructed was as kind and as convincing as blackface.

— O —

At three o’clock that same day (6/23/2139), each of the four billion or so people alive heard a noise grow in his head like the crushing of bird bones. The noise was eventually replaced by a voice rendering tolerable sentences in all of the languages of the earth. The English version of the statement of the voice:

“Greetings. We hope this crude duplication of your sonorous voices will be pleasing and understandable to you, earth race.”

"One hundred and fifty years ago, six scientists were "encouraged" to dream up a wild scheme by which they would try to convince the peoples of earth that some alien beings were consummately interested and delighted in all the affairs of earth.

"The statement which those scientists were "encouraged" to concoct was half true--there was an alien race extremely interested in the affairs of earth. We are that race.

"But we took no delight whatsoever in your affairs, in your growing extraterrestrial potential as competitors for our race.

"However, our race is of such accomplishment that we need neither use weapons against those we desire to conquer or exterminate, nor use coercion or even empty threat. We need only "encourage."

"By merely guiding those scientists to create their hoax, we likewise encouraged the race of Earth to make itself impotent, a race once more powerful, potentially, than our own is now made into piddling

eunuchs, smirking at one another like drooling morons.

Such is our power."

The voice had stopped, but Handel's brain still reeled, played "walk-a-straight-line" along the edge of an abyss. Countrolled! Run like mice through mazes! he thought. One rock remained, the brotherhood of defeat.

Handel opened his eyes, face made up for tragic grief to meet that same grief in the others.

Hieronymous was rolling on the ground in agony it seemed. He was laughing.

Gone mad.

But the others were laughing, quietly and cheerfully.

"This is a trick?" he screamed at them.

"Oh, yes, what a trick!" said Helena from behind him. He whirled about. She was smiling at him.

That drove Handel just mad enough to make it.





